

THE
LONDON REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1859.

- ART. I.—1. *The History of British Journalism.* By ALEXANDER ANDREWS. Two Vols. London: Bentley. 1859.
2. *Trübner's Guide to American Literature.* London. 1859.
3. *Reports of the Religious Tract Society.* London. 1857, 1858, and 1859.
4. *Occasional Papers of the Pure Literature Society.* 1855–1859.
5. *Cheap Literature for the People: An Address by Lord Brougham.* London. 1858.
6. *Book Hawking.* By the REV. NASH STEPHENSON.
7. *The Family Herald: A Domestic Magazine of Useful Information and Amusement.*
8. *The London Journal: A Weekly Record of Literature, Science, and Art.*
9. *Reynolds's Miscellany of Romance, General Literature, Science, and Art.*
10. *The Leisure Hour: A Family Journal of Instruction and Recreation.*
11. *Popular Outlines of the Press.* By CHARLES A. MACINTOSH. London. 1859.
12. *The Sunday at Home: A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.*
13. *Cassell's Family Paper. Illustrated.*

THE vast extension of our popular literature is one of the most striking facts of modern times. It is just one of those facts, too, which we do not realize until our attention is directed

to the subject; and even then the mind can scarcely appreciate the statistics by which its magnitude is described. Take the term, 'Popular Literature,' in its full signification; think upon the immense number of newspapers which are circulated amongst us, rising in figures to millions, for the daily press alone; add to this the mass of cheap periodicals which are disseminated weekly amongst the lower classes, several of which, at a moderate computation, issue 800,000 copies a month; put down, after these, the result of the various religious societies, of which some idea may be formed on learning that the Religious Tract Society alone, during the past year, sent forth about 42,000,000; and when these numbers have been obtained, we have yet to take into our account the prodigious amount of republications of popular and standard authors, the libraries of fiction and other works, which are scattered in thousands over the land. Of course, anything like even an approximate accuracy in figures is quite unattainable; and it would be almost useless if attained. We merely desire to call attention at once to the vastness of the subject, and to its consequent importance.

We believe the English-speaking races to be the greatest readers in the world. There are those, indeed, who assert that we are inferior to the Germans in national education; but indications, and even proofs, may be found, that literature extends in our own land far more widely than on the Continent of Europe. Our excursion trains are filled with studious passengers who peruse the penny paper, or the last number of *The Family Herald*; whilst all our poorest neighbourhoods have a newsvendor's shop at hand so uniformly as to prove that the supply has been called forth by a steady demand.

It may be interesting to trace rapidly the successive steps by which this huge amount of literature has grown from very small beginnings. Our attention will be first directed to the newspaper press, whose influence over the popular mind surpasses that of any other class of publications in the present day, and from whose gradual improvement in moral tone as well as intellectual power we may derive at least one lesson of encouragement, and find reason to look more hopefully on those branches of popular literature which are in an earlier and less healthy stage. Then it may be well to cast a glance at the cheap serials, now so largely multiplied and widely read; and in conclusion to bestow a little space upon those papers which, written with a higher aim, are contending with them for support in the market of public estimation. This will lead us naturally to say a word about the societies by which healthy literature is fostered, and

its dissemination aided. In this way we may be able to arrive at some fair estimate of the existing condition and future prospects of the literature of the people. Of course, our sketch of this large subject must be necessarily imperfect. We are compelled to select some typical forms as representatives of the remainder; for any attempt at a completely exhaustive notice would more than fill a volume, while only a limited space is now at our disposal. With this preface, then, we address ourselves, first, to the rise and origin of the newspaper press.

The first of any series of newspapers preserved in the British Museum, is dated 23rd of May, 1622. It is 'The Weekly Newes from Italy, Germanie, &c. Printed by J. D. For Nicholas Bourne and Thomas Archer.' The advocates of non-intervention would seem to have been few in number in those days; for almost all the papers were solely occupied with foreign intelligence. Newes from Rome, Newes from Spaine, Strange Newes from St. Christopher's, and even Newes from Heaven and Hell, are among the titles of the early weekly press: failing this foreign information, it was not deemed worth while to print any account of home matters. In such cases the series was interrupted, and no paper appeared.

The civil war, in the reign of Charles I., naturally begot a desire amongst the partisans of either side to know how matters were progressing at a distance, and the country swarmed with Mercuries, in which the affairs of each town were presented. Mr. Nichols's list, up to 1665, gives the titles of 350 such news books, diurnals, and Mercuries. These are mainly worthy of notice because now, for the first time, were published the proceedings of Parliament. For, in 1641, appeared The Diurnal Occurrences or Daily Proceedings of Both Houses in this great and happy Parliament, from the 3rd of November, 1640, to the 3rd of November, 1641. At the same time that this important step was gained, Mercuries, with the most ridiculous titles, were pouring from the press. One gives a true relation of the appearance of a man-fish in the Thames, with a musket in one hand, and a petition in the other; others bear such names as the following: A Præter-pluperfect Spick-and-span new Nocturnal; Mercurius Psitacus: or, the Parotting Mercury, 1648; Mercurius Propheticus: a Collection of some old Predictions. O, may they only prove but empty Fictions! 1643; Mercurius Medicus: or, a Sovereign Salve for these Sick Times, 1647; The Parliament's Kite: or, the Tell-Tale Bird, 1648; The Parliament's Screech Owle: or, Intelligence from Several Parts, 1648; Mercurius Mastix: faithfully lashing all Scouts, Mercuries, Posts, Spyes, and others, 1652. Up to

this latter date, there seem to have been no 'Mercuries' of more frequent appearance than three times a week.

The first advertisement that has been discovered is in the first number of the *Impartial Intelligencer* (March 1-7, 1648). It is from a gentleman at Candish, in Suffolk, who offers a reward for two horses that had been stolen from him. This example long remained with but few imitators; and the newspapers, even ten years later, contained only some three or four in the middle of the sheet. One of these, quoted by Mr. Andrews, runs thus:—

'That excellent, and, by all Physicians, approved *China* Drink, called by the *Chineans* *Tcha*, by other Nations *Tay*, alias *Tee*, is sold at the *Sultanness' Head Cophee House*, in Sweeting's Rents, by the Royal Exchange, London.'—Vol. i., p. 50.

From the accession of William and Mary, to 1692, a space of only four years, twenty-six papers had sprung into existence; and they now went on increasing, and with them the advertising system became more fully developed.

'The charge for advertisements seems to have been about one shilling for eight lines. The *Country Gentleman's Courant*, in 1685, thus announces an advance: "Seeing promotion of trade is a matter which ought to be encouraged, the price of advertisements is advanced to twopence per line." Though, in what way this rise could encourage the promotion of trade, we confess ourselves unequal to comprehend. The advertisements themselves are, in many of their forms, truly newspaper curiosities. The editor frequently himself appealed to the public on the advertiser's behalf, thus:—

"If any Hamburg or other merchant, who shall deserve two hundred pounds with an apprentice, wants one, I can help."

"I want a cook-maid for a merchant."

"I know of several men and women whose friends would gladly have them matched, which I'll endeavour to do, as, from time to time, I hear of such whose circumstances are likely to agree; and I'll assure such as will come to me, it shall be done with all the honour and secrecy imaginable. Their own parents shall not manage it more to their satisfaction, and the more comes to me the better I shall be able to serve 'em."—*Andrews*, vol. i., pp. 86-89.

Sometimes the editor vouched for the respectability of his advertiser, undertaking a responsibility which but few of our own time would be willing to assume.

"Mr. David Rose, chirurgion and man-midwife, lives at the first brick house on the right in Gun Yard, Houndsditch, near Aldgate, London. I have known him these twenty years."

"I have met with a curious gardener, that will furnish anybody that sends to me for fruit trees, and floreal shrubs, and garden seeds. I have made him promise, with all solemnity, that whatever

he sends me, shall be purely good, and I verily believe he may be depended on."—*Idem*, vol. i., p. 90.

One of the strangest features of early journalism is, the pathetic complaints made by the newspapers themselves over the growing taste which they were intended to satisfy. That the good old Tories of that date should have grumbled at the new-fangled Mercuries, and predicted the ruin of those who read them, was of course to be expected. But we should have hardly looked for such expressions as the following from the British Mercury of July 30th, 1712.

"Some time before the Revolution, the press was again set to work, and such a furious itch of novelty has ever since been the epidemical distemper, that it has proved fatal to many families, the meanest of shopkeepers and handicrafts spending whole days in coffee-houses to hear news and talk politicks, whilst their wives and children wanted bread at home; and their business being neglected, they were themselves thrust into gaols, or forced to take sanctuary in the army. Hence sprung that inundation of Postmen, Postboys, Evening Posts, Supplements, Daily Courants, and Protestant Postboys, amounting to twenty-one every week, besides many more, which have not survived to this term; and besides the Gazette, which has the sanction of public authority, and this Mercury, only intended for, and delivered to those persons whose goods or houses are insured by the Sun Fire Office."—*Andrews*, vol. i., pp. 92, 93.

The first daily paper was organized and brought out by 'E. Mullet, against the Ditch at Fleet Bridge,' on the 11th of March, 1702. It was called The Daily Courant, was printed on one side only, and contained but one page of two columns, and those mainly filled with foreign intelligence. The prospectus promised an accurate study of the continental news, and particularly disclaimed the pretence of having *any private sources of information*: it also made a special merit of its brevity, which was calculated to save 'the public at least half the impertinences of ordinary newspapers.' It would be a strange mode of recommending a newspaper now-a-days, to set forth that it was but half the size of other papers, that it had no private sources of information, and that it abstained from making any comments upon the topics of the day. With respect to domestic intelligence, the greatest caution was long exercised. Obscure allusions and equivocal hints, paragraphs introduced by 'It is said,' or 'Here is a talk as if,' vague rumours about the simplest movements of the court and the leading statesmen, all tended to prove the jealousy with which the press was regarded by those in power, and the necessity felt by its promoters to keep on good terms with the authorities.

Nor were these precautions unneeded. Although the leading men on either side in politics had begun to take their share in writing for the press, yet those in office occasionally took summary vengeance on their opponents. We read that, in 1711,

'at the instigation of Swift, who is after all not satisfied, Mr. Secretary St. John committed to Newgate fourteen editors, printers, and publishers, including the writers of *The Flying Post*, *The Protestant Postboy*, and *The Medley*.'—*Andrews*, vol. i., p. 106.

Despite, however, the complaints of editors and the persecution of statesmen, the power of the Fourth Estate grew stronger and stronger. In the second quarter of the last century *The Craftsman* was the most notable newspaper of the day, Lord Bolingbroke and Pulteney both assisting to maintain its influence. It enjoyed, for some time, a circulation reaching 10,000 or 12,000.

It gives us a curious picture of the times to see the leading statesmen associated with men who were the ready tools of any party that would pay for their support, and to find them contributing to prints that indulged in the grossest personalities. Addison and Steele, Bolingbroke and Pulteney, De Foe, Swift, Prior, Garth, and a host of other names well known in literature, entered the ranks of newspaper contributors at the very time that Arnall boasted of having received in four years, out of the Treasury, the sum of £10,997. 6s. 8d. for abusing every one opposed to Walpole; whilst 'it appears from the report of the Secret Committee for inquiring into the conduct of Robert Earl of Orford, that no less than £50,077. 18s. were paid to authors and printers of newspapers between February 10th, 1731, and February 10th, 1741.'

The writers were as abusive as they were venal, and frequently attacked each other by name. The *Daily Gazetteer* opposed the part taken by *The Craftsman* on the Bank Contract, and deemed it advisable to shape its criticisms with such scurrility as the following:—'Remarks upon Mother Osborn's Account of the Bank Contract.—About two years ago, this genuine dotard, through the promptings of her ignorance, with the assistance of her venality, was led into the avowal of doctrines that were perfectly infamous,' &c. In reply, *The Craftsman* speaks of his adversary as 'a contemptible fellow, who is retained on purpose to assert falsehoods, and will either disavow or persist in them, just as you please to direct and pay him for it.' Side by side with such amenities were essays on Christian charity, piety, and meekness, on evenness of temper, on the Divine Providence, and even on the Sacraments.

The commencement of the present century found a number

of men employed upon The Morning Post, who have since attained to high pre-eminence in other walks of literature. Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, Wordsworth, and Mackintosh, were all at this time writing for that journal; and all, save the last, who was brother-in-law of the proprietor, received but paltry remuneration for their services. Coleridge wrote poetry and political articles; Lamb squibs and paragraphs; Southey, *more so*, worked away harder than the rest. Under their united efforts, The Morning Post obtained the second place in the ranks of the daily press.

A revolution in the newspaper world was now approaching; we allude to the application of steam power to the printing press. The story is well known of the energy and caution exercised by Mr. Walter in carrying this object into effect; and thus placing The Times, by a single stroke, in the commanding position which it has ever since maintained.

'The machinery was set up in secrecy and silence: a whisper that something was going on had got among the printers, and they had not scrupled openly to declare, that death to the inventor, and destruction to his machine, awaited any attempts to introduce mechanism into their trade. At last, all was ready for the experiment; the pressmen were ordered to await the arrival of the foreign news, when, about six o'clock in the morning, Walter entered the room, and announced to them that The Times was already printed by steam! He then firmly declared that, if they attempted violence, he had sufficient force at hand to repress it; but that, if they behaved quietly, their wages should be continued to them till they got employment. This was on November the 29th, 1814.'—*Andrews*, vol. ii., pp. 79, 80.

We have not space in so rapid a sketch to detail the various difficulties through which the newspapers struggled to their present condition. The story comprises many a conflict with both Houses of Parliament, many a trial of strength with the courts of law, and much enmity at the hands of those who governed or presided there. At one time, they were forbidden to report any trial before its conclusion; at another, the private expresses of The Times were detained on the government packets by which they were transmitted; at another, the clerks of the Post Office withheld those which had been franked, as the postage formed one of their perquisites. But the public voice steadily demanded their emancipation from such thralldom; and with the improved tone of their leaders, and stricter accuracy in their information, they gradually and fairly won the immense power which they at present wield. We will not repeat any of the panegyrics quoted by Mr. Alexander from the greatest of our orators and statesmen. We will simply add our own

conviction, that so vast an influence has rarely been so well employed.

Some idea of the growth of the Fourth Estate may be gleaned from the following figures, taken from different parts of Mr. Alexander's work. In 1777 the circulation of newspapers through the kingdom was upwards of thirteen millions; and in 1792 it had only reached little more than fifteen millions. In 1821 the circulation of daily papers was only reckoned by thousands—scarcely, with the exception of *The Times*, by tens of thousands. In 1833 the number of papers passing through all the post-offices of Great Britain and Ireland was 41,600,000, whilst the number of stamps issued was 44,500,000. In 1845 it had got up to 71,222,498.

In consequence of the abolition of the newspaper stamp, save for purposes of posting, it is far more difficult to give the numbers that circulate at the present time. The estimate which the Stamp Returns enable us to give of the relative position of the most popular papers, is as follows:—

DAILY PAPERS.	
<i>Times</i>	15,975,739
<i>Morning Advertiser</i>	2,392,780
<i>Morning Herald</i>	1,158,000
<i>Daily News</i>	1,485,099
WEEKLY PAPERS.	
<i>News of the World</i>	5,673,525
<i>Illustrated London News</i>	5,627,866
<i>Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper</i>	5,572,897
<i>Weekly Times</i>	3,902,169

There are some curious episodes in the history of newspaper circulation, which are identified with the events of the periods in which they occurred. Cobbett's *Register* gained its popularity during the Peninsular War, and maintained it to 1817, disposing of 50,000 copies weekly,—an enormous sale in those days. There were 61,500 double copies of *The Observer* sold on the 22nd of June, 1821, with the Report of the Coronation of George the Fourth. But the most extraordinary influence was that due to the railway mania in 1845-46, when some thirty sixpenny newspapers sped handsomely for a time by treating of this subject only. The *London Gazette*, in which all railway schemes were obliged to be advertised at length, swelled to the dimensions of a thick volume, on the 15th of November actually extending to five hundred and eighty-three pages; whilst *The Times'* receipts for advertisements during the month of October in that year amounted to £25,575. 9s. 10d.

'On the 28th of January, 1846, the report of Sir Robert Peel's statement on the Corn Laws raised *The Times* to a sale of 51,000 on an ordinary circulation of 23,000; the day after the French Revolution, the 29th of January, 1848, 43,000 copies were sold, the regular circulation being 29,000; and the day after the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851, 52,000 copies were printed. On the 19th of November, 1852, the number containing a memoir of the Duke of Wellington was sold to the extent of 69,000 copies, the ordinary daily circulation then being 36,000. This was the highest number it had yet reached even on extraordinary occasions.'—*Andrews*, vol. ii., p. 329.

The following extract will give our readers a more intimate and lively idea of modern journalism.

'A sketch of twenty-four hours of newspaper life will give some idea of how the complex and expensive machinery moves for the collection, preparation, and publication of a daily paper. Perhaps the earliest contributor at work is the Dublin correspondent. By the present post-office arrangements, a steamer leaves Kingston harbour soon after eight in the morning. To be ready, the correspondent must be up betimes, get early copies of the morning papers, write his dispatches, and be off by railway to meet the steamer by breakfast hour. The French correspondent meanwhile has risen, and is deeply immersed in the *Débats*, the *Constitutionnel*, and the *Moniteur*. Flimsy paper and rapid translators are in question. A brisk drive to the Hotel de Ville, or a call at some other point where additional information, or a confirmation or contradiction of current rumours, may be gained, and then "our Paris correspondent" sits down to complete his dispatch. It is sealed and sent away to the post-office in the Rue J. J. Rousseau before eleven. Whilst these French and Irish ambassadors of the Fourth Estate are thus employed, their brethren at Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, and elsewhere, are occupied much in the same way, each collecting his batch of news and commentary in time for the mails.'—*Popular Outlines of the Press*, pp. 172, 173.

Reporters at home are no less busy. Prices at Smithfield and Mark Lane; the rates and qualities of hops in Southwark, and of colonial produce in Mincing Lane; cotton returns from Liverpool, yarns from Manchester, and woollens from Leeds; the stock and share market at Capel Court and in the provinces; railway collisions, mine explosions, accidents and offences, Church extension meetings and anti-Church-rate pollings; law reports, police reports, coroners' inquests, and fires, all have their historian, who hurries to complete his paragraph in time for the hour of press or the last train.

Nor are the editorial staff less busy. The daily London and foreign papers have to be read, the debates digested, consultations with the sub-editor to be held, and the line of the next

leaders arranged. If Parliament be sitting, a large mass of speeches has to be toned down for admission, and fourteen or sixteen gentlemen sit for three quarters of an hour each, and make honourable members utter far more intelligible and connected language in many cases than that which they actually employed. The short-hand notes have to be written out on slips, and sent to the office.

By nine in the evening, editor, sub-editor, foreign editor, all are busy; the editor with his leaders, the foreign editor with his German and French, and the sub-editor with the mass of multifarious things that now load his table. The law reports, being on matters of fact, and usually prepared by barristers, give little trouble; but, with this exception, scarcely a line comes to the sub-editor that does not require preparation at his hand. With the help of an assistant or two the load rapidly diminishes, and by midnight there is a tolerably clear table, preparatory to the arrival of the late railway dispatches. Late dispatches often bring up much more; the Irish and Scotch advices come to hand, and with this addition of home news very often comes a file of papers from America, from the West Indies, or from Brazil. An hour or two clears off all these new accumulations; and then the proof-sheets having been attended to, and the place and arrangements of the articles been decided upon, and the number of leaders and the number of advertisements settled, the columns calculated, and the division made as to what shall appear and what stand over, the editorial work of one day is done. By half-past four A.M. the paper is at press, and newspaper boys and morning mails distribute the papers to all parts of the country, to meet their "constant readers" at breakfast tables, in counting-houses, and at country firesides.—*Popular Outlines of the Press*, pp. 176, 177.

Besides the newspapers of a more general character with which all the world is familiar, there has been gradually springing up a number of journals devoted to every kind of speciality, many of which are utterly unknown beyond the circle of their immediate supporters. We are too familiar with religious and scientific journals to reckon them amongst the least known offspring of the press, although many persons would be astonished to learn what minute subdivisions have their special paper. But the sporting world has its organs also, the most popular of which is written in a jargon wholly unintelligible to the uninitiated. This section of the community is represented by *Bell's Life* in London, *The Era*, and *The Field*. Then the advocates of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks have a whole deluge of publications; some of which are periodical, such as *The Band of Hope Review*, an admirable little paper for children; whilst others are thrown into every conceivable variety of form and style, to suit them to all classes of readers. There is a large

group of Sunday papers, of which *The Observer* circulates mostly amongst the upper orders, whilst *The Weekly Times*, *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, *The Dispatch*, and *The News of the World* are more generally used by the operative class. Some of them obtain an enormous circulation, *Lloyd's Weekly*, according to its own account, amounting to 170,000. The Secularists are represented by *The Reasoner* and *The London Tribune*. These are written with very considerable ability at times, and *The Reasoner* especially has been distinguished by great fairness in dealing with Christian adversaries. The Secularists, however, appear to show much less mercy to those who are at variance with them amongst their own body, and to be far from a united community. Among the waifs and strays of the newspaper world may be reckoned *The Spiritualist Press*, which gives information of interest to spirit-rappers, publishing the results of pretended communications with the mighty dead, many of which would be sufficiently ludicrous, if they were not also revoltingly profane.

The remission of the tax on newspapers has given rise to an entirely new class of publications. To the daily penny press we shall advert presently; but a body of parochial journals has been produced, fourteen of which very recently were published in the borough of Finsbury alone. *The Clerkenwell News*, the oldest of these, claims to issue 14,000 copies, and contains 24 columns as large as *The Standard*, three-fourths of which are filled with advertisements; whilst all the other metropolitan districts are amply supplied. In these prints there are full reports of parochial meetings. Members of the Select Vestry may see their eloquence sent forth in type to all their constituents. Local grievances are discussed with unsparing criticism; stump orators give vent to the most incongruous metaphors, and show a laudable desire to promote parochial reform; whilst occasionally some speaker boldly supports every existing abuse,—as we are informed in the *Islington Gazette*, that Mr. Cox, of Wat Tyler notoriety, maintained that a nuisance on private property was, like an Englishman's house, his castle, and ought to be sacred from intrusion.

Mr. Trübner gives some interesting facts of the growth of the newspaper press in America; tracing it from the earliest journal in 1690, of which but one copy is known to exist, down to the present time. In cheapness and in the prodigious numbers circulated, our Transatlantic kinsmen have far surpassed us, and their advance has been rapid in proportion to the general mighty progress of that wonderful country. At the commencement of the present century, the number of newspapers published

in the United States was about 200; it is now estimated at 4,000.

In 1814, the yearly circulation of American newspapers exceeded that of the newspaper press of Great Britain by more than 3,000,000 copies, and since then the excess has been almost quadrupled. For we find that, while the annual circulation of stamped papers in Great Britain, in 1850, was not quite 92,000,000, the annual issue in the United States at the time was 426,409,978 copies. In the autumn of 1856, the number of newspapers published in New York City had reached 120, with an aggregate annual circulation of 80,000,000 copies, the population at the period being about 850,000. At the same time there were published in Boston 113 newspapers, having a yearly issue of 34,000,000; and 76 in Philadelphia, with a circulation of 48,000,000, making a total in these cities alone of 209 journals, whose combined annual issue, it is fair to presume, is now 162,000,000 copies. Cincinnati has 30 papers, 16 of which are dailies, with an annual circulation of 90,000,000 impressions. And although printing was not practised in Minnesota until April, 1849, at a time when nearly the entire country was a wilderness, there were three daily journals in St. Paul's in 1856, all well supported, and 31 different newspapers in the Territory. In June, 1857, there were about 20 journals printed in Kansas, not one of which existed in 1853.—*Trübner's Guide to American Literature*, pp. 93, 94.

In 1851 a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to consider the subject of newspaper stamps, and some interesting but striking evidence was given about the nature of the cheap literature that circulated amongst the working classes of the community. Mr. Whitty, the editor of *The Liverpool Journal*, stated that the suppression of the unstamped newspapers had given birth to a vast amount of obscene and infidel publications, and that many others were circulated in large numbers that were at least of a very doubtful character. This testimony was fully supported by others: amongst them by Mr. Abel Heywood, of Manchester, who was at that time connected with the sale of cheap periodicals. The following extracts from his evidence will enable us at a further stage to judge of the progress made in the last nine years:—

‘2481. Q.—Can you give the Committee any idea of the quantity of small 1d., 1½d., and 2d. unstamped publications which are circulated in that district?’

‘A.—Yes. I can give you an idea of the number of London publications that come into Manchester every week on the average, (I cannot speak exactly,) the names of which I will read. This list does not include the whole of them, but the greater portion. Those that have the largest sale amongst the penny ones are *The Family Herald*, *The London Journal*, and *Reynolds's Miscellany*: these three are the lead-

ing publications among the penny press. The number of *The Family Herald* which circulates in Manchester and its neighbourhood I take to be somewhere about 14,000 weekly; my own sale is upwards of 9,000 of it.....At present *The London Journal* circulates to a similar extent, and appears to have a pretty hard race with *The Family Herald*.

'2482. A.—The next one in sale to that of the penny publications is Reynolds's *Miscellany*, and that circulates about one half, or scarcely one half.....There is also a publisher of the name of Lloyd in London, who publishes a very large number, principally of the novel class; they are of the extreme novel class, and deal more in bloody murders and all other crimes which it is possible for the imagination to invent. There is one called *Gentleman Jack*, which is, I presume, a detail of the life of some renowned robber who existed at some period in this country. There is the *Adventures of Captain Hawk*, and *Claude Duval the Highwayman*. There is the *Hangman's Daughter*; *Love and Mystery*; *Mabel, or the Battle-field*; *Mazeppa, or the Wild Horse*; the *Adventures of Paul Clifford*; the *History of the Life and Adventures of Richard Parker*; *Obi, or Three-fingered Jack*; the *Adventures of Tom King*; the *Black Monk*; the *Blighted Heart*.

'2486. Q.—They are novels, are they not?

'A.—Yes, and romances. If one is successful, it will go on to 130 or 140 numbers; if not, he cuts it down to a dozen..... I sell 100 of the *Black Monk*; 100 of the *Blighted Heart*; 100 of the *Bridal Ring*; and 550 of *Claude Duval* (a great many boys read that, and grown-up people as well as boys buy it); 100 of *Captain Hawk*; 400 of *Gentleman Jack*; 100 of *Grace Rivers*; 50 of the *Hangman's Daughter*; 250 of *Kathleen* (which is an Irish story); 100 of *Love and Mystery*; 100 of *Mabel*; 250 of *Mazeppa*; 350 of *Paul Clifford*; 250 of *Richard Parker* (Lloyd has made free with many of the popular names of works that are from time to time being issued by the novelists of the day); 350 of *Three-fingered Jack*; and 250 of *Tom King*.

'2487.—Then we have Mr. Barker's publication, of which we sell about 1,000.

'2488.—What publication was that?

'It was a comment upon matters connected with "Church and State;" it was rather political, and at one time was selling weekly to the number of about 30,000. Mr. Barker is gone to America; he has sold the paper to some party in London, and the sale is much reduced. Then we have *Beal's Broad Sheet*, of which we sell about 1,500 in Manchester; and latterly there have sprung up two or three Catholic publications, one called *The Catholic Vindicator*, and *The Lamp*: these are now selling very well. The entire *Lamp* sale is, in Manchester, about 3,500 weekly.

Of course the circulation in Manchester may be taken as a fair sample of the distribution in other large towns at that date.

Mr. Bucknall, a bookseller at Stroud, gave corroborating testimony; and added that the sale of objectionable periodicals was mainly carried on in the lowest neighbourhoods, and on the

Sunday morning, so that they were out of the reach of general observation. 'Unless you go there,' he added, 'and watch the sale, it is impossible that you can have any idea of the amount of moral depravity of these things.'

But in addition to this mass of periodicals there is also a very popular branch of literature of an occasional character. In London Labour and the London Poor, Mr. Mayhew gives an account of those who obtain their living by selling sheets of songs, which are pinned up along some walls to meet the gaze of admiring purchasers; whilst a far more extensive business is transacted by the 'patterers' in execution broad sheets. To show the extent of the trade in these, Mr. Mayhew obtained the following returns of the number of copies sold relating to then recent executions. These were—

Of Rush	2,500,000	copies.
The Mannings	2,000,000	"
Courvoisier	1,666,000	"
Good	1,650,000	"
Greenacre	1,666,000	"

Reckoning each number sold at one penny, the money expended for such things amounted to upwards of £48,500 in the case of the five murders above given.—Vol. i., p. 285.

Some idea of the veracity of these broad sheets may be gathered from the fact, that a 'last dying speech and confession' is generally printed in anticipation of its utterance. Indeed, a 'patterer' once informed us, that one of the most successful broad sheets he had ever sold was a 'canard' that Tawell, the Quaker murderer, had survived hanging by the insertion of a silver tube in his throat, and was recaptured by a policeman in an eating-house, when dining off boiled beef and 'smash,' *Anglicè*, mashed potatoes.

Below even this revolting literature was a more depraved series, in which 'robbery was represented as mere sleight of hand, murder as nothing else but heroism, and seduction and prostitution as any thing but blameable;' whilst lowest of all came a catalogue so intolerably polluting, that its very names would make the Christian shudder.

This state of things had existed for some time unnoticed; but when the public attention was aroused, the extent of the evil was greatly exaggerated. In his examination before the Select Committee, Mr. Bucknall quoted a paragraph from a pamphlet entitled *The Power of the Press*, which asserted that 'the whole issues of all the Tract Societies, Bible Societies, and Missionary Societies, do not constitute anything like a third of the number of the baneful publications.' The greater part of this pamphlet

was reprinted by Dr. Campbell in *The British Banner*; its statement was reiterated in a tract called *The Perilous Nature of the Penny Periodical Press*, which, though printed for private circulation, was very widely distributed by its energetic author; it was reported on platforms at public meetings, was copied from the Minutes of the Select Committee into *The Edinburgh Review*, and, finally, in October, 1856, on this last authority, it appeared in *The Times* as an accurate estimate of the comparative numbers of good and evil cheap literature. The article in *The Times* called forth a reply from the Secretary to the Tract Society, in which a searching scrutiny was made into the authority from which the figures quoted had been derived. It was then elicited that the accuracy of the statement was but feebly supported,—dwindling down to ‘it is said’ by some unknown writer. The Secretary further showed, that a comparison of pernicious newspapers with those of a higher character, showed a balance of more than ten millions and a half in favour of the latter; whilst the Tract Society alone issued upwards of thirty-one millions and a half of publications in 1856, against the estimated number of twenty-nine millions of undesirable publications, pernicious newspapers included.

It had been alleged (not quite unjustly) against the works issued by the religious societies to counteract the influence of injurious publications, that they were mainly dry theological disquisitions, for which the people in general did not care. No such accusation, as far as theology is concerned, could be brought against *The Penny Magazine*, which was suggested by Mr. Hill, and carried out by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Lord Brougham’s address last year at Liverpool was naturally much occupied with this early attempt, in the support of which he bore so large and honourable a part. ‘Its low price, the admirable woodcuts, the judicious selection of subjects at once instructive and entertaining, speedily obtained for the paper a circulation until then unprecedented; for at one time 220,000 were sold weekly.’ But we cannot help questioning his lordship’s further declaration, that ‘*The Penny Magazine* drove the vile publications absolutely out of existence. A most feeble progeny alone was left to succeed them; it skulked in corners, and ever since has scarcely been heard of.’ Indeed, the evidence before the House of Commons’ Committee, above quoted, was given after the completion of the *Penny Magazine*; and, large as was the number of its issues, we doubt whether more than a small fraction of the whole found its way into the poor man’s cottage. Mr. Hickson, one of the witnesses who followed Mr. A. Heywood, is reported to say:—

'3248. A.—I never saw a poor man taking in The Penny Magazine.

'3251. A.—I think the circulation of Chambers' Journal is chiefly among small shopkeepers, not among those dependent upon weekly wages.

'3258. Q.—May not the Committee gather from your remarks, that you are of opinion that the publications which have been brought out at a cheap rate, originally under the plea of benefitting the working classes, have missed their aim, and have been generally circulated among the middle classes?

'A.—I think so; they have generally overshot the comprehension of their readers, or have not sufficiently entered into subjects adapted to their sympathies.

'3259. Q.—You would include Chambers' Journal and The Penny Magazine among the number?

'A.—Yes; as relating too much to events passed, and too little to events present.'—*Report of the Select Committee, &c.*

There are some weekly penny periodicals, however, which unquestionably do penetrate to the homes of a vast number of readers, not always of the lowest class. Of these, The London Journal, The Family Herald, Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper, The Guide, The Welcome Guest, and Reynolds's Miscellany, may be taken in a batch. They bear a strong resemblance to one another, both in their form and contents: they are all published weekly, and at the same price; and when it is remembered that they lay claim to a combined circulation of upwards of a million copies weekly, it is plain that they must exercise a vast influence for good or evil upon a large portion of our fellow-countrymen.

Nothing could be more miscellaneous than their composition; the most heterogeneous materials being crowded together in paragraphs of longer or shorter length, and drawn from every imaginable source. How varied these materials are, may be conceived from the following general heads, taken from the title-page of a recent volume of The Family Herald: Statistics, Recipes, Science, Art, Manufactures, Poetry, Scraps, Tales, Extracts, Essays, Biographies, Allegories, Fables, Aphorisms, Histories, Epigrams, Cautions, Proverbs, Pastimes, Experiments, Problems, Riddles, Jokes, &c. Numerous as are these components, they hardly even in their combination give their peculiar character to these productions. There are three other elements which form their leading features: they are leading articles in the form of Essays, Stories, and Answers to Correspondents.

To begin with the last, and perhaps the most curious, element. We suppose that, on an average, a page and a half of each weekly number is filled with the replies to the inquiries addressed to the editor. These are even more multifarious in their character

than the long list above quoted; but it is their special peculiarity that a great majority of them are of the most confidential and personal nature. Every conceivable shade of inquiry respecting *les affaires du cœur*, or how to avoid growing fat, or to remedy any supposed individual defect, is referred to this strange confidant. We are bound to acknowledge that in most cases the answers are marked by good sense; and are even disposed to smile, on learning from the editor of The London Journal, that a young woman should never kiss her husband before marriage. But what are we to think of the indication thus afforded, that thousands of young persons think the most sacred of all earthly subjects a fit matter for correspondence with a complete stranger? or of the enormous amount of personal vanity which is undoubtedly fostered, instead of suppressed, through the medium of these queries? Doubtless another barrier of modesty and self-respect is broken through, when young women are induced to pen such letters. But it is quite as certain that a great portion of the popularity of these publications is due to these 'answers;' and in many instances that have come under our notice, the superiority of The Leisure Hour has been admitted, but its reception declined because it did not contain this special element. Such gossip, weak and vapid as it is, has a peculiar charm for a certain class of minds.

The leading articles are not an equally prominent feature in all these publications. They are written in the form of essays, on every variety of subject,—theological, political, and social. We conceive that they are the portions least read; and we sincerely hope that such is the case. Those in The Family Herald especially seem to us most objectionable, inasmuch as doubtful and pernicious doctrines are interspersed with statements that are worthy of approbation; so that the reader is more liable to be thrown off his guard than in such a production as Reynolds's Miscellany. Thus, in an article on the proposal for a new translation of the Bible, after an account of the various readings, which seemed to us likely to leave a very exaggerated impression of their number and importance, the writer yet decides against any alteration, saying, 'We love and venerate the text we have known from our childhood.' But, in spite of this eulogy, we are told, in an essay (in the same volume of the work) on the Spirit of the Age, that 'every age is its own infallible guide, its own living Church; and it *must follow its own counsel, in spite of any old written rules.*' This article is dated January 24th, 1857; whilst that above quoted appeared on April 25th in the same year. The religious creed of The Family Herald is, in many respects, such as might be

gathered or inferred from the works of Charles Dickens and other humourists of the day. With an occasional allusion to Scripture, and an expressed admiration of its beauties, there is as complete an ignoring of its *authority* as though it were the mere work of man. 'How happy,' exclaims the writer, 'are the optimists!' Happy, indeed, if the corruption of human nature be a fiction, and immortality a lying fable.

We pass to the stories. These form the staple of each of the periodicals under consideration. As a general rule, every number contains a brief story complete in itself; and some chapters of a longer one, which is continued through a considerable period. What shall we say of these stories? Lord Brougham told the good people of Liverpool, that, in these penny publications, 'the greatest care is taken to exclude from the narratives and the descriptions everything that can by possibility either inflame the passions, or trench in the least degree upon moral and religious principle. But that is only a negative merit. The object of the whole, both narrative and descriptive, is to cherish feelings of a virtuous and amiable kind, to inculcate the purest moral principles, and to further a spirit of piety and devotion; and more by the actions and the scenes represented, than by mere advice and reflections.'* Lord Brougham's opinion, on most subjects, is worthy of high respect; but we cannot help suspecting that, in this instance, he has been misled by some one to whom he applied for information as to the nature of these stories. However that may be, we are bound to declare that an examination has led us to a very different conclusion. Even the negative merit here assigned to them is, in many instances, wholly wanting. Very many of the tales are of the spasmodic, explosive, magic-lantern character, abounding in inflammatory description, entering into the detail and dissection of feelings which were better left untouched, and so crowded with incident, that a brief story will contain action enough for a dozen novels. It is to little purpose that the villain of the tale is eventually detected and punished, whilst virtue comes out triumphant at last: the minuter incidents and features stir up the passions, whilst an unhealthy craving for excitement will be the result of such coarse stimulants administered to a taste too easily depraved.

Yet the taste of so large a number of readers is a matter of no small importance, indicative as it is at once of moral character, and of mental culture and habits of thought. What, then, is the chief element of attraction to the lowest stratum of the reading public? Fiction. Yes; and fiction of a coarse, ro-

* Address, p. 5.

mantic, and very stirring kind. But a novel of the most exciting incidents will fail to enlist the sympathies of this class, if treated with high artistic power, or leavened with superior taste and knowledge. This has been proved by actual experiment, as we learn on the authority of Household Words. It appears that the most powerful tale of the most popular novelist in the world—The Count of Monte Christo, by M. Alexandre Dumas—was translated for the pages of one of these penny journals, and the result of this apparently certain experiment was a failure. What was the reason? Was the morality too low? Not so; for a similar experiment was made with a tale by a popular English writer, the author of *Never too late to Mend*, and with similar want of success,—though Mr. Charles Reade is one of the purest of our novelists, as the charming story of Peg Woffington may partly witness. We repeat the question, and supply an answer in the words of our contemporary.

‘What was it, then? Plainly this, as I believe. The Unknown Public is, in a literary sense, hardly beginning, as yet, to learn to read. The members of it are evidently, in the mass, from no fault of theirs, still ignorant of almost everything which is generally known and understood among readers whom circumstances have placed, socially and intellectually, in the rank above them. The mere references in *Monte Christo*, *The Mysteries of Paris*, and *White Lies*, (the scene of this last English fiction having been laid on French ground,) to foreign names, titles, manners, and customs, puzzled the Unknown Public on the threshold..... Besides the difficulty in appealing to the penny audience, caused at the beginning by such simple obstacles as these, there was the great additional difficulty, in the case of all three of the fictions just mentioned, of accustoming untried readers to the delicacies and subtleties of literary art. An immense public has been discovered: *the next thing to be done is, in a literary sense, to teach that public how to read.*”

To teach this Unknown Public how and what to read is an object more easily proposed than performed: we will, however, turn our attention now to some of the efforts which have been made with a view to this end. Foremost amongst the many agencies employed to bring desirable literature within the reach of all classes, stands the Religious Tract Society, whose mere business operations exceed that of any other concern in England. We learn from their Report for 1859, that the issues in the past year, from the London Depository, were upwards of 37,000,000 of publications; whilst, including the issues of foreign societies, they amounted to about 42,000,000; the total circulation of the Society, during the sixty years of its existence, having amounted to about 819,000,000; these, be it remembered, not being merely unobjectionable works, but all decidedly

Christian in spirit, plain in their enunciation of the Gospel, and uncompromising in their admission of the authority of revelation.

But we must confine ourselves to a single branch of the Society's work. The *Leisure Hour*, and *The Sunday at Home*, were started in consequence of the notice which had been attracted by the penny serials; their aim was to supply, at the same price, a superior class of reading. Their superiority in type, paper, and illustration, is manifest at a glance; but much better qualities are discovered on a closer acquaintance. Instead of the inflated stories of their rivals, we have well-written and natural tales on incidents of every-day life; written, it is true, for the most part, to point a moral, but not overstrained or affected. Both periodicals are evidently under prudent and earnest management; and, whilst care is taken to exclude every thing objectionable, no little skill is exhibited in the treatment and variety of the subjects. The two most pleasing features to our mind, in *The Leisure Hour*, are, first, the great mass of information which it contains about our own country; and to this, we believe, much of its popularity may be traced; the working classes, rightly and wisely, care a great deal more about the British Empire than about any country under foreign rule. The second is a sort of breadth about it,—an absence of teaching any one special class, which makes it, interesting as it is both in matter and in manner, welcome equally at the fire-side of cottage homes and of wealthier dwellings.

That *The Leisure Hour*, and its Sunday companion, do really reach the working class, we shall presently adduce some evidence to prove; but it is worth considering whether they could not be made acceptable to even a larger body without any deterioration in real value. The tendency of all such publications is to rise above the level for which they were designed. For the Unlettered Public the articles of the pious prove too gravely or too elaborately written. Our own experience leads us to believe, also, that the absence of any answers to correspondents is a serious hindrance to its wider circulation. Over and over again has it been urged upon us by District Visitors and City Missionaries, that it would find its way into numberless families from which it is now shut out, if this point were conceded. Of course, we should not dream for one instant of recommending any notice to be taken of silly inquiries, which only indicate (as has been remarked) 'the inconceivably dense ignorance, inconceivably petty malice, and inconceivably complacent vanity' of the questioners; but there is a great variety of domestic and family subjects on which the poor have but few means of obtaining advice, and which makes them prefer to take in a paper

which will tell them of a receipt for a lotion, or a cure for a sprain. These seem to be very small things; but they go far to make up the sum of every-day life.

Whilst the Religious Tract Society undertakes to produce as well as to circulate desirable literature, the Pure Literature Society and the various Book Hawking Associations confine themselves to the latter object. The Pure Literature Society 'does not publish books or periodicals, nor carry on a trade in their sale; it neither issues any new works of its own, nor derives any profit from commercial transactions: its efforts are directed to promote the circulation of pure and healthy literature. This it endeavours to effect—

'1. By the publication of a Catalogue of such books, periodicals, prints, diagrams, and other works, as the Committee may from time to time deem really useful and good, whether they are issued by individuals or by societies.'

'2. By grants, from the Catalogues, so formed, of libraries at half price.

'3. By acting as an agency in the metropolis for the collection and distribution of periodicals and other works, in order to supply persons, schools, and institutions in the country.

'4. By the exercise of a wholesome influence over whatever issues from the press, by the judicious use of correspondence with the managers of publications, either in praise or kindly remonstrance.'—*Report of the Pure Literature Society for 1859*, pp. 3, 4.

The utility of such an undertaking is more apparent than are the difficulties by which it was surrounded. Any person who has had to share in the formation of a parochial or district library will testify to the great trouble experienced in making a selection of desirable books. Except in the catalogues of the religious societies, it is hard to find a list of really trustworthy publications, and these do not include works on many subjects which are required in a general collection. Even when friends have been consulted and information gathered from every available quarter, it is often found that some books have crept in containing blemishes which ought to have insured their exclusion. The Pure Literature Society therefore undertook the task of providing competent critics to read any books that seemed likely to be suitable for such libraries, by whomsoever published: for, with all their care in the preparation of a *provisional* catalogue, a few objectionable works were introduced. They have now, however, produced a thoroughly revised list of upwards of a thousand volumes, (and to this additions are being constantly made,) which is furnished gratuitously to any one who is forming a district library. The books on this Catalogue

are confidently recommended as thoroughly scriptural in their religious teaching, or wholly unobjectionable if they be of a purely secular character. When it is added that the Society is quite unsectarian in its composition, and when it is remembered that a great amount of time is expended by the Committee in reading books sent for insertion on their list,—involving the perusal of at least three times the number it contains,—it will be felt that it is unobtrusively doing a good work towards teaching the people *how to read*, and one which deserves ampler recognition than it has hitherto obtained.

One of the chief obstacles in the way of those who were anxious to provide healthy reading for their poorer neighbours, was presented by the difficulty experienced either in making a good selection of periodicals, or in obtaining them in small quantities when a choice was made. Whilst the more undesirable penny journals penetrated into every back street and distant village, and were to be seen everywhere side by side with the sweetmeats and other attractions of the huckster's store, the respectable bookseller was unwilling to take the trouble of supplying a few periodicals, which he could not obtain from his London agent, and which would produce very little profit. The Pure Literature Society accordingly undertook the work of collection and distribution; they sent forth a list of such periodicals as they recommended, and the large number which they shortly circulated of each of these enabled them to perform this agency with ease, whilst it gave weight to any suggestions from them to the managers of these serials.

The following is the list of periodicals approved by the Society:—

FOR ADULTS.

NAME.	PRICE.	PUBLISHED.
Leisure Hour	1d.	Weekly.
British Workman	1d.	Monthly.
Old Jonathan	1d.	Monthly.
Youth's Magazine	4d.	Monthly.
The following are more distinctly religious:—		
Appeal	$\frac{1}{2}$ d.	Monthly.
Bible Class Magazine	1d.	Monthly.
Christian Treasury	1d.	Weekly.
Churchman's Penny Magazine.	1d.	Monthly.
Family Paper	$\frac{1}{2}$ d.	Monthly.
Friendly Visitor	1d.	Monthly.
Mother's Friend	1d.	Monthly.
Servant's Magazine	1d.	Monthly.
Sunday at Home	1d.	Weekly.
Tract Magazine	1d.	Monthly.

FOR CHILDREN.

NAME.	PRICE.	PUBLISHED.
Young England	1d.	Monthly.
Boy's Times	1d.	Monthly.
Band of Hope Review	1d.	Monthly.

The following are more distinctly religious:—

Child's Own Magazine	1d.	Monthly.
Child's Companion	1d.	Monthly.
Child's Paper	1d.	Monthly.
Children's Friend	1d.	Monthly.
Children's Paper	1d.	Monthly.
Our Children's Magazine	1d.	Monthly.
Sabbath School Messenger	1d.	Monthly.
Sunday Scholar's Companion	1d.	Monthly.

In order to ascertain more accurately the feeling of the people towards the better class of periodicals, as well as to learn by what persons especially the more objectionable serials were read, the Pure Literature Society sent an agent to visit the various newsvendors and coffee-shops in the metropolis and its suburbs. This visitation occupied about eighteen months, and is especially interesting as being almost the first attempt, upon a large scale, to make a searching investigation into some interesting questions connected with popular reading. For whilst there can be no question that enormous numbers of the penny journals are sold, it is exceedingly difficult to learn the exact number with even an approximation to accuracy. There is a great difference between the numbers of a periodical printed, and those actually circulated. A curious revelation was made upon this subject in the public papers of August, 1858. In the police report of The Standard for the 25th of August, the following conversation is recorded:—

'Mr. Deacon continued,—I have also a quantity of the London Journal, but I cannot say how much, or what quantity I bought of Elliot. Alderman Phillips.—But is the London Journal a work likely to be sold for waste paper? Witness.—O yes, Sir, plenty of it. *As much as forty tons at a time have been tendered for.*'

Such evidence as this of the wide distinction between numbers printed and those actually sold, naturally throws some doubt upon the circulation often claimed for these papers. Then again it was desirable to elicit whether such prints as The Leisure Hour found their way into coffee-shops, and how they were received when introduced into them. A more precise knowledge, too, of the classes by whom Reynolds's Miscellany and The Family Herald were studied was a desideratum, as, without

positive evidence on the subject, it was hard to believe that such materials formed the staple reading of working men.

The result of this inquiry is, we think, encouraging, although it has some unfavourable features. In about twelve months 1,912 visits were paid to coffee-houses in London and the neighbourhood, and about 1,119 houses were visited.

'Among 914 of these visits, 310 have been visited once, 274 twice, 19 three times, and 3 four times. 259 have been ascertained to keep objectionable periodicals, and seven others have, also, libraries of some thousands of novels; two take in Chambers's Journal only; six have, in consequence of my visits, ceased taking all or some of the periodicals; and 74 do not keep any periodicals; 171 take in The Leisure Hour; 34 The Sunday at Home; and 36 The British Workman: two keep only The Leisure Hour and Sunday at Home, and nine take in other religious or denominational publications not recommended by the Society.'—*Pure Literature Society's Report*, p. 7.

The result of the inquiry, as far as numbers are concerned, was as follows: out of 575 houses of which a report is given above, 74 do not keep any periodicals, and are therefore neutral; whilst of the remainder there is a majority of seventeen in favour of the inferior publications. This, it is true, is far from satisfactory, but it is a better state of things than many persons would have us believe; whilst there are some other features in the Report of a far more encouraging character. One proprietor acknowledged that the papers taken in were not suited to *nor were they read by working men*; but he had taken them for a great many years, and, although he did not care for them, he thought it would look strange to get rid of them now. Another, who approved of The Family Herald and London Journal, does not think of having anything fresh, because the periodicals already taken in are but little read by working men. This evidence is corroborated over and over again.

"We take in The London Journal and The Family Herald. I am glad to say that not many read them, I wish they were gone altogether. All they do is to waste people's time, and make silly girls fancy they are in love." "I used," replied another, "to take in two shillings' worth more of papers and periodicals than I do now. I dropped them off, and find no loss in business. The periodicals were not read by working men, but by boys and girls, who came in the evening, read them all through one after another, and kept the gas alight and the shop open two or three hours after I wanted to close." 565 says, "Men scarcely read the immoral publications, they are read chiefly by mere boys."

Nor is the testimony less conclusive as to the acceptance which the healthier literature meets with.

'269. "Keep Leisure Hour, British Workman, and Band of Hope Review. They are all well read. People come here purposely for them. It is an advantage to coffee-shop keepers to keep them."

'516. "Don't think much of any of the periodicals myself. I've got one here you'll like to see, The Sunday at Home." The periodical named was left at the coffee-shop every week in a tract cover. I inquired which of the periodicals were most read. "Why," said a cabman, "I don't know much about the others; but us cabbies allers reads this."

'557. "Take in The Leisure Hour and The Sunday at Home, but I don't class those with the periodicals, they are too good for that. They are read well, always in hand, and often asked for."

'679. Has a decided preference for such periodicals as The Leisure Hour. Men read the good periodicals, and ask for them. The reason is, that working men have a taste for useful information, such as essays, history, travels, and interesting articles on homely subjects.—*Pure Literature Society's Report*, p. 9.

We have quoted passages which were decisive with regard to the different kinds of periodical literature. But it must be clearly understood, that very many opinions unfavourable to the papers of The Leisure Hour stamp were given. Our object is to lay the facts before our readers, and not to make out a case for ourselves. But whilst the evidence as regards the better class of periodicals is conflicting, that which respects the inferior is almost unanimous. It is quite evident that the objectionable periodicals are but little read by working men.

By whom then is the great majority of the penny journals purchased? An answer to this question was derived through inquiries made in visiting the newsvendors' shops. Our space will not permit us to go into the details of the reports contained in the occasional papers before us. We can only state the result, namely, that the mass of these periodicals are sold to children, either at school or who have just left it, to domestic servants of every grade, and to young women whenever gathered into large numbers in manufactories or other scenes of labour. The exceptions to this rule are sometimes striking. We have seen a gentleman, the very picture of a country justice, seated in a first-class railway carriage, gravely studying The Family Herald.

In order to carry healthy literature to the very doors of the labourers, in our rural districts, a number of book-hawking societies have been founded, which are mostly organized to accord with certain diocesan and county divisions. These societies already exceed fifty in number, and are united together in a Book Hawking Association. After the formation of a committee, a respectable and able-bodied man is appointed, who is provided with a hawker's licence, and with a number of works

selected by the committee. With a covered hand-cart or a box slung from the shoulders, such a man will travel fourteen miles a day, although his pack weighs from forty to fifty pounds.

'The first organized society was founded in 1857, under the auspices of the Archdeacon of Winchester. At the present period there are upwards of forty (now fifty) societies in existence; and the sales of last year (1858) for seventeen of these societies amounted to £2,995, and the number of publications disposed of in the same period by thirty-five societies was 77,553.'—*Book Hawking*, p. 3.

A few statistics selected from the accounts furnished by individual societies will illustrate the benefit conferred upon a district, and will indicate the class of persons that reap the advantage of this plan. If the kind of books purchased were of an inferior character, or if the hawker were patronized by persons in the upper ranks of society, the results might present a fair outward show, whilst little real good was being effected. It will be seen, however, that whilst religious publications meet with the readiest sale, the labouring class furnish by far the greatest number of customers to the book hawker.

In the North Hants Book Hawking Society the average weekly sale amounts to £4. 14s.; the estimated annual cost to the public is £20. The Leicester Society, founded in 1856, has a weekly sale of £3. 10s., and costs the public only £10. As the sales increase, so the expenditure diminishes, and when they reach £250 a-year, the profits will have attained the self-supporting point.

The following returns will show the nature of the books sold.

HANTS (NORTHERN DIVISION).—Bibles, Prayer Books, &c., 1,146; Atlases and Single Maps, 196; Volumes of Prints, and Single ditto, 1,200; Packets of Picture Cards, 166; Books at 5s. and upwards, 44; Books at 1s. 6d., and up to 5s., 588; Books at 2d., and up to 1s. 6d., 3,933; Books below 2d., and Tracts, 5,219; Copy Books, with engraved heads, 530.

From the HERTFORDSHIRE REPORT.—Sold in thirteen months: Bibles, 356; Prayer Books, 374; New Testaments, 74; Bound Books, 2,271; Tracts, 1,457; Prints, 1,905. Of the purchasers there were 3,097 labourers, 320 mechanics, 609 servants, 432 tradesmen, and 104 gentry.

Again, the following statistics from the three divisions into which the county of Norfolk is parcelled out, will give an adequate idea of the average working of the system.

NORTH EAST DISTRICT.—Sold in the week ending September 10th: 105 publications:—76 to labourers, for £1. 17s. 10d.; 17 to servants, for £1. 0s. 11d.; 8 to farmers, for 12s. 8d.; 1 to tradesmen, for 1s. 4d.; 3 to gentlemen, for 7s. 3d.

SOUTH EAST DISTRICT.

Bibles.	Testa-ments.	Prayer Books and Church Services.	Books value 1s., and over.	6d., and under 1s.	2d., and under 6d.	Under 2d.	Maps and Prints.	Total.
163	252	542	735	486	419	564	24	3,135

'For which there was received £45. 1s. 5d., from 1,346 labourers; £34. 4s. 5d., from 612 servants; £15. 2s. 11d., from 308 mechanics; £9. 18s. 2½d., from 183 tradesmen; £27. 4s. 10½d., from 500 gentlemen; total, £131. 11s. 10d., from 2,949 persons.'

SOUTH WEST DISTRICT.

Labourers purchasing.				Servants purchasing.				Mechanics purchasing.				Tradesmen purchasing.				Gentlemen purchasing.			
No.	£	s.	d.	No.	£	s.	d.	No.	£	s.	d.	No.	£	s.	d.	No.	£	s.	d.
947	26	18	7	486	34	17	3½	207	13	5	3½	229	26	3	5½	225	62	2	10

'These results seem to prove that this movement does really answer to the necessities of the times; but it is yet only in its infancy. The Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland about three years since commenced the plan of book hawking, and have now fifty *colporteurs* and thirty book agents in active operation, selling at the annual rate of £5,000 worth of religious works. The results of the experiment have been encouraging beyond all anticipation. The American Tract Society entered on the work fifteen years ago, and has now in its employment a regiment of 700 men, who day by day are traversing the Union, and pushing the sale of a superior class of evangelical books and periodicals.'—*Book Hawking. By the Rev. Nash Stephenson*, p. 3.

We cannot refrain from giving a few extracts from the accounts published by the Tract and Book Society of Scotland, in illustration of what may be effected through this agency; although we fear it will be some time before we can in this matter rival our brethren in the north. Of the works sold by their agents during the year ending the 30th of June, 1858, we cannot give a complete list, but will mention the number of copies sold of a few well-known works:—

'1,619 James's Anxious Inquirer, 556 Pilgrim's Progress, 550 Whitefield's Revivals, 511 Life of Hedley Vicars, 473 Bunyan's Holy War, 432 Burnish Family, 403 James's Christian Progress, 392 Gloaming of Life, 378 Doddridge's Rise and Progress, 360 Life of Henderson, 358 Miller's Alcohol, 351 Bogatzky's Golden Treasury, 310 Bunyan's Jerusalem Sinner, 278 Baxter's Call to the Unconverted, 275 Baxter's Saint's Rest, 266 Bunyan's Grace Abounding,

254 M'Cheyne's Memoirs, 224 Bunyan's Choice Works, 219 Guthrie's Sins and Sorrows of the City, 213 The Light on the Line, 177 Bonar's Person of Christ, 169 Hervey's Meditations, 165 Bonar's Blood of the Cross, 160 Bunyan's Chief of Sinners, 150 Bunyan's Making Light of Christ.'

The titles of many of these will indicate that the taste of the Covenanters' children for vigorous and full Gospel truth has not degenerated. Great importance is also attached to the sale of periodicals, of which about 21,000 are now distributed by the *colporteurs* monthly, very few of which were known to their purchasers until carried in this manner to their doors. Besides these efforts, a special movement has been made in Glasgow, similar to that of the Pure Literature Society in London, to induce the newsvendors to keep a supply of religious periodicals; and, in consequence, no fewer than ninety-two shops in Glasgow and the suburbs have acceded to the suggestion, and are now making an aggregate sale of 8,572 each month.

Had our space permitted, we should have been disposed to add some account of the working of other machinery, through which our popular literature is being gradually, but surely, ameliorated. It would be interesting to test the popular taste by learning the numbers and characters of the present railway circulation, a branch of the subject on which so admirable a paper appeared recently in *The Times*. We would gladly also have described the excellent working of Lord Campbell's Act for the suppression of immoral publications, which was so promptly followed by a *razzia* of the police in Holywell Street, and the seizure of large numbers of the vilest works. So effectual has been the operation of this measure, that some of the shops formerly devoted to the sale of these immoral publications are converted to the use of other trades; and although the complete annihilation of this foul trade is not to be expected, it is driven to skulk in holes and corners, whence it must be sought by the depraved, and dares not come forth to disgust or to seduce. We can only glance at some others of the better cheap publications, such as *The British Workman*, a paper which, without any pretension to rise to the intellectual level of really intelligent artisans, is yet well suited for their families, as its general acceptance proves. This, and such works as *The Christian Treasury* and *Family Treasury*, we must dismiss with a parting word of commendation. But there is one element in our popular literature, which probably exercises the largest influence over *the men* in the working class of the community, which has not yet been discussed, and on which we must venture a few remarks. We allude to the penny daily press.

There are only three penny-daily papers that have any very extensive circulation,—The Standard, The Daily Telegraph, and The Morning Star; but the number sold of these is enormous. They are indeed a marvel of cheapness: leading articles of great ability, the latest intelligence from abroad, (we know not how obtained,) correspondence from every quarter of the globe, and ample information about home matters, spread over a large double sheet, and all for a penny! Most naturally this is the kind of literature that takes most with the working men. Who of us does not feel that, after severe bodily labour, a newspaper is the only reading to which we can pay a close attention? Who of us does not feel, too, though we may not like to acknowledge it, that we have a deeper interest in what is going on about us, in the contemporary history of our own time, than in all the learning of the past, or in any branch of speculative science? We have accordingly, in the penny daily press, exactly the kind of literature which does actually reach the working man, by which his mind and opinions are largely formed, and from whence he derives his store of knowledge about the social and political questions in which he is especially concerned. Most important, then, must it be to inquire what is the character of this influential engine.

Of course, the three daily penny papers vary in their political sentiments; in the men and measures which they advocate; in the view they take of foreign affairs; in their estimate of social questions, and in their consideration of religious subjects. We have no intention to enter into the detail of their respective modes of dealing with these various topics, nor would it be germane to our subject. Of course, a great variety of opinion exists on all public questions, and every side will gain, and ought to gain, a hearing; but in examining their influence we consider rather the general tone, the style of reasoning employed, and the temper displayed in handling opponents, than the individual and special opinions advanced. Regarding the daily penny press then in this aspect, we are constrained to accord it a high approbation. A marked absence of violence in language, a considerable amount of fairness in the treatment of adversaries, with very little that is inflammatory, or that appeals to the passions, distinguishes these newspapers. It is not easy to calculate the amount of good which is indirectly effected through the circulation of such journals amongst the poorer classes. Without expressing any opinion as to their religious bias, and without in any way giving an indiscriminate approval of all their contents, we cannot help regarding their wide dissemination as a most hopeful feature of the present day.

We will now endeavour, in conclusion, to sum up the results of the somewhat miscellaneous information that we have set before our readers. It is impossible to arrive at any general conclusion which would not require almost numberless modifications in special cases; but the aspect of the whole question seems to present causes both for much encouragement and for increased exertion to those who desire that our popular literature should be of a healthy character. To take the more painful features first. It appears that the most undesirable publications are principally read by children, domestic servants, and young women employed in factories. It is not easy to exaggerate the effect produced by such journals upon the minds of these three classes. It is very well for an educated person to take up *The Family Herald* or *London Journal*, and to say, 'I see here much that is foolish and in bad taste, but very little that is positively objectionable.' Such critics forget that whilst they merely peruse a few numbers from curiosity, or even if they were to go through a whole series, yet the influence produced upon their own minds is modified by numerous counteracting circumstances, by the great variety of other books which they study, and by their intercourse and conversation with those around them. But in the case of the classes referred to, the effect is widely different. In school-children a taste for reading has just been excited, and these inflammatory stories are devoured at an age when the imagination is most vivid, when (such is the miserable condition of too many of their homes) premature passion is most excitable, —in short, just at the age when they are like to exert the most injurious influence. Besides, in the case of most of these purchasers, *such stories form their only reading*: they become the subject of their conversation and the food of their thoughts. To reason, therefore, that these works are harmless because they have no apparent ill effect upon educated people, is much the same as to argue, that because a high-flavoured dish can be tasted with impunity amongst a variety at table, it would therefore form a wholesome staple of food.

On the other hand, it should be remembered that two of these three classes (children and servants) are especially open to good influence; that any pains bestowed in inducing them to read better things is almost sure to meet with success; and that the amount that can be afforded for literary pursuits, in their instance, is so small, that the introduction of that which is good at once effects the rejection of the bad. Did our space admit, we would quote some most pleasing accounts from the papers of the *Pure Literature Society*, to show how much good may be done in that way at the cost of but very little exertion.

On the favourable side, it is to be considered that the subject is now beginning to obtain the attention it deserves. Public men, in their vacation speeches, acknowledge its importance and discuss its bearings; almost all the leading organs of public opinion have devoted some space to the consideration of its existing position; whilst nearly every part of the country is arousing itself to active exertion for carrying sound and healthy literature to the doors of every dwelling. The panic cry that evil prints exceeded all the issues of our religious societies is now entirely exploded; whilst evidence is adduced to show that the better class of publications, especially those of a religious character, are really perused by that class for whose benefit they were mainly designed. Still more, when we look back upon the past, and call to mind through what depths of ignorance and of vile personalities our much-boasted newspaper press has attained to its present high condition, we may with good grounds hope that the future will see a like amelioration in the other branches of popular literature.

- ART. II.—1. *The Illustrated Handbook of Architecture: being a concise and popular Account of the different Styles of Architecture prevailing in all Ages and Countries.* By JAMES FERGUSON, M.K.T. Two Vols. London.
2. *The Nature of Gothic Architecture.* By JOHN RUSKIN. London.
3. *Remarks on Secular and Domestic Architecture, present and future.* By GEORGE GILBERT SCOTT, A.R.A. London.
4. *L'Architecture du V^{me} au XVII^{me} Siècle, et les Arts qui en dépendent: Ouvrage publié sous les Auspices de S. E. M. le Ministre d'État.* Par JULES GAILHABAUT. Three Vols. 4to. Paris.

THE art of architecture has, at least in this country, arrived at a period of crisis and transition. It offers all the symptoms that herald such events. There is, first, an agitation almost popular of the subject. Besides the light infantry and skirmishers of the press, with their showers of pamphlets, newspaper epistles, and books of travel, discussive treatises respecting it are issuing yearly. Then these treatises themselves betray the same polemic temper; a fact that proves the impulse to be deeper than mere mode or taste,—to be a result of that dissolution of opinion which precedes change. But principal among the signs is the occasion of the controversy, which is an attempt to revive the

Gothic style; that is to say, to detach from the structure of the Dark Ages their most congenial form for insertion in our age of light.

In fact, this project not alone denotes decline, but its extremity; for all conservative resistance seeks support the farther back in proportion as the footing is felt slidden farther forward. In social nature, as in the physical, the angle of reflexion must be equal, and opposed to the angle of incidence. The *action* of progression is invisible to the common; they perceive but the *reaction* or the catastrophe sure to follow it, in consequence of the accumulated energy of the latent cause,—much as to people in a boat who take no bearings from the land, the fact of motion becomes sensible but through the shock that perhaps sinks them. The latter does but signalize the crisis and promote it, by prompting them to rush sternward into the water. The social parallel is the instinctive but perverse effort to retain a parting present by recurring to a remote past. And so in architecture the dark-age revivalists would not be fairly judged upon the merits of their professed objects, but rather on the tendency and results of their agitation.

On the claims of Gothic architecture, the revival of which that object contemplates, we do not now pronounce, but insist only for the present that the expedient of reverting to it is a fact which in itself proclaims a period of transition; whether backward to the past, or onward to the future, remains to be determined by the issue of our study. And what confirms that with all the other symptoms noted, is, that they are offered equally in action and discussion. The contest is observed as well in buildings as in books.

But the disputants in both these lines appear to have but slight notion of the issue thus portended and prepared by their contentions. They view the actual architecture as in a deadlock or impass, from which the sole escape is by retreat to the starting-point. The aim of all, or most of them, is some or other of the old orders, either simply or under mixture or modification; the Gothic being, by sympathy or simulation, the leading preference. Mr. Fergusson alone attempts to step beyond this round. To the questions, if a new order of architecture be possible, and if an individual might invent it, he answers soundly, that none of the known orders were produced by individuals, but that they were all gradually and collectively the work of *races*, and that we should expect a like result in the future. He should have added the proviso of an outstanding race. But the omission has, it will be seen, been perhaps systematic, and would thus affect his logic and sincerity alone. The doctrine is, in substance, the common law of experience,

which teaches that in all things the past should guide the future; but guide it, not, according to the current understanding, by simple repetition, but by leading indication. To this end, it thus is well to look not only to the Gothic, but still back to the Greek orders, and ulteriorly as far as possible. For the farther back the trajectory of the art is traced in history, the easier will it be to determine its orbit, and thus pursue it forward into a new appearance.

Mr. Fergusson accordingly has given to his treatise the comprehensive form of a history of the art; for he degrades it from its rank by the 'trade' title of *Handbook*. No doubt the execution is less a history than a repertory; with more order, it has scarce more evolution than a dictionary. But, in noting his chief shortcomings, we shall have the best materials for collecting the true principles of that great requisite of the crisis; and the various other writers will contribute illustration. We shall purposely keep shy of connoisseurship and technicality, which are the common tool-naming rhetoric on the subject. We would even have the history suggested do likewise. And to render this more certain, we would have the historian be neither himself an architect nor artist at all. Not alone because the artist grade of intellect is unequal to it, but also as being cramped by pragmatism and prepossession. The genius even of an Angelo, or of a Da Vinci, would fail to quell the bias of professional predilection, or emerge from out the wilderness of too familiar details. The requisite conditions would be Plato's for a philosopher; who should, he held, be ignorant of specialties or details in every particular science and art, as was, in fact, the case with Bacon. For thus alone can the mind retain the freedom and elevation to embrace all of them in their first principles, main purposes, and due proportions.

Mr. Fergusson, however, has begun his compilation by professing to combine, in the order of procedure, the guarantee of geography with the direction of chronology. The sanction was not destitute of philosophic sentiment; and he would have done better still if both the guide and guard were supported on their common basis, the *morphology* of the art. But he unfortunately forthwith falls to contravening all three principles. Thus he begins the history with India, instead of China. That this is an inversion is manifest from his own tests. The oldest Indian architecture he rates at no more than two and a half centuries anterior to Christianity; a date at which the Chinese are known to have attained, in architecture as in most else, to their condition at this day. Besides, with all the world, he allows of course that Egypt had even exhausted her architecture

at that period. Thus the rule of chronology is queerly contorted. The assistant geography is, it is plain, no less so. For India lies upon the route of art and civilization in their progress from China, not China from India; and had he pushed the starting-point consistently on to Egypt, her own labyrinth would be the only worthy image of his course of history. Finally, the morphology, the forms of the art, declare, with all the rest, the Indian subsequent on the Chinese. This is readily evinced from the author's own materials.

The Indian architecture included three elements,—the tomb, the tope or pagoda, and the temple, the last in the rock-cut or excavated form. This was also the necessary order of their rise. For the pagoda is composed of a cluster of monuments, and then the rock-cut temple comprises the pagoda, which is indeed itself called a temple, but improperly. The nature and distinction of these forms will appear afterwards; the purpose for the moment is to point out the advancement, and consequently subsequence, implied by the progression. The relative development and ornament do likewise. The first and fundamental of the forms, the tumulus, though naturally capable of slight æsthetic progress, had in India attained, as in that of Sarnath, to the pyramidal height of 110 feet; moreover, it was covered with carving and sculpture, as were especially the topes, and even many of the rock-cut temples. Now these things were assuredly not reached at a bound; nor even by degrees, within the same nation. Orientals are proverbial for making no such progresses, and everywhere these progresses would be in contradiction to a really philosophical conception of the author's own, that each description of architecture is the product of a distinct race. But in India the most primitive of the subsisting races, the Tamuls, who have been pressed into the point of the peninsula, present, he owns, exclusively of all others, all three forms. And the forms, in his judgment, had attained the highest perfection, especially in the remnants supposed to be most ancient. Consequently there must have been antecedent stages, and Indian architecture should not be ranked the earliest.

Mr. Fergusson appears willing to admit the former position, though only with respect to the material, not the art. He notes that the structural embellishment and sculpture, in all the three forms, must have followed wooden models; but, although he thus conceded a previous architecture, this in turn was assumed to have been equally indigenous. So that the same objection, drawn from polish and progression, lies no less against the model, with relation to its own development. Accordingly the author himself betrays his error. 'Here,' says he,

closing the Indian department, 'Here the chain breaks off in India; but it continues successively in Java, Burmah, Thibet, and back to China.' It is as if the road from Oxford to London were said to break off at the Marble Arch, but to continue at Uxbridge, Wycomb, and so backwards.

In this continuation, as the author thus miscalls it, we have, when viewed inversely, the true historic order. The *topes* or *pagodas* have, as he declares, their antetypes in the Burmese and Thibetan temples or 'monasteries,' which are mostly to this day constructed of wood. The ornaments are also the same as in India. The uses alone are found to have changed, and by a transformation conformable to the argument; the cells of the monks in the Thibetan *pagodas* become niches for saintly images in the Hindoo examples. This progress from the human and the concrete to the spiritual, implies the course of derivation to have been, on the contrary, from Thibet into India, and whether first in stone or wood. It is thus that Persepolis has been a stone copy from the wooden architecture of Assyria by a higher race. Another proof of the direction is, that Thibet, Java, Burmah, and India itself, throughout the Northern Provinces, have had no templar constructions, even in the rock-cut stage; for the South must, in the latter at least, have been repeated, were it really the foundation, and thus the progress northward.

China, in fine, presents a further confirmation, by excluding, at the same time, the temple and *pagoda*. For the structures which are known by the latter name to foreigners, but called in Chinese '*taas*,' are of a nature wholly different. They are edifices single, towerlike, and tumular; proceeding from a simple superposition, by repetition, of the *tee* or umbrella set to shade the primordial grave, and extended correspondingly, in their monumental purport, from the precincts of the family to the expanse of the city. They doubtless are also sometimes found to contain relics. But this is adventitious, and the only imitation. The houses of worship, inspired by the same creed, are scarce to be distinguished from the domestic building; and the uses to which they are occasionally turned, speak no less the foreign origin and feeble sense of sanctity. The Buddhist temples are converted into hotels for foreign envoys; and, what is scarcely less desecrating, into weigh-houses on market days.

Thus the tower or *taa* emerged from the tumulus in China, where the only veneration was paid to *deceased* parents; then, proceeding towards the South, it suggested, in Chaldea, the contrary form of a palace for the *living*; finally, both types, on advancing to a distinct race, were, after long contention in the

isolated states, amalgamated in the rock-cut temples of the Hindoos, which were abodes of neither dead nor living mortals, but of *deity*. Here is seen, in a dozen aspects, the demonstration of the progression.

The inversion, while confirmed, is, however, excused by this almost universal misconception of the law of progression. Mr. Fergusson, moreover, claims additional extenuation. He perceived that architecture, in the sole surviving forms, had arisen in India with the Buddhist religion; and philosophers, or antiquaries, told him that this religion had travelled north, from India, through Thibet along to China. This was partly true, no doubt, in point of fact and form. But the whole truth is, that it had first travelled southward, or rather been developed step by step along the way; precisely as just shown of the architecture, and *pari passu*. It is only the culmination that was attained in India; the early and lower stage had long existed. Buddha was the finally divinified development of what, in Thibet, is still the sanctified Grand Lama, or had, in ancient Babylon, been the secular monarch, and, in China, the deceased parent of the family or of the empire. And hence the two productions, the physical and moral, both accumulated their three elemental stages along the course, and began decaying downwards from the top, like a tree. Buddhism, expelled from India, retreated to the lower stages, where it maintains a species of cortical existence. The excavated temples have been likewise abandoned through a similar exhaustion of the race in architecture, and were to be resumed but on the opposite coast of Africa. The Hindoos themselves fell back on the pagoda; but in this form, which was foreign in all but the use, they failed of the perfection attained on its native soil,—a pre-eminence which puzzles our author in the 'Jaina temples.' In fine, China, where the temple and pagoda both dwindle, presents the monument or *taa* in an unrivalled magnificence, as springing from its mother soil in the porcelain tower of Nankin. Such is the philosophy of a fact which the author naïvely remarks of these northern architectures: 'That they have so completely altered the Hindoo style, that it is almost impossible to recognise the original in the copy.' (Page 63.) Yes, verily, and more especially when the objects are interverted.

Commencing his history in this topsy-turvy order, so directly too in the face of the statistics he adduces, Mr. Fergusson may be expected to stumble into further blunders. This he does, in fact, forthwith, and in a point no less essential,—the general division of the subject of the work. Architecture he distinguishes (at least, with good theology) into 'Christian and non-Christian

or Heathen.' Besides the dual form, which is vicious in principle, the contents of the terms are extremely inaccurate. The confusion in the pagan and primary department need only be suggested by citing his own language. 'If,' says he, 'antiquity alone were considered, the *Egyptian* [architecture] ought to be the first; but in that case, after going through that style and the Assyrian, *which comes next*, we naturally pass to the Greek and Roman, and the narrative must then be interrupted to make way for the *Indian*, Mexican, and other styles, which have connexion either with those which preceded, or which followed, in other parts of the world.'* *There* is, we repeat, a grave historical programme, which may well remind the reader of the schoolboy game of the 'Walls of Troy.' Not only has the author begun with India, instead of China, but he tells us, after all, that Egypt was before them; and then, that from Egypt we should pass, not still to India, nor even to China, but to Assyria; whence we furthermore return back to Greece and Rome. Moreover, at this most mature extremity of the gyration, there should be an interruption to admit India and Mexico. So that it was, apparently, in order to get rid of this obviously unnatural intrusion into the series, that the Indian architecture was thrown back to the head.

We have seen what to think of this part of the arrangement with reference to primitive Assyria and China. The relation of Egypt to all these is no less demonstrable, as will be hereafter made equally plain. For the moment we will state that the relation is not priority, as asserted by the author, but quite the reverse. The *actual* remains of Egyptian architecture are doubtless more ancient than any in those countries. There might, however, be some question as to the rock-cut temples. These, in fact, had been already supposed by certain ancients to have been still older than the pyramids of Egypt. Mr. Ferguson will not allow the oldest of those remaining an antiquity quite equal to the age of even Herodotus. We will not, however, dispute a point so technical with one who had the advantage of examining the objects; more especially as it does not at all affect the argument. The antiquity of the actual remains in any country is no criterion of absolute priority, but the contrary. For greater durability implies ulterior progress in either the material, or the building, or in both. In Egypt the material became completely stone, as the fruit of the more Eastern elaborations in wood and brick. The form and the functions of that famous architecture will be afterwards found equally confirmatory of this order.

* Preface, p. 7.

The Christian branch of the partition is hardly less distorted. For example, the line of chronological separation is traversed and tangled here again, and for the purpose of ejecting the Saracenic style from out the Christian epoch into the heathen forms! Thus the author of the *English Handbook* keeps a much closer eye on the theology, in even its prejudices, than upon the architecture. He must have known that not only does the religion of Mahomet present the same contrast to Heathenism as the Christian, but has even proceeded from the same Jewish source. Nay, the contrast is far wider, in ritual and ceremony, than the Christian Church for most of its history showed collectively, and in the larger part of it retains to this day. The Mahometans themselves pretended their creed to be no other than a purer, as a later, emanation from the same monotheistic and Mosaic dispensation. The rise of the architecture would moreover seem conformable. Mr. Fergusson himself is obliged to describe it as ramifying off from the Eastern Church, in precisely the same manner as the Gothic did from the Western. And yet he treats of the branch before coming to the trunk, and treats of it, moreover, as belonging to a foreign one.

His language accordingly reflects the curious logic. Speaking of the Christian and Saracenic architectures; he reasons in this wise: 'As the *Christian* was the earliest born and the first to die, it might seem to claim precedence; *but* the Saracenic attained maturity as early as the age of Charlemagne, while the *Gothic* styles were still in their infancy.' (Page 8.) Now, how is this to be understood? Can the meaning have been that the Christian architecture and the 'Gothic styles' are one and the same thing? That would be grotesquely false, though not unusual. But, assuming it true, how could the 'infancy' of this thing have concurred with the 'maturity' of the Saracenic style, if of the two the thing aforesaid had been the earlier 'born?' Unless, indeed, by fancying the infancy perpetual. If, on the other hand, the Christian and the Gothic are not one,—as most palpably they are not, and as this fumbling itself attests,—then the former, being thus left to the normal development, should be allowed the start obtained by birth upon the Arabic. The conclusion of our author is, however, quite the contrary: 'There is *therefore*,' says he, 'no incongruity in treating it (the Saracenic) first, and among the pagan styles.' This Gothic style of reasoning is largely a consequence of minding matters foreign to his art and his subject.

Nor is it in theology alone that he suffers by it. A confusion still more gross in the same branch of his division would appear to be the result of his playing the politician. At the outset he

had stated, with both novelty and truth, that the successive styles or stages in the art of architecture have been each the production of a different race of men, of whom this subject thus would yield as good a test as even language. But subsequently, when the Roman stage of the art is regarded as a mere transition, subsidiary to the Gothic, the latter not alone is made the *acmé* of the whole progression, but the advance of which it is allowed, in turn, to be capable is farther reserved for the same Gothic race. Thus the Goths will have the privilege of having changed their nature, and of doing what had been hitherto the task of distinct races. And this, moreover, while the Celts—placed farther west on the line of progress, and equal or nearly so in number to the Goths, and who have as yet produced no architecture really national—are never once alluded to with reference to the new order.

This cannot be ignorance of facts to prompt correction. For the author observes, for example, of the French, that they maintained to some extent, against the Gothic or pointed style, the rounded forms which the Romans had received from the Etrurians; and did so through a sympathy of race with the latter: and he makes a like allusion to the Round Towers of Ireland. No doubt, his notions upon race are extremely superficial; his logic is also of the very laxest tissue; in these respects his treatise is a *hand-book* indeed, or the least of a head-book possible. But taking due account of these equivocal excuses, the conduct must be chiefly ascribed to the current policy of sinking out of sight the Celtic people of these islands. It would be easy to evince that such an object is impracticable, and that, were it otherwise, success would be an evil. In the fine arts especially, the highest hopes of the British nation are very obviously dependent on the culture of the Celtic element. But whatever such a course might be in governments or politicians, the meddling of writers upon art or science is the last impertinence. Of these the proper spheres are the beautiful and the true; and where these interests are tampered with for policy or vulgar commerce, or a still more vile and vulgar condescension to rabble prejudice, the author ought to forfeit all authority and even respect.

This running sketch of the ordinance (to use a term of the art) which Mr. Fergusson observes in his history or handbook, exhibits, it is seen, a disorder so confounding as to tend to rather thwart than aid the student to new invention. The book would still be useful to the philosophic reader, by unfolding the indefinite diversity of the art, and supplying him illustrations of ethnology and social progress. But to artists, or those whose

object was advancement of architecture, and whom especially the book addresses, the result would be noxious. A person with his knowledge of the history of the art restricted to the mere columnar character of the Greek orders, and the absence of these characters and of all others in the Gothic, were in a better state of mind to make improvement in the latter than if he had to seek it through the medley of this writer. It is one of the many sound though detached views of Mr. Fergusson, that all the previous stages of the 'orders' themselves resulted quite spontaneously from mere masonic practice, and thence present a faithful expression of the races. There is, in truth, no safety for the architect or other artist between absolute routine and constituted science. These inspirers of the infancy and maturity of nations relate to one another just as instinct and reason. The guidance of the former is sure, but circumscribed. To attain to that of reason, which is instinct generalized, the mind must traverse widening wilds of error, doubt, and exploration. But these are all the province of the speculator or philosopher. The business of the artist or inventor is action. So that where he is not furnished with a systematic guidance, the more limited you leave his knowledge, the more fruitful remains his intellect.

What, in fact, was the knowledge of the works of predecessors in the great prolific ages of this and the other arts? That of the bees at the comb, of the polyps at the coral-reef. Mr. Fergusson, in face of the position just cited, falls into the dilettanti chatter of the day, about the 'profound' science and the 'magnificent designs' of the Egyptians, the Greeks, and, above all, of course, the Goths. He seems to think the mystical priesthood of the Nile must have calculated to a year the duration of the pyramids; that all the lines of the Parthenon were planned in conic sections; that the monkish or the mailed ecclesiastics of the Middle Ages devised the spire and pointed arch upon the principle of the parabola; and this, although the author had himself, as remarked, before ascribed the whole to mere masonic manipulation. Such, in truth, had been the principal guidance in even Greece. The general inspirers were imbecility and instinct, the latter giving form to the failures of the other. Such had been the exquisite artistic science and taste on the loss of which we hear so many grotesque lamentations. Still more perverse are the efforts to restore this golden age, by the masses of raw material which are piled around the artist. It is not once considered that the ages so belauded were not overwhelmed yearly with handbooks, cyclopedias, lectures, notes, transsections, excavations, et cetera; and that it may be possibly this absence that left the power. For, in

sober reality, this *fanfaronnade* can but scatter (to use a familiar expression) the artist's brains; a brain, too, not supposed to be the most cohesive possible. This rage of indoctrination—or more truly, publication—in this, and all the arts, is a curse of the age; and especially, perhaps, in those helter-skelter countries where reading passes for intelligence, and agitation for inquiry. For art, at least as yet, is a sort of crystallization, and takes its shapes of beauty in tranquil, not in troubled, waters.

There is, however, the consolation that, if art loses by it, *trade* gains. And we may also now conclude the loss of art to be but transient. It is passing the region of disorder alluded to, from the enchanted circle of primitive taste and instinct to the calculable combinations of reason and science. And hence it is that the great requisite is not a rude compilation, but a succinct and sequential rationale of its history, as emanating from the necessary order of things. We shall try, then, to complete into something of this kind the outline traced above in the process of mere criticism. There the course of history seems sufficiently rectified, in the more obvious orders of chronology and geography. The formal exposition may be therefore confined to the fundamental principle which we have named morphology, to designate the general laws of form in the art; a principle of particular force in architecture, which is of all the fine arts the most eminently geometrical.

The elemental forms of the science of geometry, and therefore of the substances as well of art as nature, are familiarly known by the name of the three dimensions,—the line, the plane, and the solid. The first of these, and lowest, is constructed in mere matter, consists of a simple superposition of points or bodies, is inclusive of no other object or space, but, on the contrary, exclusive of all things extrinsic; and by this contrast is distinctive, commemorative, monumental. The second, on the contrary, while formed of such lines, amounting in the minimum number to three, is circumscriptive of a space, and thus potentially of foreign objects; in other words, acquires an interior or *inside*. The third, or solid form, combines the planes and lines, so as to cover in completely the space enclosed by the one, and to restore the exterior unity of the other, in a cubic figure. Thus the first is a construction by the medium of *matter*; the second, a construction by the medium of *space*; the third, a construction by the medium of *organization*,—that is to say, an 'order,' the art in its full integrity.

Now, as nature would, in even the wild creation of Democritus, be forced by strict necessity to work but through these forms, so it is certain that man, however wild or weak we fancy him,

must have in architecture observed them, though as blindly. In verifying this consequence in reference to history, there are a few corollary and parallel criteria, which it may be well to furnish, though we need not use them formally. Corresponding to the three geometrical elements, the history of architecture should offer, as characters,—

1. In purpose, the monumental, the palatial, the templar ;
2. In construction, the similar, the different, the symmetrical ;
3. In direction, the vertical, the horizontal, the orbicular ;
4. In geography, the Asiatic, the African, the European.

The operation of these tests will be commodiously illustrated in verifying them of those three stages of the art which were above established on independent evidence.

Thus the Chinese architecture is quite purely Monumental. The tumular umbrellas, from marking family graves, have arisen into towers to commemorate the family virtues ; that of Nankin is in gratitude to a matriarchal empress. The gateways called *pailoos* have a like destination, and are merely on a scale more inexpensive and private. Both have also the second of the primary characters, Similarity. To know the plan of one of these towers, says Mr. Fergusson, is to know that of all the several thousands throughout the Empire. In fact, their only structural variety is height ; and here each story is again a fac-simile of all the rest, and all of them but the umbrella screened in by a wall. So too with the *pailoos*, both towards each other and in their parts ; the sole variety is the mere reduplication of the posts, for the purpose of producing two collateral doors. And if the test of verticality be violated by the lintel, it is only by constraint of the like pressing exigence of bearing the inscription which is the object of the monument.

So, too, in the primeval Assyrian architecture, the character prevailing is duly the Palatial. Even the temple of Belus was a palace of that god ; on the summit stood his throne and terrestrial abode, and his human female bedfellow, as detailed by Herodotus. Besides this fabric, the only works of art had been all palaces, and such alone accordingly remain amid the ruins. Colonel Rawlinson himself, in his edition of Herodotus, is led by the obtrusion of this fact to remark : ' It is the most useful edifice, the palace or house, whereon attention was concentrated ; the temple and the tomb—the interest attached to which is ideal and spiritual—were secondary, and appear simply as appendages to the palace.* For 'ideal,' the more historical expression would be *affectional* ; and the 'spiritual' as yet could have attained but the sym-

bolical, which is a mere negation, not a positive abstraction. It was imaged by the god Belus on the *summit* of his tower, the point of evanescence of the physical into the void.—The second of the characters of this stage, the Differential, is equally present and pervasive in the ruins. It is familiarly known from the Assyrian explorations, both that no two of these palaces had been alike in plan, and that in each the several parts were thrown together in strange disorder. The architects, of course, find deep design in all this; it was to procure shade, to open fairer prospects, to diversify the aspect, &c., &c. But the reader must be now, we trust, enabled to dispose of this sort of *ex-post-facto* speculation and æsthetics. If we descend from the palaces of the Assyrian monarchs to the abode of their present analogue, the Thibetan Grand Lama, we shall find the text confirmed in the words of the Abbé Huc: '*Aux environs de la Lamaserie on voit s'élever, avec profusion et sans ordre, des tours ou des pyramides grêles et élancées, reposant le plus souvent sur des bases larges et peu en rapport avec la maigreur des constructions qu'elles supportent. Il serait difficile, he adds, 'de dire à quel ordre d'architecture connue peuvent se rattacher ces temples Bhuddiques de la Tartarie.'* The European missionary naturally calls them, in the language of the antiquaries, 'temples,' and Buddhist ones. But his perplexity about the order of architecture shows more discernment. We scarce need add, that the slim towers, so disproportioned to their broad bases, are but the *taas* of the Chinese tumulus, repeated in the second stage. The same order is described by Mr. Fergusson himself in the Jaina pagodas, which formed the passage to the Indian temples. After stating, that 'in the centre stands the great shrine,' and that it is surrounded with a range of cells of which each has a pyramidal roof of its own [it is simply the pyramidal towerlets of the Thibetans that had acquired concretion and cavity on the way], he remarks: 'The immense number of *parts* in the building, and their general smallness, prevents its laying claim to anything like architectural grandeur; but their *variety*, their beauty of *detail*—no two pillars in the whole building [of which there were up to a thousand] *being exactly alike*; and the mode in which the light is introduced, combine to produce an excellent effect.' (Page 80.) It is equally plain, that a distinctive trait of this stage of the art has been Horizontality; its means of construction were by strewing along the earth, instead of elevating into air, like the structures of the Chinese.

In fine, the third, or Hindoo, stage presents the corresponding character in that which was peculiar to the nation, the rock-cut temples. These are, first, distinctly templar,—made for worship,

not abode. There is a beginning of Sphericity in the rounded roof and walls, rendered possible (and indeed easier) by the process of excavation. The Symmetry is also here attained for the first time; there is commonly a middle aisle or nave, with two side aisles, set off by corresponding rows of rudimental columns. These pillars repeat the vertical element of the Chinese, as the cells of the monastery or palace of the second stage are also reproduced in the synthesis of this rock-cut edifice. In that, for instance, of Canarah, in the Island of Salsette, there are as many as three hundred of these tiny apartments, arranged around the principal cell or nave, and in four stories, like the most developed monasteries of the north. Nay, the altar presents a repetition of the Chinese mound, still surmounted with its umbrella of primeval wood, notwithstanding the mountain roof that supervened in the interim! It is a curious, and to thinkers a melancholy, record of that famous march of intellect which is in other things still the same.

It will be noticed that we have omitted the geographical class of tests. The reason is, that the scale of their expression is universal, while the section thus far tested was the Asiatic only. But the principle is the same, and we can easily reduce the scale; for progression is a repetition of the same three forms in widening spheres. Thus, those three typic stages of Asiatic architecture will represent in germ the three Continental groups: the Chinese will typify the Asiatic proper; the Chaldeo-Assyrian, the African form; the Indian, in fine, the European. Now, while the two latter will control our future progress, the Asiatic character may be already verified in the three subdivisions expounded, viewed *collectively*. That is, that they shall all be found to offer predominantly, or as compared with the succeeding architectures, the characters presented in extreme purity by the Chinese, namely, monumentality, similarity, and verticality.

In fact, the Asiatic stages all three continue Monuments. Not only the *taas* and the *pailoos* of the first division, but the palaces and 'monasteries' of the second are of this nature; they were meant to mark and sanctify the seat of the demi-deity. And even the pagodas or built temples of the Hindoos are still but monuments or tombs of various relics of Buddha. The point of Similarity has been already noted in remarking the recurrence of the same forms throughout the series. The persistence of the trait of Verticality is curious. While the palace, for example, of the Assyrian ruins was, in the Asiatic stage, the earliest type of the horizontal, yet the fundamental tendency to elevation or aspiration persisted, not alone in the towers, such as Babel, but also in the terraces on which the palaces were

always built, and which were truncated *pyramids*, precisely like that of Cholula. In fine, the Hindoo architecture maintains this *towering* tendency. In due conformity with the synthetic taste of the third stage, the pagoda is the Chinese tower *set upon* the Chaldean palace: this analysis is noted in effect, by Mr. Fergusson, in that of Chittore, which is fourteen stories high. The rock-cut temples themselves, we saw, arose into stories, and had, besides, the incumbent mountain to augment the elevation.

Not, however, that this tendency to vertical building was the result of a feeling of 'aspiration' or 'infinitude,' as is pretended in modern times with respect to similar forms. The cause was here, as in most else, alas! a clinging to the earth. In other words, it was the imbecility of the builders. Extension of a structure in the direction of *height* requires no alteration of the original ground-plan, and needs but mere mechanical continuation of the basis. But every *horizontal* progress must bring in a new element, and one which counteracts the whole economy of the vertical. It therefore must be later in the order of evolution; as the *spherical*, which reconciles them, must be latest of all. A similar error still prevails with respect to the rock-cut buildings. These are foolishly admired as beyond structural workmanship. It is that they make tangible the *muscular* labour, of which the apprehension is much easier than of the *mental*. Mr. Fergusson, however, has surmounted the illusion. But he seems to have detected it, or he at least confutes it, by the truly British argument of casting up the cost. A structural edifice of equal dimensions would cost, he shows, considerably more of cash and labour. Wherefore (he would probably have us conclude) it is later, greater, more scientific. The philosophic reason is, however, very simple: the excavation is a *destruction*, the building a *construction*.

Such then was the first and *wooden* cycle of the art; for the material is another and correlative criterion. The Asiatic architecture, in all three of the stages, was essentially of timber, as far as artistic. The grandest palaces of Assyria had only the substructions, or the walls of the ground floor, composed of stone or brick; and even the rock-cut temples were copies from wood. The stone building of later ages was a reflex from Greece or Egypt; as, for instance, Persepolis was only Babylon changed to stone, under influence of a race which was cognate to the Greek. The step into the second cycle would, then, be signalized by stone.

This change of material would have been induced by the altered sentiments of religion, and destination of the buildings.

It was not now to dead parents, nor to living and fleeting monarchs, nor to decaying scraps of relics, that the structures were to rise; the vista of a future of indefinite duration for both the deities and the worshippers was breaking on the human intellect. This is, in a word, the spirit of Egyptian architecture. We say the *spirit*, not the purpose, as Mr. Fergusson imagines, by a general illusion respecting ancient times. It would suffice of itself alone to demonstrate the subsequence now assigned to Egypt in the series of architecture. It explains an observation repeated by the same author, and which, in his own inverse view of the order, would be absurd: that "these buildings (the Egyptian) are as *perfect in the oldest as in the latest* samples, and that then the Egyptians had attained the art of transferring the heaviest blocks of granite from Syene to Memphis; of squaring them with a mathematical precision never surpassed; of polishing them to a surface as smooth as glass; and of raising them higher than such blocks have ever been raised in any buildings in the world; and of setting them with a truth and precision so wonderful, that they now lie there, without flaw or settlement, after thousands of years,' &c. (Page 216.) This could evidently not have been obtained *per saltum*, whereas it followed naturally on the Asiatic progress. Besides, the wonder of the writer is exaggerated, if not puerile. Manual dexterity and mechanical appliances are accessible, and even appropriate, to a low empiricism, as witness his own eulogy of the Chinese engineering. Africa began, then, by building *upon* Asia, and of course in its highest development, which was the rock-cut temples. And this would also go to rectify a French theory on the subject. The great Commission of Napoleon, having noted the distinction, that while Greek architecture appeared copied from wood-work, the Egyptian in its rude massiveness showed no trace of such an origin, concluded that the latter had been imitated from the *caverns* supposed to be the primitive abode of the Troglodytes; whereas the Greek prototype would have been the *hut*. From a cavern the former did assuredly originate; but not the rudely natural, but the wrought ones, of Upper India.

Egypt, whose province was thus, not to invent, but to repeat all three of the frail productions of the East, in extended dimensions and eternizing stone, exhibits quite accordingly an exact summary of these conditions, and ranged, moreover, in the order demanded by the law of progress. This order is curious from the flood of explanation which it sheds upon the history as well as art of Egypt. Commencing with the temple, and in the rock-cut stage, and also geographically at the nearest point to India, it offers us this form alone in Nubia and Upper

Egypt, the primordial seats of the nation. The tendency was, of course, from the excavated to the structural. This is marked immediately in Egypt by built façades; afterwards the whole porch is found emerging from the hill. But as the excavated temple was a compound or synthesis of all three of the successive developments of Asia, the human mind, before being able to comprehend it for transformation, and to reproduce it structurally, must resolve it into the elements. To this end the earliest essays would be led to the simplest element, and moved as far as possible in place from the compound models. This simplest form was the Chinese tower, which, in obedience to the new conditions of dimension and durability, must take the shape of the pyramid; and the remotest of Egyptian capitals from Nubia was Memphis. Hence the monumental pyramids and their speciality to this locality; and also in exclusion of both temples and palaces. Of the former, Herodotus speaks of having seen but one, and the absence of the latter is confirmed by that of ruins. All building was here tumular, from the pyramids to the labyrinth; as, at the other extremity of the valley, all was templar; and as was also the character of their two analogues in Asia.

The next step of the progression, gained by practice upon the pyramids, was to detach the palace in turn from the rock-cut temple. And, since there must be also, as before, a change of region, to protect the feeble intellect from repetition of the extreme forms, and that the land of Egypt confined it to the same line, the third locality must needs lie intermediate to the two former. This locality was, in fact, Thebes, the capital of Middle Egypt (and not 'Upper') in the architectural geography of the country; and the temple become structural, with the palace half evolved from it, and the pyramids more free, but still attached as propylea, seems the physical and psychical characterization of that strange medley which the architects, without knowing why, have not ill designated 'temple-palaces.'

Thus, among a multitude of other things not here in order, it is now conceived how Nubia was the cradle of the art in Egypt; how it alone presents the temple in the excavated stage, and without palaces or even tombs in that or any other form: how, on the contrary, in Lower Egypt there were no excavated temples, and no vestige of a structural one or palace is found at Memphis, while the pyramids and common tombs present the rudiments of construction: how, in fine, in the intermediate region of Thebes, there were no excavated temples and no structural tombs or pyramids, while the hills hard by were honey-combed with tombs in the rock. It is also seen what light this intricate regularity would shed upon the moot course of Egyptian

civilization. So true is the remark of Mr. Fergusson, above alluded to, that architecture is a powerful instrument of history and ethnology.

The ensuing nation representing its march was the Phœnicians. But the art, such as it was, of these rovers of land and sea had early perished with themselves from the face of the earth; a destruction which was another normal consequence of our principle. Their architecture, as succeeding, should be the contrary of the Egyptian, of which heaviness, durability, and vastness were the character. The architecture of the Phœnicians would then be small in dimensions and slight in construction, like their shifting and petty states. It would also be chiefly palatial and much of wood; in correspondence to the Assyrian analogue in Asia, and in antagonism to the stone work of Egypt. Quite accordingly Herodotus, and long later Strabo, who speak of temples to Hercules at Tyre and at Cadiz,—which marked the two extremities of their sporadic empire,—take no notice of the edifices, and are struck but by the ornaments. The ornaments were also remarkable in character, being in both places two pillars, one of *gold, the other silver*,—the art and ornament befitting a community of merchants. The reaction against Egypt, in the relapse from stone to wood, is attested by the record of the chief or sole edifice of a people kin in race as in the worship of the ‘golden calf:’ for the temple of Solomon had but the base of stone, the mass of the building being of ‘cedar of Lebanon,’ and the ornaments here also but ‘jewels and precious stones.’ In fine, this analytic slightness of Phœnician architecture is still more positively verified in the constructions of later kinsmen, the Saracens or Arabs of the early Middle Ages; with the difference, no doubt, of magnitude on forming larger States, and of sculptural dexterity derived from the Greeks and Romans.

The Phœnician architecture must, however, in its prime, have contributed to form the succeeding and synthetic stage. Of this phase of the law of progression the mode of operation was exemplified in Egypt, by the case of Theban art, as resulting from the Nubian and the Memphian extreme opposites. Also, in Asia, in the Hindoo pre-eminence; a like main proportional between China and Assyria. *For it is only when the mind has thus shut off the two infinitudes, by contrary positions or productions of thought or art, that, turned inwards, it gravitates into creation or construction.*

This harmonizing conciliation of the granite massiveness of Egypt with the elegant and wooden pliability of Phœnicia, was unfolded in the marble matter, in the medium dimensions, and

the structural perfection of the art in glorious Greece. The agents of this fusion were the Pelasgic race. The cyclopean architecture, the treasuries or tombs, which are vulgarly recited as the portion of this people, were really but the rudiments of what they produced after. Mr. Fergusson also speaks of 'Doric civilization' as having been 'the great and true glory of Greece.' An architect is, doubtless, not required to be deep in races, nor to resist the current of historical authorities. But Mr. Fergusson, with his own principle of ethnology in architecture, might, had he but some logic to adhere to it, have observed better. He would have then inquired, Where was this Doric civilization? Were the Dorians themselves ever really civilized? or, so far as they had been so, by whom was this effected? Was it in the Spartan capital of their purity and culture, that the letters, the philosophy, or the arts of Greece had birth? Did it produce, even by accident, a single genius in either? Did they all not, on the contrary, find their cradle, throne, and grave in that Attica which was the refuge of the fugitive Pelasgians, whose nascent architecture and civilization the Dorians strangled? Were those Spartans throughout their history known for anything more civil than infanticide, cupidity, warfare, and black broth? If these inquiries were fully fathomed, it would still be found, no doubt, that the Dorians contributed to Greek civilization; but as certainly would it be found that they did so against their will. From the day when they first entered the peninsula as mercenaries, and turned to expel the natives and extinguish their arts, to the memorable war which they waged with the same people, and in which they sank Athens and sold their own country, their career had been a strife against the authors of Greek civility, and carried on by treachery and bribery, when not by bloodshed. There is not a more remarkable illusion in history than that which still prevails about these Dorians or Hellens. And it is the more surprising from the circumstance, that an example completely analogous is familiar in modern times. The Dorian invasion and its effects upon Greece were the antetype of our own Gothic conquests and Dark Ages. Can it be that the sympathetic instinct of this analogy not only dissembles the true history of the Dorians, but emboldens certain writers, through a like success elsewhere, to claim for them the glory and civilization of Greece?

The Greeks, then,—the Ionian or Pelasgic Greeks,—were the systematizers of the second cycle of architecture. Hence it is, that the ruling form in Greek art was the temple, to the subordination of the palace and the tomb, as was also observed of its Hindoo analogue of the first series. Hence the various well

known characters of eminence that mark it. Hence it is that, notwithstanding, it was properly included in a cycle of the art above distinguished as 'African;' for its *materials* came directly from Egypt and Phœnicia, and the Semite populations were generically African.

This designation must remind us of the other co-characters by which this second period of the art was to be tested. They were, it is remembered, that it should be, in predominance, palatial in function, proportionless in structure, horizontal and rectangular in its bearing or direction, as opposed to the verticality and linearity of the Asiatic.

But the Palatial character is prominent, first, in Egypt. The edifices we name 'temples' were rather palaces than prayer-houses. When not, as they were often, the dwelling of the Pharaohs, they were always *inhabited*, as shrewdly noted by Diodorus, not by an idol or a relic, but by a *living* animal: they were, then, the abode or the palace of these divine animals. That the tombs, even rock-cut, were viewed in a like light, is attested naïvely by their decorated walls,—a practice of which this is the true explanation. Besides, the same historian informs us, that the people accounted for the shabbiness of their domestic architecture, by saying that it was to be used but as a transient lodging; whereas the tombs were dwellings or palaces for eternity. With the merchant or the piratic princes of Phœnicia, the main architecture, as explained, was the palatial; and even the few temples were dwellings of Hercules, (or, as they called him, Moloch,) wherein were made him his dread offerings. It is only in Greece, as the third and abstract stage, that even the temple had ceased to be the dwelling of the god; and even there he had an ideal representative in statuary.

The absence of Proportion in Egyptian architecture is notorious, though dissembled by its vastness and its ruin. Even the simplest of its structural samples, the pyramids, have their angles, the inclination of the sides to the horizon, and sometimes the length of the sides in the same building, all presented in the wildest irregularity or diversity. This imbecility, as usual, passes for a profound mystery, and our honest friends the Germans are still sounding it mathematically; while the antiquaries of Great Britain, and amongst them Mr. Fergusson, stand reverently by, and merely echo the figures. We may be sure the principle would be found still more marked in the Phœnician ordinance, despite the small dimensions. This will be admitted when we note it in even the Greeks, whose special destination, in the order of development, it was to bestow symmetry on the materials of their predecessors. But Mr. Fergus-

son remarks of their second masterpiece, the Erechtheum, that 'no Gothic architect, in his wildest moments, could have conceived anything more picturesquely *irregular*.' 'Indeed,' he proceeds, 'there can be no greater mistake than to suppose that Greek architecture was fettered by any fixed laws of formal symmetry: each detail, every feature, every object, such as a hall or temple, *which could be considered as one complete and separate whole, was perfectly regular and symmetrical*; but no two buildings, no two apartments, if for different purposes, were made to look like one.....The *Egyptians*, as before remarked, had the same feeling; but carried it into even the *details of the same building*, which the *Greeks did not*. In this, indeed, as in almost every other mode of artistic expression, they seem to have hit exactly the happy *medium*,' &c. (Page 281.) Here is a precise though all unconscious confirmation. The Egyptians were irregular in even the parts and details; the Greeks advanced the regularity to taking in the wholes; and this as an effect of their medial conception. But when they passed beyond, into grouping several wholes in the quality of parts in a larger combination, they naturally fell into the feeble irregularity which our architect, as usual, finds both planned and 'picturesque.'

Now this advance had been precisely the next step in the progression. We need not show, in form, the horizontal character, so marked in the Egyptian, not to say the Greek, art. But to unite this leading character of the African architecture, with the vertical and towerlike contrary of Asia, was now the problem. The Greeks were first to sketch it in what are called the 'orders.' For the columnar element repeats the Eastern towers, which in India gathered round the pagoda unattached; and the Greek cell was the pagoda made rectangular or horizontal. But there was soon a limit to this jarring combination from the requisites of roofing, lighting, capacity. To overcome this barrier, a third element was indispensable. And Greek intellect expired of the endeavour to produce it, not in architecture merely, but in general civilization.

This grand stride into the third and supreme cycle of architecture was the part of another race, or of the same in higher conditions. It appeared in the *arch*, the *vault*, and the *dome*; these three progressive stages and geometrical dimensions of length, breadth, cubicity, in one and the same principle; and which, all three, distinguish the Roman architecture. We shall not dwell upon the number or importance of the questions which are put beyond dispute by this historical deduction. It should determine the moot origin and even the purport of the arch; and also put to silence the superficial prattle that the Romans copied

here, as in philosophy, the Greeks. On the contrary, so trenchantly indigenous was this great element,—its nature being purely pragmatic, and scarcely mental, not to say speculative,—that it appears, as being an organic instinct, from the first, in the tombs, the amphitheatres, the engineering works of the Etrurians. For the Etruri-Umbrian population of Italy have been in that peninsula what the Pelasgi were in the Greek. They ruled the Latins in the great constructive period of the Kings. But then came the Dorians here again upon the stage, subverted the monarchy, established the Republic, fell to fighting, at home by words and abroad by bloodier weapons, plunged the nation for five centuries into an age so truly 'dark,' as not alone to have extinguished all art and all intellect, but left the very records of their own muscular brutalities to gleam but here and there, like hideous spectres, through its lurid gloom. But, as in Greece the Pelasgi re-rose in the Athenians, so at Rome the Etrurians revived with the Empire, and sprung and spread elastic from their ages of compression into the grand expansions of the Pantheon and Coliseum. Where were the types of these to be had in Grecian art? Yet Mr. Fergusson has shown that there was still a deeper bathos than the mere transcriptive character repeated of Roman building. He has made it a 'transition' from the Greek to the Gothic! Not at all, in the sense in which each stage of a progression is a necessary passage between the two adjacent; he means expressly a dissolution of Greek architecture preparatory to that final reconstruction, the Gothic order!

It is, however, now perceived that the Roman architecture was, on the contrary, an aggregation of all preceding forms, and, by the medium of the national contribution of the arch, that it sought to span and bind the Asiatic and the African beneath the European, as the same people did in their government. They failed in one as in the other, through defect in the materials. They obtained, through the new element, a vast enlargement of capacity by substituting structural energy for mass. But as this structural energy of the arch, the vault, the dome, depended on the balancing of two conflicting forces,—the horizontal pressure and the vertical resistance, respectively predominant in the preceding cycles,—the species of diagonal in which the arch must act, and which in building is called 'thrust,' would soon again attain a limit, notwithstanding the greater levity of the brick materials which it admitted. The only remedy for this was higher cohesion in the materials, and to this end to push the art down into these, by manufacture. Accordingly the Romans, as a step in this direction, were the

first to form brick with a specially artistic purpose. Mr. Fergusson is of opinion that they employed even metal, and not merely for ornament, but also in construction. We have not information to answer for the fact. But the material was undoubtedly in the order of development. It must, in the European cycle of the art, become metal, as in the African it had been stone, and in the Asiatic, wood.

To attain this transformation, both of matter and design, required a dissolution of the Roman architecture; precisely as in Egypt the rock-cut temple was analysed, or as Egyptian art collectively was frittered down by the Phœnicians. Now this Roman dissolution, (which has been the true 'transition,') by whatever race effected, must present the following characters. It would return, in materials, to the African or stone period; and, in form or direction, to the vertical or Asiatic: that is to say, it would dissolve into an outline of towers or pyramids, connected by a wall in the mere character of screen. Then to push the analysis and art to the material, in obedience to the exigence and, therefore, instincts of the period, the whole surface would be cut up into minute compartments, or overrun with carving, *as if the stone were made by hand.* It must be needless to remark that, like all the second stages, the anarchy of the design would be proportionate to the complexity.

Now is there any architecture, succeeding the Roman, that answers to this rigorously deduced description? Does the description not exactly fit that famous architecture established by the Saracenic race in the East, and still more closely the deeper Gothic degradation of the West,—productions of the two races who destroyed the Empire also? Mr. Fergusson himself remarks it in the case of the Saracens, and moralizes sagely on the fact in this wise. 'It shows,' says he, 'how readily an *Oriental* people return to ancient habits and feelings as soon as the pressure is removed.' (Page 382.) But what does the still deeper degradation of the Roman forms show, on the same principle, in the Occidental people? The author admits that they have taken the worse part; he wonders at 'the strange neglect of that wonderful invention of the dome by our Gothic ancestors.' But then he has the well known salvo, that 'the *power and energy* of the Goths have worked the inferior elements into more forms of beauty than the nobler one,' &c. Thus what is in the one race a relapse to artistic infancy, the author finds in his 'Gothic ancestors' to be a flight into new beauties. We regret to say, the truth is rather the reverse. For, to the last, the Saracens maintained the Roman art of constructing not alone the arch, but even the vault in their arcades,

—nay, the dome, which to this day is the grand feature of their mosques. But the Goths fell away from them all, in the inverse order. The dome they never compassed or probably attempted. The vault in their church-roofs, although narrowed towards the angular, they were beside obliged to construct by false arches, or with a string of segments run across each other for support. In fine, the arch, in its rotundity and Roman reality, remained alone among the Germans, and while under Roman tutelage,—although our author, with no doubt a touch of Scotch sardonicism, reproves them for ‘abandoning their own national round-arched Gothic for the French and pointed style.’ The Normans also quitted France in time to bring the Roman arch; or rather to bring its builders, for the arch was here before them. But so little was it copied by the Saxon architecture, (if such a thing can properly be said to have existed,) that this rudimental element of the European cycle was here degraded analytically to its Oriental infancy, of two stones set on end and laid together at the top. For such was the Saxon arch.

That the Gothic mode of building was in form a degradation, although effectually a progress, is demonstrable geometrically. The triangle, which is its type,—in the arch, gable, spire; that is to say, *in vacuo*, in plane, and in solid,—is the rudest as the most elementary of all figures. It is that which inert matter takes spontaneously on piling. A sectional view of the Alps, or the Andes, gives the impression of a huge Gothic cathedral built by accident. Accordingly, in aesthetics, it was well observed by Burke, that ‘the triangle is the poorest in its effect of almost any figure that can be presented to the eye.’ It has, in fact, but one recommendation or extenuation,—solidity or strength, and the vastness which this permits. And of vastness of dimensions the same authority remarks, that ‘it is the sign of a common and low imagination.’* This, in fact, is the direct source of that gigantic architecture in which the antiquaries see the philosophic speculation and the profound building science of the infant people of the Nile; and which was shown to commence duly, in structure, with the pyramids. The Greeks, accordingly, took a middle line in this as all the rest, even as Nature herself did in the most perfect of animals. They infused dignity by mind, not by material mass; they gave variety by combination, not by multiplying the parts; they produced airy solidity and energetic repose.

The Romans, by the grand accession of the arch in its three expansions, were enabled to enlarge the building without aug-

* Sublime and Beautiful.

menting the mass. But the Goths, in receding from that architectural obstruction, were left to imitate the enlarged structure without the means of skill or knowledge. They therefore threw off wholly the horizontal masses, retaining but the roof, which was seen to be indispensable; and this, it has been said, they were enabled to construct by giving it the likeness of a 'rover' craft inverted.* This they set upon the Asiatic or pyramidal part remaining, and thus distorted the whole economy into a curious contradiction. While removing the pressure, they reinforced the props, by those ledgings of the buttresses, paraded like clumps of muscle, which was probably more tasteful than Greek mind to 'Gothic energy.' While making the intervening wall or screen all window, they coloured the glass, to counteract the same light. While shaping all the rest of the windows pyramidally, they accounted a circular (the *wheel-window*) typical. While labouring, as noted, to build the roof of stone, they forthwith neutralized it by placing over it one of wood. In fine, the columns, which were in the classic orders supporters, they mounted on the buttresses, as riders, by name of pinnacles. So that a Gothic cathedral, without stretch of imagination, suggests the figure of a huge centipede turned over on its back, and the multitude of legs sticking upright in the air. And the image, though grotesque, is philosophically strict; for the meaning of the columns in the classic architecture was to impart to the building a certain semblance of life.

This must therefore appear a pretty tangible explanation, that the Gothic architecture is historically a destruction. Mr. Ferguson, in speaking of a modern style in India, which he himself pronounces to be a degradation, describes it as passing from the tower to the spire, grouping round it for embellishment small models of the same spire, and overcharging the whole with a minute decoration, which he happily terms an 'elegant littleness.' Yet he does not seem to see that he is painting the Gothic order.

But let us hear another champion, the second in our epigraph. Mr. Ruskin frankly gives this order the following characters: 'savageness, changefulness, naturalism, grotesqueness, rigidity, and redundancy.' The second and third only need any explanation; they mean, respectively, the absence of any fixed character, and imitation of rude nature, as in the Dutch school of painting. But how is a writer who draws this hideous picture of Gothic architecture to be termed its champion? He becomes so, however, through that famous 'Gothic energy'

* It is the boast of Mr. Laing, in one of his panegyrics, and appears countenanced by what Sallust relates of the North Africans: *Ique alveos navium inversos pro tuguriis habuerunt.*—*Bell. Jug.*, xviii.

which also with Mr. Fergusson turns all things to gold. It is only to interpret the sayageness as *energy*, the fluctuation as *freedom*, the materialism as *fidelity*, the grotesqueness as *picturesqueness*, the rigidity as *independence*, and the redundancy as *fertility*. Thus a mass of imperfection is metamorphosed into perfection, by a process not at all unfamiliar in the subject. The writer then concludes, that this Gothic style of building is 'the only *rational* architecture,' and for the reason that 'it fits itself to all services, vulgar or noble.' (Page 18.) It might perhaps be thought that what fits all things equally, can fit nothing artistically. But the champion is not daunted; he lays down the position that '*imperfection* is itself the perfection of architecture.' And why, again? For the philosophic reason that all things natural are in that state. And hence the profound *art* of the Gothic '*naturalism*,' in copying, flat-footed, the infirmities of nature; whereas the entire province of the classic art in all things was just to supplement this imperfection to the fancy; to deal poetic justice back to even architecture.

But notwithstanding the very real merits of Mr. Ruskin, his admirers themselves will need no comments on this teaching. His last position is, however, the truth in point of fact: the Gothic order ends where the classic began, that is to say, undoes it, or dissolves it analytically. The same writer, whose power of feeling is in inverse ratio to his reasoning, has well remarked this aspect of the order as follows. In assigning it a type, he says, 'the principal difficulty arises from the fact, that every building of the Gothic period *differs in some important respect from every other*; and many include features which, if they occurred in other buildings, would not be considered *Gothic at all*. So that all we have to reason about is, if I may be allowed so to express it, a *greater or a less degree of Gothicism in each building*.' (Page 2.) A curious description of an *order* of any sort! but admirably faithful to the Gothic architecture, conceived as a *disorder* or degradation of the Roman.

Another writer, whose production is the third upon our list, supplies a further confirmation, with equal unconsciousness. With nothing of the fine artistic feeling of Mr. Ruskin, he outbids him in patriotic logic and zeal. Ruskin makes the Gothic the only '*rational*' architecture; Mr. Scott will have it be the architecture of '*common sense*.' Still more racy of the soil, he appeals upon the subject from the old test of '*taste*,' which he describes as '*at a discount*,' to '*conscience*,' which need only to be '*screwed up*' to decide. (Page 2.)

Surely the pleader of 'the Gothic revival,' as he formally presents himself, understands his jury. Farther, he compliments the 'Gothic style as the genuine exponent of modern civilization.' This is true, if by the modern be meant the mediæval, in distinction from the classic, as must have been the fact; for it went out, as he himself is lamenting, with the Dark Ages, giving way to the *renaissance*, which was therefore the truer expression. Accordingly, he complains that the attempts in his 'revival' fall back 'into the castles and the abbeys of the Middle Ages.' It would have been more proper to say that they *rise*; for the castles are the principal soul of the style; and Lord Palmerston was only half right in pronouncing it to be the style 'for monasteries or a college of Jesuits.*' The buttresses are bastions; the parapet, the battlement; the pinnacles are merlons; the pointed windows, crenels: so that our noblest cathedrals betray their profane lineage with what Mathew Paris termed 'nests of devils and dens of thieves.' Why, we would defy Mr. Scott to build a Gothic pigsty that had not something bellicose and porcu(s)pine about it. As, however, he is talking, and not building, he goes on: '*Castles* having lost their use,' he 'hopes people will be content to live in *houses*.' He forgets then that every Englishman's 'house is his castle.' Wherefore the 'revival' he preaches should have commenced with reforming the constitution of the realm; and to this end, in turn, the organization of the race.

Again: Mr. Ruskin deemed this style the most 'rational,' because it is not nice about the uses it is put to. Our revivalist thinks it even 'absurd' that it should. 'The style which is best for the church must be equally so for the palace, the court

* The prime minister does European credit to the country in opposing such a travesty of the new Foreign Office. It may be borne in a Parliament house, which is quite national. But in an edifice designed for international business, and a business so suggestive of 'Jesuit' trickery as diplomacy, the Gothic disorder might prove scandalous as well as shocking. On the other hand, although thus justifying the taste and wit of Lord Palmerston, we cannot quite agree in the alternative he indicates, in the *Italic* form, at least in its purity. He seems, indeed, himself not very particular on this side. His chief aim appears to be to keep as far aloof as possible from contact with the *chevaux-de-frise* of the art. The *Italic* or *Renaissance* is in fact its extreme opposite, and therefore has in turn the defects of an extreme. The French Foreign Office is a favourable specimen; yet it is tame, monotonous, and destitute of character. It ought, no more than the Gothic, to be the style of the British edifice.

What would be here the best we dare not even to suggest, amid the conflict of professional authorities about this 'job.' But the result of the text directs, we see, a middle course; a combination of the vertical and horizontal characters, harmonically blended by the supreme form of sphericity. Thus this feature should appear in the extremities of the building, and especially in the middle, which should terminate in a grand dome. For this, besides being most commodious in regard to space and light, would yield exteriorly the comprehensive and cosmopolitan expression that befit the foreign policy and power of a great empire.

of justice, the market, and the dwelling-house; it must embrace all engineering works, as bridges, viaducts, and railway constructions,' &c. (Page 269.) It is entirely the principle and practice of the Chinese, as referred to by Mr. Fergusson, to show they had *no* architecture. Another of these peculiar virtues of the Gothic is, that 'each and every part of even the same building has a special adaptation to the use it is designed for.' Strange, again, that where the *parts* are all so distinctive, the *whole* should be collectively so indiscriminative! But we are here in the land of 'Gothic energy' and Gothic logic. Mr. Scott lets us in a little farther to the mystery. 'You do not, says he, 'in Gothic as in Italian architecture, plan a window where it is not wanted, to match another which is.....If you want a bay-window,.....you introduce it *without a thought as to whether or not it corresponds with some other portions of the building.*' (Page 50.) Precisely so. This naïve art of minding but the single part in hand, without regard to its bearing upon others or the whole, may certainly pretend to be the style of 'common sense.' That is to say, that it reduces all style whatever into a mere matter of pragmatical manipulation. It is not art, but the negation, the dissolution of art.

We are aware that these architects cannot so understand it; but it is the unconsciousness that certifies their testimony. Evidently they have no clear notion of what they seek. They lack a just conception of even the art itself. Mr. Ruskin we saw place it in adhesion to nature, or what, in the Gothic style, he calls 'naturalism.' Mr. Scott again transcends him, by his vehemence against 'sham:' he wants the naked truth. Now neither can have known that what they call the naked truth would be nakedness of all æsthetic art whatsoever. It is the art of the Chinese, the Mexicans, the Babylonians, which was still more true to nature than the Gothic-Dutch itself. For the essence of true art is this very 'sham,' illusion. Its province is to round and refine for the imagination the coarse and cloddish truth of nature, which alone enters by the senses. Or, still more strictly, it might be said, that art has nothing to do with truth, any more than vision has with odour, or light with olfaction. Truth is exclusively the object of science; the object of art is beauty. But our authors have evidently studied æsthetics less in Winckelmann and Plato than in Mr. Carlyle.

The real import here again is the destruction of the art, and the grounding on its physical substruction of nature. The author's notion of its development is worthy of his definition. Mr. Scott, parrying the objection of opponents, that his Gothic revival would bring back the Middle Ages, naïvely protests that

'what he wants is a style of art that *accidentally* was mediæval, but is essentially national.' (Page 16.) A style of art arising, and for centuries reigning, throughout the expanse of western Europe, a result of accident! and an accident confounding civilization with barbarism! What an idea for an architect, or even for a mason! The point of nationality we will not discuss. But if it be as stated, it certainly would follow that Mr. Scott's revival is the remedy for England. And, at all events, the Gothic is the form of the art in which alone, or best, we may succeed of ourselves; for civilization does not change the taste, the character of race: it merely varies the objects and varnishes the means. But, for this very reason, the Gothic architecture is not the order sought, which must be general and of the future.

From all the foregoing, it must follow that the Gothic architecture was itself the 'transition' Mr. Fergusson supposed the Roman. For such, in fact, is normally the nature of all analysis, as being the means of passing one construction into another. The Roman architecture was, as has been unfolded, an inductive aggregation of all preceding forms, held together by the native contribution of the arch and dome. This mere empirical amalgamation must be therefore dissolved, before the acquired progress could be cast in a new order. It was this dissolution that formed the function of the Goths, just the same in architecture as in government and religion. Thus the general law of history exhibits full concurrence with the facts of the case, and the concessions of even adversaries.

Finally, the thing is demonstrable by the theory of the art itself. This theory is intimated, though but indirectly, by the writers of the *Encyclopédie Méthodique*. 'Architecture,' say they, 'is composed of *three* parts,—the columns, the entablature, and the gable. Each of these three parts is subdivided into *three* others. The principle or reason of this division is, that *it alone can yield the greatest number of relations (le plus grand nombre de rapports)* which the eye can take in at once, and observe attentively without too much fatigue.' It is perceived that this placing of the essence of the art in the number of relations to be offered to the eye and mind is scarcely applicable to the Gothic, as described by our authorities, in which each part is democratically irrespective of every other. The former is, however, the true law of the subject; and the nine subdivisions correspond to as many stages through which a history of the art ought to pursue its main development. In fact, the foregoing sketch of it has now attained the eighth of them; and, therefore, there is left, to be expected, the crowning term. This must also, as the last of the European period, be contrasted with the Gothic and the Roman to combine them.

The question is, then, To what race may we look for this grand complement? Not, assuredly, to the Gothic, any more than to the Roman, the Grecian, the Hindoo, or any other back the line. These had each their special places in urging on the march, and could not possibly assume a different position. There is, moreover, still outstanding, in due order of place and time, a race almost the equal in point of number of even the Gothic, and, at least, not its inferior in taste or in intellect. Our authors, it is true, have, with scrupulous liberality, awarded to the Celts the 'Druidical style,' exactly as they put off the Pelasgi with the 'Cyclopean.' But, in the first place, even those rudiments presented the supreme characters. They began in *material* with stone, not wood nor clay; they were in plan or *design* circular, not linear nor rectangular; the *style* was columnar, the tall monoliths being of this nature,—so well, indeed, that they are deemed the germ of the columns; the *purpose* was as forward and original as all the rest. The Druid 'circles,' in fact, were buildings, not for either the dead or living, but, perhaps, the first constructions ever raised for pure *worship*. They typified the revolution, not alone of the heavens, but especially of the *soul*, in that interminable transmigration, called immortality, which was first promulgated by the same race and priesthood. So that in the rude magnificence of Stonehenge or Carnac there was more of spiritual *purpose* than in all the temples of the Nile. Now, if the reader will recur to the table of our tests, it will be seen that these commencements belong all to the highest stage,—to wit, the templar, the symmetrical, the orbicular, the European,—and therefore designate this race as the organizers of the final period.

Moreover, in the next place, the Celts did not stop, like the Teutons and other races, from exhaustion, but from interruption. They were modifying the Roman architecture in France, as Mr. Fergusson attests, when overrun by the Goths. It was, again, their taste and method that gave, in the same country, the Gothic disorder the semblance of an order; for this form, as is readily proved by the same architect, proceeded to both Germans and English from France. Yet, while thus gratifying the angular taste of their masters, and trying to grace it with the minute monkish filigree-work which they could relish, the French maintained, against the spire, their own tower, either round or otherwise, and in the apses, whether double or single, some circularity. In the south, where less controlled, they reached a form quite peculiar. Mr. Fergusson well observes, that while the Goths must have continued to build the roof of stone from mere mechanical imitation, since they covered it outside with a real roof of wood; and while the Greeks had

done before them exactly the reverse, made the false roof of wood and the outer one of stone; the Celts of Aquitaine avoided both the 'sham' and superfluity, and built their roofs and domes of single, circular, and shapely masonry: and, he says, their architecture was the perfection of that feature. He furthermore adds, that 'the Irish and the Scotch had attempted the same with boldness, till they were overruled by Gothic influence.' Why, therefore, may not the intelligence of the Goths of the present day overrule this misrule of their mediæval ancestors, and suffer or encourage those fair commencements to proceed?

They are, in fact, proceeding, without their leave, in France. Not by newspaper agitation, nor by pamphleteering controversy, nor commercial compilations, nor art-union aggregations; but in the manner of a people who have a meaning and a mission. A sample is presented in the great publication whose title is transcribed at the head of this paper. It is a complete exhibition, in historical order, of European architecture from the fifth to the seventeenth century, and thus embraces the whole period of the decay of the Roman, with the rise of the Arabian and the Gothic among its ruins, and, finally, the supplantation of the latter by the Renaissance, of which the import was a premature attempt at reconstruction,—a tendency marked unconsciously in its very name of *Composite*. Every step of every change is represented in its place at once by superb engraving and scientific explanation. The work is published, as, of course a work so costly could alone be, at the expense of the government, or 'under its auspices,'—to keep to the French delicacy of expression towards men of intellect. And no sooner is this complete, than the same patronage commences another work of equal or perhaps greater magnitude, proposing a similar treatment of 'Egyptian architecture,' and probably intended to embrace the entire East. Thus will have been indirectly or directly restored a large, and the obscurest, portion of the long series above delineated. Not, indeed, in this due series and specialty of division. But these were not essential to the immediate purpose, which was to colligate the whole materials with accuracy and order. It is thus that all science is treated finally, synthetically; and thus the arts may come to profit by the guidance of science. So that this project alone, aside from countless other evidences, stamps, by both its method and magnificence, which are quite Celtic, the true transformers (not 'revivalists') of the art of architecture.

Why may not also the British fragments of the family have their revival from the suspended animation of their long Gothic trance? Several Welshmen rank already among the first of

English architects, and Scotland has produced our ablest writers on the subject. The other day the prime minister received in full Parliament a generous 'hear, hear,' when he said of even the Irish, that they have produced architects inferior to no others. At all events it seems in the destiny of history. The rude builders of the tomb of Atreus and the Cyclopean wall of Athens, though 'overruled' or overridden during centuries by the Dorians, yet reviv'd into the builders of the Erechtheum and the Parthenon. And, again, the Etrurians, with their tomb-domes and amphitheatres, were trodden out for ages by the same race in Italy; yet they, too, gloriously re-rose in the Pantheon and the Coliseum,—those two hemispheres, in air and earth, of the ideal of architecture. For, in all art as well as nature, perfection gravitates towards the sphere, as reconciling progression with repose and with eternity.

ART. III.—*Idylls of the King.* By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. E. Moxon and Co. 1859.

WE may now indulge the hope that the race of unworthy Laureates is quite extinct, or finally deposed, in England. Those fustian rogues and men in buckram drew their ignoble lineage from Shadwell and Tate; and the line appropriately ceased in the person of the late respected Mr. Pye. It seems now to be admitted that so long as a true poet can be found in these islands, the office will be retained and the rightful heir appointed.

It is matter of less congratulation that the choice of a poetic chief, on the last occasion, was neither a difficult nor an invidious task,—as it surely must have been when the new *régime* was inaugurated by the election of Robert Southey. The burst and choir of British song had gradually subsided, and only one bush seemed vocal with joy and melody, as all eyes turned in the direction to which every ear had long inclined. Without dispute, the first place among living poets is universally accorded to Alfred Tennyson; and perhaps he stands more decidedly in advance of his contemporaries than did ever English poet of a former generation. Of course there are many sciolists who affect to depreciate his style and genius, and some intelligent persons who from slight knowledge or imperfect sympathy incline to hesitate, or demur; but he has the suffrages of all who rightly and scrupulously exercise the poetic franchise. He is Laureate by national as well as royal favour:

—raised by deliberate choice of Majesty, his position is almost equally confirmed by critical award and popular assent. Indeed, there was and is no second candidate. No name rising to the lips makes the hand hesitate in placing the honorary wreath upon his forehead. It is only by an effort of recollection that we can call to mind the names of any possible pretenders to his crown; and the best (as well as the worst) among them exhibit marks of his authority and influence.

We might now distinguish ourselves by finding a thousand faults in the Laureate's new production. After so full an admission of Mr. Tennyson's poetic supremacy,—not for the first time made to our readers,—it would be quite in keeping with the pretensions of modern criticism to put in a handsome qualification of his merits; for how easily may the critic thus magnify his office, or suggest the inference of his own unrivalled penetration! Unfortunately—or fortunately, as the case may be—it is too late for us to avail ourselves of this admirable trick. We have already intimated in a former paper, and we repeat it now with emphasis, that the critic's office practically ceases in the case of poets of the highest order; in such presence all is admitted privilege and prerogative. This is neither blinded homage nor unmeet subservience; it is a conclusion and conduct warranted and imposed by the fitness of things. If the position and powers of some great genius are once attained and recognised, beyond reasonable doubt, it is clear that the ordinary rules of criticism, always to a great extent mechanical and formal, are of no further use. The leading-strings of a child are more helpful to a man, the primer and spelling-book of more service to the hoary and illustrious scholar, than the critic's teaching to a truly great poet. He has left all his schoolmasters far behind—and they never, first or last, taught him any of the true inestimable lore with which he is enriching all mankind. He has gathered for himself all that is essential, and rare, and beyond price. If he comes back to us, let us sit at his feet and listen. He will enlarge for us the sphere of truth as well as the theory of art, and show us in a thousand ways how the one may rise in endless accommodation and growth towards the illimitable reaches of the other. Thus nobly taught, and richly entertained, we shall learn to repair frequently to the poet's muse, as Numa to the presence of Egeria, that we may see the features of truth in the face of beauty, have our kingly reason moulded by diviner tenderness, and, ever listening with reverence and serious pleasure, find that the genius of nature is charged with lessons of justice, providence, and social virtue.

We come then to Mr. Tennyson's volume, not to criticize, but to learn, and to share its lessons with our readers. Much expectation had been raised by its announcement, and an excitement almost popular has attended its immediate issue. When the subject of the new poem became known, the public curiosity was still more busy and alert. It was then remembered that the poet had long brooded on the story of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table; and that a fine fragment on the mythic hero was conspicuous among his earliest pieces. Some ground for speculation as well as for hope existed. The poem was nearly certain to be a welcome largess of poetic thought; but was it not also in the nature of a grand experiment? The famous legend of King Arthur was a species of poetic *crux*. Confessedly beautiful in itself, and dimly associated with the historic muse of England, there remained considerable doubt of its poetic capabilities. It was true that Milton had long cherished the intention of making it the subject of that last effort for which he was mewing his mighty strength; but then Milton had himself abandoned the design, and all the critics congratulated him on his prudent resolution.

In truth, the difficulties to be surmounted in the treatment of this theme were not exaggerated. Nothing could seem less likely, on a first view, to enlist the sympathies of modern Englishmen than a revival, in elaborate poetic frame, of Arthur's shadowy and mysterious court. We must not be tempted into a dissertation on the origin of these fine legends,—certainly the finest which the age of chivalry has bequeathed to us,—but we may assume that they are beyond the region of authentic history. At the present time they have no hold upon the national mind, even as historical tradition. They have not even a local *habitat*. They are not associated with our laws, like the reign of Alfred, nor with a crisis in our history, like the death of Harold. They may furnish pretty fables and moralities for brief song or ballad measure; but of epic pretensions they have absolutely none.

On the other hand, the story of Pendragon asserts itself as the perfection of mythic history; and mythic history is the purest region of poetical romance. No great poet is original in the sense of inventing his own plots; but neither is he content to take his story ready moulded and hardened into a fact of history. He borrows material that is yet in a plastic condition. However great a realist he may be, both characters and events are for him mainly *typical*, or representative;—where else would be his power over the sympathies and passions of mankind, and where the value of the lessons which he distills into our hearts?

It is evident that the floating legends of a superstitious but heroic age are just the sort of material he requires; something between history and allegory; some incident which fiction has early seized upon, and shaped and improved to its own needs; some character, seen for a moment in its noblest attitude, and thenceforward transfigured by imagination into all that virtue or ambition would set before itself.

Now all these conditions, and many others hardly less essential, are fulfilled by the Arthurian legends in a very marvellous way. The incidents themselves are various and beautiful, as well as most abundant; while the theory of the whole is wonderfully elastic for the poet's special purpose. The features of British scenery, in its most primitive state, afford some appropriate hints of local colour. The element of the supernatural is furnished by the stories of Morgane the faery and of Merlin the enchanter. But most available of all are the moral traits which distinguish the prime age of Christian chivalry. In spite of occasional lapse and fault—or even more strikingly because of these—King Arthur and his knights are found knit together by sentiments of loyalty and friendship, and banded in the cause of honour and religion. They severally illustrate all the social types of Christian virtue. The lowest in their scale is that Courage which ranked highest in the code of pagan honour. We have then, in beautiful gradation, Truth, Temperance, Chastity, and Magnanimity,—which last may be taken as the type of Christian Charity in a rude and violent and haughty age; and as the outward link, if not rather as the crowning grace, of these high qualities, we have the most eminent and knightly gift of Courtesy, summing up all the virtues of Christian gentleness in a well-nigh perfect manner. Arthur himself was the pink of courtesy; but the peers of his court were only less distinguished than their 'blameless king.'

—'For in those days

No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in scorn;
But if a man were halt or hunch'd, in him
By those whom God had made full-limbed and tall,
Scorn was allowed as part of his defect,
And he was answered softly by the King
And all his Table.'—*Idylls*, p. 227.

We say that these are the ethical features of the great romaunt of chivalry. But they are to be traced only by a pure mind and patient study. The crude mass of fiction in which they are embedded contains abundance of exceptionable matter. There is much of gross and more of frivolous kind. Many stories occur in which only gleams of ideal virtues are suffered to break

through the cloud of opposing vices, and in which rapine, treachery, and licence betray the manners of a lawless age. It is therefore that the highest qualities are demanded in the poet who undertakes to seize the spirit of this myth, and to project it on our hearts in lessons of abiding truth and beauty. Mere gifts of fancy, and light talents of description, will not suffice here. The humourist and the colourist will hardly avoid the abuse of their rich gifts: most likely they will riot in a country which they have not power to rule. Something nobler, something stronger, than the muse of Byron or of Moore is wanted to give reality and meaning to these historic dreams; but genius that is both high and true will do it for us, and do it easily, effectually, and almost necessarily. For the poet whose page does not reflect the changeless morality of social laws,—often offended, but never without resistance, and recoil, and virtual triumph,—is quite as much at fault as the philosopher who should question or deny the rule of wisdom and benevolence in nature. We may say at once that Mr. Tennyson has passed unseduced through this enchanted region. The purity of his muse is in admirable keeping with the dignity of his pretensions. No soil of the old licentious *trouweres* is found upon his robes.

It is high time now to let the poet answer for himself. The *Idylls* of the present volume are four in number. The first and longest is entitled 'Enid,' and recounts how Prince Geraint,

A knight of Arthur's court,
A tributary prince of Devon, one
Of that great Order of the Table Round,'—
won to himself the daughter of Earl Yniol, and then in suspicious mood made trial of her loyalty and temper. The story has some faint resemblance to that of *Patient Griselle*, celebrated in the pages of Chaucer; and though not so striking and pathetic in itself, we should not hesitate to assign it equal poetic rank. It is almost a sin to change the flowing beauty of the narrative for any summary of ours; but we must briefly connect the few passages which the occasion tempts us to transcribe.

Queen Guinevere, having been 'lost in dreams,' repairs at a late hour to join the hunt which Arthur is pursuing; and, standing with her maid upon a little knoll, she is presently joined by Prince Geraint, who,—

'Late also, wearing neither hunting dress
Nor weapon, save a golden-hilted brand,
Came flashing quickly through the shallow ford
Behind them, and so gallop'd up the knoll.'

While they wait together listening for the hunt, a cavalcade goes by, consisting of knight, lady, and dwarf; and the Queen, not remembering to have seen the knight at Court, sends her maiden to demand of the dwarf his master's name. The churl flatly denies her, and even strikes at the maiden with his whip. Geraint is furious at this treatment:—

‘His quick instinctive hand
Caught at the hilt as to abolish him:
But he, from his exceeding manfulness,
And pure nobility of temperament,
Wroth to be wroth with such a worm, refrained.’

Eventually the prince resolves to follow the insulting party, and takes leave for that purpose:—

‘Farewell, fair prince,’ answered the stately Queen,
‘Be prosperous in this journey as in all;
And may you light on all things that you love:
But ere you wed with any, bring your bride,
And I, were she the daughter of a King,
Yea, though she were a beggar from the hedge,
Will clothe her for her bridals like the sun.’

The journey and adventure of the prince are then described, —how he followed the insulting three ‘through many a grassy glade and valley,’ right through the wood, and over a high ridge behind which they sank, till coming there himself he beheld ‘the long street of a little town, in a long valley,’ with a new white fortress and a castle in decay; and how he saw the three enter the fortress, and coming to the town found all the armourers busy for some personage called the Sparrow Hawk; and could obtain no lodging till directed to the old castle, where Earl Yniol nursed in poverty the memory of better days, and vented his spleen upon ‘this hedge-row thief, the Sparrow Hawk.’ A hundred delicate traits are lost in this recital: but our readers shall follow closely the next footsteps of the prince, be arrested like him, and listen to the same enchantment:—

‘And while he waited in the castle court,
The voice of Enid, Yniol’s daughter, rang
Clear through the open casement of the hall,
Singing; and as the sweet voice of a bird
Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,
Moves him to think what kind of bird it is
That sings so delicately clear, and make
Conjecture of the plumage and the form;
So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint;
And made him like a man abroad at morn

When first the liquid note beloved of men
Comes flying over many a windy wave
To Britain, and in April suddenly
Breaks from a coppice gemm'd with green and red,
And he suspends his converse with a friend
Or it may be the labour of his hands,
To think or say, "There is the nightingale;"
So fared it with Geraint, who thought and said,
"Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me."

It chanced the song that Enid sang was one
Of Fortune and her wheel, and Enid sang:
"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm, and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

"Smile, and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown, and we smile, the lords of our own hands
For man is man and master of his fate.

"Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate."

The voice ceases on the ear, and Geraint makes acquaintance
with the singer. It presently appears that the knight called
Sparrow Hawk has wronged the old earl and his family; and
the prince may now revenge at one stroke an injury to this
fair maid, as well as an insult to his Queen. He soon humili-
ates the boastful upstart, and claims Enid for his bride. Con-
sent is soon obtained; but the maiden is perplexed at the poor
appearance she is like to make at King Arthur's court,—

'All staring at her in her faded silk.'

Her lady-mother comes to her relief with a splendid garment
long lost, and now recovered from the wreck of their fortunes.

'See here, my child, how fresh the colours look,
How fast they hold, like colours of a shell
That keeps the wear and polish of the wave.

So clothe yourself in this that better fits
Our mended fortunes and a Prince's bride;
For though you won the prize of fairest fair,
And though I heard him call you fairest fair,
Let never maiden think, however fair,
She is not fairer in new clothes than old.

And should some great court-lady say, the Prince
Hath pick'd a ragged-robin from the hedge,
And like a madman brought her to the court,
Then wens you shamed, and worse, might shame the Prince,
To whom we are beholden; but I know,
When my dear child is set forth at the best,
That neither court nor country, though they sought
Through all the provinces like those of old
That lighted on Queen Esther, has her match.'

Enid gladly assumes this new attire, to the admiration of her lady-mother. But Prince Geraint will not have it so,—he entreats that she will ride forth with him in her faded silk. The passage in which he gives the motives of this request is as full of truth as it is of beauty; but we must positively resist the temptation to borrow more, at least from this first idyll. Such a resolution forbids us to proceed with the story, which can only be told one way, the briefest, and the best of any: for poetry is the most condensed as well as the brightest form of human lore, and to turn it into prose is to change gold into inferior coin,—for added bulk you lose both beauty and compactness. We may add, however, a few general words. The proper subject of the idyll only begins from this point, all the foregoing being included in an episode by way of retrospect. The trial to which Enid is submitted arises from the rumours rife about the Queen, which might be supposed to affect unfavourably one so near and dear to her as Enid; but she proves a true wife and tender woman; and her lord owns it for once and all. The moment of their reconciliation is exquisitely described as the opening of a new and dearer life, by the access of profound sympathy and the dawns of a perfect confidence:—

— And never yet, since high in Paradise
O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,
Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind
Than lived through her, who in that perilous hour
Put hand to hand beneath her husband's heart,
And felt him hers again: she did not weep,
But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist,
Like that which kept the heart of Eden green
Before the useful trouble of the rain.

The second Idyll recounts the wiles of 'lissome Vivien,' coiled serpent-like at the feet of Merlin, and bent on drawing from the sage enchanter the secret of his spell. It is the story of Dalilah with a difference. The contrast of youth and age, of vanity and wisdom, of sly attack and dexterous rebutter, is admirably sus-

tained. The style, the invention, and the music are also wonderful, and the whole so linked together that extract seems impossible without fracture of the golden chain. Yet there is one lyric gem—one heart-shaped pendent—that may easily be detached. This is the song of Vivien.

‘In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne’er be equal powers;
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover’s lute,
Or little pitted speck in garner’d fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping : let it go.
But shall it ? answer, darling, answer, no ;
And trust me not at all or all in all.’

We need hardly say that the wisdom and experience of the sage are not proof against the seductive wiles of Vivien. He parries her assaults for a time with equal skill and constancy ; rebuts her slander of the knights, and rebukes her changing fits of vanity and spleen ; but in all such cases to parley is to yield. Vivien is determined to have the wizard’s secret. Taking advantage of a storm that breaks over their heads, and hurls its bolt at their feet, she affects terror and repentance, and clings to Merlin for safety and for pardon.

‘She blamed herself for telling hearsay tales :
She shook from fear, and for her fault she wept
Of petulancy : she call’d him lord and liege,
Her seer, her bard, her silver star of eve,
Her God, her Merlin, the one passionate love
Of her whole life ; and ever overhead
Bellowed the tempest, and the rotten branch
Snapt in the rushing of the river-rain
Above them ; and in change of glare and gloom
Her eyes and neck glittering went and came :
Till now the storm, its burst of passion spent,
Moaning and calling out of other lands,
Had left the ravaged woodland yet once more
To peace ; and what should not have been had been,
For Merlin, overtalked and overworn,
Had yielded, told her all the charm, and slept.

Then, in one moment, she put forth the charm
Of woven paces and of waving hands,

And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
And lost to life and use and name and fame.

Then crying, "I have made his glory mine,"
And shrieking out, "O fool!" the harlot leapt
Adown the forest, and the thicket closed
Behind her, and the forest echo'd "fool."

When so rare a thing as a new poem comes before us, it may be well to analyse it rather carefully. Perhaps we may learn from its texture some secret of its principle and growth.

A close examination of the *Idylls* reminds us that the elements of poetic language are the simplest possible. The author never strives to be intensely poetical in phrase or simile. No word in his poem lays claim to separate notice, any more than a single flake of snow that contributes to the beauty of a winter landscape. It is the *succession* of words and phrases that realizes the desired effect. Thus, in the commencement of a charming idyll, third of the present series—

'Elaine the fair, Elaine the loveable,
Elaine the lily maid of Astolat,'—

each term is separately trite and simple; and taken together they suggest only a pleasing outline of youth and grace,—but that is just the preparation most suited to the artist's further purpose. Then mark the filling up. Hereafter we have no minute description of personal features; but the outline is filled in with moral traits, and a quiet course of narrative completes the portrait and the picture together:—

'—High in her chamber up a tower to the east,
Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot;
Which first she placed where morning's earliest ray
Might strike it, and awake her with the gleam;
Then, fearing rust or soilure, fashioned for it
A case of silk, and braided thereupon
All the devices blazoned on the shield
In their own tinct, and added, of her will,
A border fantasy of branch and flower,
And yellow-throated nestling in the nest.
Nor rested thus content, but day by day,
Leaving her household and good father, climb'd
That eastern tower, and entering barr'd her door,
Stript off the case, and read the naked shield;
Now guessed a hidden meaning in his arms,
Now made a pretty history to herself
Of every dint a sword had beaten in it,
And every scratch a lance had made upon it,

Conjecturing when and where: this cut is fresh,
That ten years back; this dealt him at Caerlyle,
That at Caerleon; this at Camelot
And ah, God's mercy, what a stroke was there!—
And here a thrust that might have kill'd, but God
Broke the strong lance and roll'd the enemy down
And saved him: so she lived in fantasy.

And so the story proceeds, leisurely, quietly, as the dawn
creeps on and widens into the richer beauty of day. In this
case it is the old new story of unrequited love. We must
not be tempted to enter on its merits or extract its beauties;
for our space would hardly serve for either, and something still
better lies before us.

Another feature may be traced in the verbal structure of this
poem: it is the work of conscientious, laborious, and consum-
mate art. We may learn from this and other instances that
it is the poets most favoured by nature who fortify their genius
with the utmost resources at their command. It is necessary,
but not enough, that a poet should be poet born. Nature has
often done her part when the result has been imperfect, partial,
and sometimes pitiful. The truth is, that moral qualities are
quite as essential to the poet as intellectual ones; and especially
that moral energy which is required to exert and to co-ordinate
all the faculties before a product of the higher imagination is
perfectly matured. It may seem strange to say so of a dainty
poem, which reads like the inspiration of a quiet mood, and
falls from the lips of beauty in her boudoir in an easy, natural
strain, like the silk unwinding from her silver reel;—but so it
is: every line in this volume has been forged at a white heat,
and every dented stroke has been given with steady, true, and
deliberate aim. But this comparison serves only to illustrate
the amount and not the kind of labour bestowed upon the work
before us. We may rather compare the poem itself to ancient
tapestry of the finest sort: every inch of it contains some por-
tion of the legend, some web of homely stuff, some shreds of
silver warp, and withal some lines of golden thread. It is
honest, pure, and skilful workmanship throughout. Plain Saxon
English is the artist's raw material. His words are the original
names of the things for which they stand, and so appear to be
thoroughly identified with them, needing no translation in the
reader's mind. Our author always calls a spade a spade,—not
in the sense of speaking coarse ideas, but in that of using plain
and simple terms. There is also the utmost clearness and
directness in the narrative,—no strange inversions and other
licences of grammar so frequently employed as the privilege of

poetry and the chief distinction of poetic language. Mr. Tennyson stands first upon the merit of his ideas, and then upon the simplicity and aptness of the terms by which they are conveyed. It is evident that he submits the merit of his poetry to the severest test by thus declining all extrinsic show. Accordingly, his style invites only the scholar, the moralist, the student of nature, and the man of pure and cultivated imagination: and to these he yields up, without artifice or reserve, the chaste forms of truth and beauty which it is his privilege to create. The poet who discards the aid of vulgar and conventional ornament, relies thenceforth on the power of more genuine attractions; and it is nearly certain that greater ethical purity will be the reward of his abstemious art. Poetry of the highest stamp, though not expressly didactic, will always be distinguished by the dignity of its moral sentiments. The poem itself may not be shaped by some determined moral purpose, that would only be analogous to the act of a gardener who should trim his yew tree to the form of a funeral monument; but just thoughts and noble sentiments will abound in his work like blossoms on the tree, not hiding its symmetry, but manifesting at once its vitality and character. This is seen in some of the choicest poems of our language. What so picturesque, so musical, so bright with images of fancy, as the *Masque of Comus*? Yet its finest passages—those that linger longest on the ear, because they have a charm for the listening heart—are tributes to the beauty and excellence of virtue. The last accents of the Attendant Spirit only betray the secret mission of the Muse, for all the images of loveliness in which it may please her to disport:—

Mortals, that would follow me,
Love virtue; she alone is free:
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the spherie chime;
Or if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

This volume of Mr. Tennyson is distinguished by a similar exalted purity of tone. The reader breathes an atmosphere of moral truth as well as of summer odours; and poetic aphorisms, glinting like dew-drops in the pure light of heaven, are scattered on all the flowers of fancy. Take a few gems:—

O purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves
By taking true for false, or false for true;

Here through the feeble twilight of this world
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen!

And that he sinn'd is not believable;
For, look upon his face!—but if he sinn'd,
The sin that practice burns into the blood,
And not the one dark hour which brings remorse,
Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be:
Or else were he, the holy King, whose hymns
Are chanted in the minster, worse than all.

But now we come to speak of the highest feature of this work, and that which gives harmonious expression to the whole. Mr. Tennyson has mastered the chief difficulty of his subject: in combining its loose and scattered elements he has succeeded in imparting an almost epic unity and grandeur. Though not without separate interest and significance, the idylls of this volume are associated poems, and will be read to most advantage as a connected series. Nothing can exceed the effect of their advancing power and beauty when thus studied as a whole, and followed to their magnificent close in the idyll of 'Guinevere.' Three principal characters are distinguished from the first; but it is only by degrees that their figures shine prominently out; then the group begins to absorb all interest and attention, and finally one prostrate but still queenly shape fixes the solemn moral on our minds for ever. All trial and disaster seem to spring, more or less directly, from the conduct of the Queen. It brings her favourite Enid under suspicion, prompts the artifices and wiles of the 'lissome Vivien,' and prevents the pure and tender passion of Elaine from meeting reciprocation in the breast of Lancelot; while to the Queen herself, her lord, and all his kingdom, it opens up all the sluices of ruin, misery, and rebellion. To many readers it may seem that this is a perilous theme for poetic treatment; but we are bound to say that the relations of Arthur, and his Queen, and Lancelot of the Lake, are indicated with the utmost purity and delicacy. There is no tampering for a moment with the principles of truth and honour; sin is nothing but blighting and degrading sin, and its ravages are all the more conspicuous from the exalted and shining qualities which it so fatally obscures. Sir Lancelot is the 'flower of bravery,' as Guinevere is 'the pearl of beauty;' but a blot is on the escutcheon of the one, while passion, frailty, and remorse uncrown the other. Hear how the fallen knight, whose face is marr'd more with deep anguish than with wounds, soliloquizes in a moment of repentance,—

'Why did the King dwell on my name to me?
Mine own name shames me, seeming a reproach,
Lancelot whom the lady of the lake
Stole from his mother—as the story runs—
She chanted snatches of mysterious song
Heard on the winding waters, eve and morn
She kiss'd me, saying, "Thou art fair, my child,
As a king's son," and often in her arms
She bore me, pacing on the dusky mere.
Would she had drown'd me in it, where'er it be!
For what am I? what profits me my name
Of greatest knight? I fought for it and have it:
Pleasure to have it, none; to lose it, pain;
Now grown a part of me; but what use in it?
To make men worse by making my sin known?
Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming great?
Alas, for Arthur's greatest knight, a man
Not after Arthur's heart! I needs must break
These bonds that so defame me: not without
She wills it: would I if she will'd it? nay,
Who knows? but if I would not, then may God,
I pray him, send a sudden Angel down
To seize me by the hair, and bear me far,
And fling me deep in that forgotten mere
Among the tumbled fragments of the hills.

We learn no more of Lancelot except incidentally; but some hint is here afforded of the reality and fruit of his contrition:

'So groan'd Sir Lancelot in remorseful pain,
Not knowing he should die a holy man.'

The character of Arthur is conceived in the happiest manner. He is the blameless King; the very type and model of restored humanity. If the poet had intended to set forth the person of Christ in relation to his faithless Church, he could hardly have chosen a better representative. But there is no hint of this occult allusion. We have to view King Arthur as a man, moving in a rude and sinful world; and in this point of view it is evident that his perfectness would have the stamp of unreality, but for one fatal drawback arising out of this very uniformity of excellence. His fault is too much meekness. In his public rule, and in his knightly character, the King is perfect: but a dash of strong humanity is wanting to make him lord of his own hearth. No infirmity of his nature awakens sympathy or calls for solace, and no warmth of passion flushes his statuesque repose. His figure throws no shadow; and so the tender partner of his throne finds no refuge from his glory in the congenial shelter of his side. The artistic value of this

circumstance is very great. It provides the tragic elements of discord, error, and misfortune. It brings the impeccable and mighty King within the natural range of trouble. Above all, this feature of cold abstract perfection in the hero was necessary to protect the unhappy Queen from utter loathing and contempt. We cannot withhold some human pity when she exclaims,—

‘I thought I could not breathe in that fine air,
That pure severity of perfect light.’
adding, with emphasis, in her new state of mind,

‘—Now I see thee what thou art;
Thou art the highest and most human too,
Not Lancelot nor another.’

We must not conclude without showing the reader how this beautiful poem culminates to its conclusions. The idyll of Guinevere is one entire and perfect chrysolite. We do not know in the whole compass of poetry any effort of equally sustained and brilliant flight, with no pause of dulness, and not even a momentary stoop of wing; and perhaps no three passages in any literature are comparable to the description of the birth or finding of young Arthur, the relation by the King of all the glorious measures and triumphs which the crime of Guinevere had thwarted, and his solitary and sublime departure to a death no less mysterious than his birth.

The crime has been discovered before the dawning repentance of the lovers could take effect. Sir Lancelot has fled beyond the sea; Sir Modred rebelled against his uncle, the King; and Guinevere has hurried to a distant convent. The fugitive Queen comes unattended and unknown, and a young novice is set to wait upon her. The garrulity of this little maid, to whom all the rumours of King Arthur's trouble are known, cause infinite distress to the unhappy Queen. At length she begins to hum ‘an air the nuns had taught her; Late, so late!’ and the new and sad inmate exclaims,—

‘Sing, and unbind my heart that I may weep.’

Then the little novice sings:—

Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!

Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

‘No light had we; for that we do repent;

And learning this the bridegroom will relent.’

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light, so late, and dark and chill the night!
O let us in that we may find the light!
Too late, too late ye cannot enter now.
Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?
O let us in, tho late, to kiss his feet!
No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now.

The little song ceases, and the little maiden resumes her prattle, hoping to soothe the noble lady, but in her ignorance wounding only. From rumour she relates the discovery of the infant Arthur,—

A naked child upon the sands
Of wild Dundagil by the Cornish sea;

and all the supernatural signs which were seen to herald and attend it; how a Knight of the Round Table, even the father of the little novice herself, heard strange music as he rode after sunset from Lyonesse to Camelot, and turning,—

there,
All down the lonely coast of Lyonesse,
Each with a beacon-star upon his head,
And with a wild sea-light about his feet
He saw them—headland after headland flame
Far on into the rich heart of the west;
And in the light the white mermaid swam
And strong man-breasted things stood from the sea,
And sent a deep sea-voice through all the land,
To which the little elves of chasm and cleft
Made answer, sounding like a distant horn.
So said my father—yea, and furthermore,
Next morning while he past the dim-lit woods,
Himself beheld three spirits mad with joy
Come dashing down on a tall wayside flower,
That shook beneath them, as the thistle shakes
When three gray linnets wrangle for the seed:
And still at evenings on before his house
The flickering fairy circle wheel'd and broke
Flying, and link'd again, and wheel'd and broke
Flying, for all the land was full of life.

These signs and many more are related as good omens, all falsified and thwarted by the future Queen. The little novice still runs garrulously on till interruption comes from without. Presently, when Guinevere has lapsed in memories of the past,

'A murmuring whisper thro' the gallery ran,
Then on a sudden a cry, "The King." She sat

Stiff-stricken, listening; but when armed feet
 Thro' the long gallery from the outer doors
 Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell
 And grovelling'd with her face upon the floor:
 There with her milk-white arms and shadowy hair
 She made her face a darkness from the King:
 And in the darkness heard his armed feet
 Pause by her; then came silence, then a voice,
 Monotonous and hollow like a ghost's
 Pronouncing judgment, but, tho' changed, the King's.'

The speech which follows is equal to the occasion and worthy the speaker,—'Britain's mighty King.' It is too long for extraction; but we must make room for a few noble lines, embodying the sublime but qualified forgiveness of the injured Monarch.

'Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes,
 I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
 I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
 To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
 My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
 The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,
 The doom of treason and the flaming death,
 (When first I learnt thee hidden here) is past.
 The pang—which, while I weighed thy heart with one
 Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,
 Made my tears burn—is also past, in part.
 And all is past, the sin is sinned, and I,
 Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
 Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
 But how to take last leave of all I loved?

Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
 Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
 And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
 Hereafter in that world where all are pure
 We two may meet before high God, and thou
 Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
 I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
 Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
 I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I leave.
 Through the thick night I hear the trumpet blow:
 They summon me their King to lead mine hosts
 Far down to that great battle in the west
 Where I must strike against my sister's son,
 Leagued with the lords of the White Horse, and Knights
 Once mine, and strike him dead, and meet myself
 Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.'

Enough this to show with what ease and power the poet rises

with his argument; but we must continue the passage in a final extract. The departure of the King, from that lone convent in the night of ages, is one of the sublimest pictures in all the realm of poetry. Arthur has said, 'Farewell!'

'And while she grovelling at his feet,
She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,
And in the darkness o'er her fallen head
Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.

Then listening till those armed steps were gone
Rose the pale Queen, and in her anguish found
The casement: "Peradventure," so she thought,
"If I might see his face, and not be seen."
And lo! he sat on horseback at the door!
And near him the sad nuns with each a light
Stood, and he gave them charge about the Queen,
To guard and foster her for evermore.
And while he spake to these his helm was lowered,
To which for crest the golden dragon clung
Of Britain; so she did not see his face,
Which then was as an angel's, but she saw,
Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights,
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship
Blaze, making all the night a stream of fire.
And even then he turned; and more and more
The moony vapour rolling round the King,
Who seemed the phantom of a Giant in it,
Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray
And grayer, till himself became as mist
Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom.

Throughout this volume of choice poetry are scattered many passages which the pencil of Hunt or of Millais might nobly render to the eye; and it is not unlikely that our future exhibitions will testify to its inspiring influence. But there is little need and small encouragement. There is little need, we say; for the book itself is an illuminated poetic missal; it makes pictures to the imagination which the graphic art can only faintly realize. And small encouragement; for the poet's images have already taken possession of the mind, and the chances are that the artist's conception will not answer to the reader's. With respect to the last scene of all, closing with the departure of the great Pendragon to his mysterious doom, we may safely pronounce that the most cunning hand must fail in the attempt to realize it. Its awful beauty lies in a more subtle region than any which the painter can command.

It is easy to see that Mr. Tennyson has made this theme his own, even if he should return to it no more, nor summon the

dread hero from his long trance of centuries in the dim Vale of Arvalon. Who now will read 'Prince Arthur, in Ten Books,' although it was at one time actually popular in England? Small credit, however, is due to our author for superseding the wooden epic of that blind, obtuse, and every way respectable old knight and 'pothecary, Sir Richard Blackmore; who sounded all the shoals of dulness, as Wolsey those of honour; who either was, or might, or would, or should have been the laureate of that age of lead; and whose 'heroic poem' (Heaven save the mark!) has hardly served the purpose of a paste-board imitation to keep a place upon our shelves till the true book came warm and glowing from the hot-press of the nineteenth century. It is little, we say, to have pushed this thing aside, but it is something more to have filled out the glorious hints of Chaucer, and realized the poetic dream of Milton; and to have written, perhaps, the only work which the fastidious Gray would care to read, if he should once more visit this mortal sphere. In all these writers we find exquisite allusions to the deeds and court of Arthur, and till now we might have had occasion to regret that one of the mighty three had not appropriated the theme entirely to himself. It is now done by that true 'heir of fame,' the author of the present *Idylls*. It is much as if the Father of English Poetry had himself performed it: for though, like every master of the art, Mr. Tennyson has a style and a region of his own, his genius has much in common with the copious and imaginative muse of Geoffrey Chaucer. What of his writings cannot be paralleled out of the book of Chaucer will be found matched in the yet nobler and far richer page of Milton.

We need hardly say that we recommend this work as a rare treat and precious study. It is all true poetry and pure. If we could pour it from the page into a vial, and hold it between the sunlight and our eyes, how it would sparkle and give out! If we could shed it drop by drop upon the turf, how soon would the grass assume a brighter green, and all the air be filled with summer perfume! No matter that we cannot do this. It will answer every magic purpose of the kind if we lay it up, line by line, like 'sprigs of summer,' to sweeten and to charm our memories; and then, like the fabled euphrasy, it may serve to purify our daily vision, giving fresh beauty to the face of nature, and discovering new attractions in the form and gait of virtue. We can all read the simple language of this poem, and almost at all times. When Chaucer is too obscure, and even Milton a trifle too difficult and grave, we can pass by the immortal *Flower and Leaf*, and put aside *Comus* with a gentle reverence, to take up this book of pure and pleasant *Idylls*; and even the child between our feet will listen spell-bound as we read.

- ART. IV.—1. *Nature and the Supernatural, as together constituting the One System of God.* By HORACE BUSHNELL. Second Edition. New York: Charles Scribner. 1858.
2. *Characteristics of the Gospel Miracles.* By BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1859.

THERE are currents in human thought which, like the tides of ocean, are ever obeying some external influence; and hence each age has displayed its own type of speculation upon the grandest objects of human inquiry. Sometimes, the repose of luxury has given a dreamy character to the thoughts of a period; at other times, the trumpet-tongue of some great national danger has roused men's minds to an epic grandeur of thought and utterance; while, again, the petty distractions of civil discords have carried their influence into philosophy and literature, cramping them in the mould of their own narrowness, and depriving them of all greatness and dignity. In the same manner does every new movement of the human mind, in any particular direction, affect every other movement; and each great revolution in science or philosophy has made itself felt in every other region of human inquiry. The revival of letters stirred the slumbering powers of intellectual life into vigorous growth and activity. The Reformation soon transfused its influence into politics, and changed the current of ordinary life. The method of Bacon realized the prediction of its originally intended title, by giving a new direction and impulse to physical inquiry, which promises to continue while mind is inquisitive and nature retains a secret. The revival of speculative philosophy in the last century has already made itself universally felt, and at this moment contends with physical science for the place of pre-eminence. It is in the nature of things that religious thought must share in every new influence; and as it is the deepest and most pervasive, it must share to the largest extent. Many men have little interest in physical knowledge or philosophical speculation, but most persons feel that religion is of primary importance. If they believe it, their all of existence is bound up with it; if they do not believe it, the struggle to shake off its grasp upon the root fibres of their nature is often life-long. And hence it comes to pass, that both in the clash of conflict, and in the quiet seclusion of meditation, the reigning or antagonistic systems of science and philosophy determine the form in which religious thought shall be conceived and expressed, and our extra-religious speculation obtrudes its presence into the sanctuary. It is idle to rebel against this intrusive presence;

come it will, and it will not depart at our bidding. Indeed, it will be found, that those who have raised the loudest voice against it have usually proved themselves its greatest slaves; and the protest against philosophy has commonly been uttered by the abettors of a philosophy which was antagonistic. If religion at any point becomes a form of human thought,—and if it does not, theology is impossible,—then the influences of the age, which are present in the minds of thinkers, will be brought to bear upon it, and the utmost which its friends can do is, to oblige all other forms of thought to keep their place in relation to it,—know the limits within which they are by their nature confined, and observe them; and thus to secure, as far as possible, the higher reaches of the religious life from their impertinent intrusion.

The supernatural evidences of revealed religion have not escaped the operation of the universal law. Those who witnessed, with sincere hearts, the miracles of Christ, saw in them the action of a present God, and exclaimed, 'A great prophet is risen up amongst us, and God hath visited His people;' while those who had previously believed felt their faith confirmed and their spirits comforted. Supernatural manifestations, though not much referred to by the earlier Christian apologists, must have had a powerful hold upon the Christian community; for all the earlier assailants of the faith were evidently troubled with them. In subsequent days of superstitious darkness, uncommon events were transmuted into miracles; and stories, miraculously fabulous, were circulated about the supernatural deeds of long-deceased or non-existing saints. But when the light of classic literature and a restored Bible, and subsequently of renovated science, shone upon those twilight realms, those spectres of dreamy imagination flitted away; and it is not difficult to discern, according to the prevalence of the humanistic or biblical element among the promoters or supporters of the Reformation, an occasional undertone of scepticism, mingling with the defiant challenge or the victorious argument of the more earnest and religious associates. The restoration of the sciences, and the discovery of fixed laws and undeviating sequences in nature, brought out a stronger antagonism to the miraculous, which, with more or less of popularity, has continued until now. In the seventeenth century, faith in the supernatural was strong and spiritual in its character. Miracles were insisted upon by the defenders of the Scriptures in such a manner as proved that they were felt to be a part of the Divine revelation, though the thought itself was not very definitely expressed. But in the eighteenth century—the age of English infidelity and cold

apologetics—they had generally sunk into mere defences of the faith, or forces which, if handled with a certain skilfulness, might do good service against the enemy. Divines regarded them as weapons of heavenly temper with which to assail and put to rout the legions of infidelity; and having, with what power they could muster, applied them to this purpose with various success, they rested content, and did not feel it necessary to examine into the nature of the instrument itself. What could be expected from this low view of these wonderful works of God, when combined with coldness in religion, and expressed in the spirit of mere advocacy, but that scepticism should turn away with increased hostility from the truth, and use all the means which science placed within its reach to overturn those defences? Such was in reality the effect; and though the great religious revival of the last century stayed for a time the full development of the antagonism, yet it existed, and in various modes has been since revealing itself amongst us. Physical science, on the one hand, has extended its conquests without pause or interruption. Nature's uniformities have been revealed in a more commanding manner; the known realm of law has been largely extended, and men standing on this vantage-ground have smiled complacently at all belief in the supernatural, because they fancy they *know*. On the other hand, metaphysical speculation, as indulged by Schelling and Hegel, soaring into transcendental altitudes, fancies it enjoys the vision of the Absolute, and has discovered in its pantheistic reveries that a miracle is impossible. Dr. Strauss, without the shadow of a reason given, announces this admirable conclusion to the world as an absolute certainty. 'Indeed,' he declares, 'no just notion of the true nature of history is possible without a perception of the inviolability of the chain of second causes, and of the *impossibility of miracles*.'* These opinions operate with considerable force on many minds unable or unwilling to follow them out to their sceptical conclusions; and their influence can be clearly traced in our current literature, even when infidelity, as such, does not make its appearance. We expect such things in the writings of Mr. Carlyle, whose natural-supernaturalism is strongly tinged with a pantheistic element; or in the lucubrations of Mr. Smith, the author of *Thorndale*, who treats all such matters as 'imagination.' But when we find men who are professed teachers of Christianity, like Mr. Gilfillan, writing as if impatient of the whole argument from miracles, and setting a host of youthful aspirants to the name of thinkers to look down upon the works of Butler and

* Vol. i., p. 64, English edition.

Paley as antiquated; and when we find many men, and even women, of fine and delicate minds and of pure moral perceptions, throwing the supernatural argument overboard, as not only a useless encumbrance, but a dangerous crowding of sail in a season of storm, we feel it is time to review the question seriously and earnestly; and examine, as we best can, the ground upon which our faith rests. The aspect of affairs we have now indicated is sufficient to rouse us to inquiry. We write not for the sceptic alone or mainly, but chiefly for the young, ardent, and inquiring Christian. We have felt the influence of the growing enervation of spirit, and it is now our firm conviction, that if we abandon the supernatural, we must abandon the whole of the Christian religion; for you can more easily remove from the woven embroidery its gorgeous ornaments without injury to the fabric, than you can extrude the supernatural from the whole texture of the New Testament. The atmosphere in which the sacred writers lived was full of it; and it exhibits itself as an all-pervasive presence in argument, in narrative, and in appeal. Christ Himself makes His appeal to it as the ground of belief in Him. 'If I do not the works of My Father, believe Me not. But if I do, though ye believe not Me, believe the works: that ye may know and believe, that the Father is in Me, and I in Him.' (John x. 37, 38.)

To meet the demand of the state of mind we have attempted to describe, is the design of an important treatise now before us; and it is peculiarly gratifying to find, that a man of such powers as its author has come forward to meet the emergency. Dr. Bushnell has been for many years known in America as an able and fearless speculator on theological questions; and, on account of some previous publications, has ranked rather among that dreaded class, 'the suspected.' This fact, while yielding little immediate comfort to himself, has brought him sympathy from those who are without, enlarged his sphere of observation, and given to his experience a greater depth. He is said to be the intimate friend and occasional guest of Theodore Parker, and we doubt not such intimacy has enabled him to discern the defects of the system of thought published by that brilliant and erratic genius, which in this book he so accurately examines and triumphantly overthrows. Men who stand afar off, gazing at infidelity from a safe distance, and only catching on their ear the multitudinous echoes of its boasting, are much more likely to be in terror of it, and feeble in opposition to it, than those who boldly walk up to it, calmly investigate it, and even sympathetically look upon its difficulties and test its consolations. There is danger in the process; but if the man

escapes without serious injury, the experience will be a lasting good to himself and the world. Dr. Bushnell's book has excited an amount of interest in America far beyond what is common. It fell like a thunderbolt upon the camp of the Rationalists, many of whom would no doubt turn upon its author with an '*Et tu, Brute.*' The first edition was immediately exhausted; only a stray copy of the second reached London; and we understand it is now in a fifth. But when we look into the book, we do not wonder at its speedy and wide-spread popularity. Independent of the known ability and eloquence of the author, the book is itself one of the most splendid contributions to theological science in our own or any age; and before we proceed in our general dissertation, we propose to give our readers a bird's-eye view of its scope and character. Its title, *Nature and the Supernatural, as together constituting the One System of God*, prepares us to expect that the author is not of the number of those who will succumb to the exclusive demands of physical science, or subject the high claims of religion to the dominion of any other authority. Let us hear his own purpose and aim.

'What I propose is simply this: to find a legitimate place for the supernatural in the system of God, and show it as a necessary part of the Divine system itself.....If I am successful, I shall make out an argument for the supernatural in Christianity which will save these two conditions:—First, the rigid unity of the system of God; secondly, the fact that every thing takes place under fixed laws. I shall make out a conception both of nature and of supernatural redemption by Jesus Christ, the incarnate Word of God, which exactly meets the magnificent outline view of God's universal plan given by the great apostle to the Gentiles:—"And He is before all things, and by Him" ["in Him," it should be] "all things consist." Christianity, in other words, is not an afterthought of God, but a forethought. It even antedates the world of nature, and is "before all things,"—before the foundation of the world. Instead of coming into the world as being no part of the system, or to interrupt and violate the system of things, they all consist, come together into system in Christ, as the centre of unity and the head of the universal plan. The world was made to include Christianity; under that becomes a proper and complete frame of order; to that crystallizes, in all its appointments, events, and experiences; in that has the design or final cause revealed, by which all its distribution, laws, and historic changes are determined and systematized.'—Page 31.

This is a sufficiently grand and ambitious aim, and we feel bound to say, that though the whole of what is here proposed has not been satisfactorily accomplished, yet our author's success

in his high and difficult attempt is great beyond our expectation. Having set forth his object, he proceeds in the second chapter to define his terms.

'Nature,' according to the definition, 'is that created realm of being or substance which has an acting, a going on, or process from within itself, under and by its own laws..... It is still to our scientific, separated from our religious, contemplation, a chain of causes and effects, or a scheme of orderly succession, determined from within the scheme itself.'—Page 36.

'That is supernatural, whatever it be, that is either not in the chain of natural cause and effect, or which acts on the chain of cause and effect, in nature, from without the chain.'—Page 37.

Thus, according to the Coleridgean definition, the natural corresponds with the necessary, traversed by the laws of causality; the supernatural corresponds with the free, transcending necessary law, and acting upon the natural externally from its own higher sphere. In this combination of things and powers the system of God consists, so that it is a blunder to speak of mere nature as that system, while consciousness, conscience, and revelation unite to proclaim that, outside of nature, a realm of free and accountable beings exists, having nature for their sphere of action, operating upon it and regulated by it, yet consciously superior to it. The same testimony is borne by the united voice of humanity in all lands and ages, in their mythologies and religious practices. But even within the realm of nature the analogue of the supernatural exists in the subordination of causes exhibited in inorganic and vital chemistry; while newly-discovered nature, according to the harmonious testimony of the ablest geologists, yields proof of supernatural action in the creation of new species, and, above all, of man. Taking, then, the combined utterance of these testimonies, we have God, men, various orders of angels, and devils, forming a system of powers apart from nature, and above it.

In the *fourth* chapter Dr. Bushnell treats of 'The Problem of Existence as related to the Fact of Evil,' and shows that, while God could have created a universe of things, in which, as subjected to necessary law, no discord with the Divine law could have arisen, yet the creation of powers involved in itself the possibility of such discord. 'Given the possibility of right, we have the possibility of wrong.' But he does not rest here, he argues that, the end of man's existence being the perfection of our liberty, the schooling of our choice, that we may be fully established in harmony with God's will and character, 'we must be set in conditions that invite consent, and treated also in a manner that invites the caprices of liberty;' adding, in respect to

human beings, 'It is a remarkable distinction, we have noted, that they are creatures perfectible only after they are made, while mere natural quantities and objects are perfect only as made.' (Page 99.) From all this it follows, in Dr. Bushnell's judgment, that evil is certain. His words are,—'Made organically perfect, set as full in God's harmony as they can be, in the mould of their constitution, surrounded by as many things as possible to allure them to ways of obedience, and keep them from the seductions of sin, we shall discover still that, given the fact of their begun existence, and their trial as persons or powers, they are in a condition privative, that involves their certain lapse into evil.' (Page 107.) We cannot stop to dwell upon this theory, and the sweeping manner in which our author applies it to all created moral beings. We regard this extreme mode of putting the matter not only as not justified by the reasonings he adduces, but as fatal to his fundamental conception of powers, and as an injurious excrescence on his system altogether unnecessary to his general argument; and we earnestly hope that no reader will be repelled by it from prosecuting the study of the volume.

In dealing with the 'Fact of Sin,' Dr. Bushnell shows that Naturalism generally ignores it; or, if its advocates use the term, they do not mean by it any act of man's will in opposition to the will of God; or that when such men as Mr. Parker stumble upon its right meaning, and speak of its hatefulness in terms of awful denunciation, they unanimously confound and controvert themselves: and he proceeds in a strain of solemn and resistless argument to exhibit sin as a supernatural fact,—no misdirection of nature, but the deed of man's will in opposition to God's law, as witnessed in the universal imputation of blame, the self-condemnation of conscience, the general 'shyness of God,' 'the malefactor aspect of man's conduct,' and the provision which, by family, social, and civil law and government, we make against wrong-doing. Another class of proofs is drawn from the exercise of forgiveness, which without sin were an absurdity; and from the depth of the tragic sentiment in human nature, which, if guilt were not real, would reduce its most harrowing scenes to the most ridiculous comedy.

Dr. Bushnell now comes to the 'Consequences of Sin,' showing how, through its action, all the laws of nature can be turned aside from their benevolent purposes, and converted into evil; and here he turns with great power against themselves the argument of the naturalists respecting the retributive action of those laws. It is not possible to read this chapter through without a shudder. Its stern truth and awful eloquence force us to

realize Milton's grand figure, what Dr. Bushnell proves to be only soberest fact:—

'Earth felt the wound; and nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
That all was lost.'

We shall give one illustration of the style in which he describes the disturbance introduced by sin into 'the crystalline order of the soul.'

'Give the fact of sin, the fact of a fatal breach in the normal state or constitutional order of the soul follows of necessity. And exactly this we shall see, if we look in upon its secret chambers, and watch the motions of sins in the confused ferment they raise,—the perceptions discoloured,—the judgments unable to hold their scales steadily because of the fierce gusts of passion,—the thoughts huddling by in crowds of wild suggestion,—the imagination haunted by ugly and disgusting shapes,—the appetites contesting with reason,—the senses victorious over faith,—anger blowing the over-heated fire of malice,—low jealousies sulking in dark angles of the soul, and envies baser still hiding under the skin of its green-mantled pools,—all the powers that should be strung in harmony loosened from each other, and brewing in hopeless and helpless confusion,—the conscience meantime thundering wrathfully above, and shooting down hot bolts of judgment, and the pallid fears hurrying wildly about with their brimstone torches—these are the motions of sin, the Tartarean landscape of the soul and its disorders when self-government is gone, and the constitutional integrity of the soul is dissolved. We cannot call it the natural state of man; nature disowns it. No one that looks in upon the ferment of its morbid, contesting, rasping, restive, uncontrollable action, can imagine, for a moment, that he looks upon the sweet primal order of life and nature. No name sufficiently describes it, unless we coin a name, and call it a condition of unnature.'—Pp. 172, 173.

We quote this passage, not for its elegance, (for in this respect it is perhaps the least attractive in the entire volume,) but for its startling presentation of the disorganizing results of sin in the soul. The argument is afterwards carried out through all the provinces of the human body, society, nations, and the lower creation, closing with a representation of the objects of unsightliness and disgust, as symbolically sympathizing with man's unnatural condition, and enabling him to gloss himself in their deformities. In this course, he marshals all the words beginning with *de* and *dis*,—as deformities, discords, disgusts, disorders, derangements, and many more,—as all representing things which sympathize with man, and are intended to 'correct his sins and train into God;' and as Addison hears the beautiful order of the heavens as a glorious voice, so this, says Dr. Bushnell,—

'is indeed the tremendous beauty of God ; and the strange wild jargon of the world, shattered thus by sin, becomes to us a mysterious transcendent hymn. Still it is deformity, jargon, death ; and the only winning side of it is, that it answers to our woe, and meets the want of our sin.'—Page 193.

Closely connected with this portion, is the chapter on the 'Anticipative Consequences of Sin,' in which our author takes us back through all the deformities and dislocations of the creation which preceded man, and regards them as all predictive of the facts of his transgression, and arranged in order to meet his abnormal condition. There is much beauty ; but, we suspect also, much of fancy, in this chapter. Many of the facts which he adduces might easily be referred to a very different cause ; and some are not really deformities at all, but only necessary parts of a progressive scheme. Enough had been said in the foregoing chapter to show, that nature is affected by the transgression of man, and, in many of its aspects, gives him back the reflection of his own guilty disorder.

We have now reached the point of man's unnature, and nature's sympathy with him ; and it is time to ask, Shall there be a restoration, and by what means shall it be effected ? Dr. Bushnell takes up this question in the eighth chapter, and shows with conclusive power that development cannot effect man's restoration ; but that whenever a people have been left to its operation, they have sunk and perished. Neither can it be accomplished by man's natural power. He has power to derange, but not to restore. It can only be realized as he is 'insphered in God,' breathed into by His influence, and submitting to receive His life.

But if God shall interfere for man's redemption, will He set aside nature and violate its laws, and will His own action be lawless ? Our author replies in the negative. He will act upon nature from above, and call its laws into operation toward his own intended results ; and His own action will ever be regulated by the high and unchangeable law of holiness. Miracles thus seen will be only the descent of power amongst the sequences and laws of the lower realm in accordance with a higher, even a *moral* law ; but the sublime unity of God's system will remain inviolate.

The need of the supernatural, Divine interposition to restore the disorders of sin being now shown, and its ministration as a rational possibility, the question of fact arises, Has God interposed ? This question is answered by presenting to view, first, the character of Jesus. This, Dr. Bushnell proves, 'forbids His possible classification with men ;' and that in a manner so con-

vincing, by an argument so reverent, holy, and eloquent, and rising into such a sustained epic grandeur, that we must not dare to indicate even the line of thought, lest we should mar it. If Dr. Bushnell had never written anything beyond this chapter of about fifty pages, he must in virtue of it alone take his place among the foremost writers in theology the world has seen. Others have attempted the same, but their attempts, though beautiful, are torsos; here at length is a complete work, standing alone in the finished grandeur of entireness and symmetry. Having set forth the life, which was in itself a system of supernatural powers, a full-orbed manifestation of the Divine, it is but a simple step to show, that He worked miracles, which appear, in relation to this grand miracle of Christianity, but 'as scintillations only of the central fire.' A chapter follows on the rarely observed but extraordinary adaptation of the system of Christianity to the accomplishment of its end, which he describes as 'water-marks in the Christian doctrine.' Another, on the supernatural government of the world in the interest of Christianity, proved from the current of human history, and from the religious experience of such men as Paul, Augustine, and others. It is very refreshing to a Christian mind to find, in a book like this, such a noble, manly statement of those deepest truths of our religion which find their home in the inner man of every child of God; to find them exhibited as facts, and with a fearless faith pressed on the attention not only of the theologian, but of the philosopher, showing that no philosophy is worthy of the name which does not include them among the bases of its speculation. Two chapters more close the work. The concluding one is an admirable summing up of what has been achieved, and a confident expression of the author's hope respecting the result, which we earnestly pray may be realized. But the chapter which will call forth the largest amount of controversy among Christians, is the *fourteenth*, in which Dr. Bushnell asserts, and endeavours to prove, that 'miracles and supernatural gifts are not discontinued.' We feel as much of difficulty as he does in fixing a time when such gifts ceased. We know that the subject perplexes many minds; yet, not being of sufficient importance, soon takes its place in the background, among the shadowy things which we do not care to determine. Those who have read the two sides of the question between Dr. Middleton and Mr. Wesley, respecting the ecclesiastical miracles of the earlier centuries, have generally experienced a suspense of mind as the consequence; and those who have read Dr. Newman's two treatises on the subject *pro* and *con*, the result of different stages of his thought, have not been much better

satisfied; while no higher certainty has been obtained by those who have inquired among the records of Christian antiquity. The utmost we can say of this chapter of Dr. Bushnell's is, that the case is 'not proven.' We regret that it has appeared in the volume, as it in some measure mars its whole impression; and we fear some foolish people, who fancy they are great logicians, will think the author but a dreamer, and seem very wise in using the old argument about the chain being no stronger than its weakest link. We are happy to inform our readers, that it is not a link of the chain at all; that the chapter can be dropped out of the argument without the least detriment to its perfection,—rather, indeed, with advantage. It is simply an excrescence on a vigorous growth, thrown off in the exuberance of life. For ourselves, we prefer the language of the profound Augustine in one of his higher moods. 'Since the establishment of the Church, God does not wish to perpetuate miracles even to our day, lest the mind should put its trust in visible signs, or grow cold at the sight of common marvels.' Yet would we not limit the Holy One of Israel. God alone is the Judge of the time and the circumstances which may warrant His coming forth in supernatural manifestation; and in His hands we can safely leave it.

If our purpose had been only to review Dr. Bushnell's book, we should have given a much fuller analysis of its contents, and rigorously examined them as we proceeded; but, as we prefer that our readers should know the work for themselves, and as our object is of a more positive and general character, we dismiss the work by recording our deliberate judgment, that, though on more points than we have indicated we should see it needful to differ from our author, yet its blemishes are as spots on the sun in comparison with the pre-eminent force and beauty of the treatise; and that Dr. Bushnell has accomplished a work on behalf of our common Christianity not surpassed in the history of Christian apologetics. Its influence on the pulpit, in curbing and ultimately destroying the naturalism which has so long reigned there unsuspected, cannot fail to be great, if ministers will but devote themselves to its careful and serious study.

We must now proceed to our main object, which is to show, in opposition to the tendencies we have been describing, the nature and credibility of the miracles of Scripture, and their relation to the Christian faith.

In treating of their nature, we are bound to keep as closely as possible to the account given, and the terms by which they are denoted, in the Scriptures. The term in common use comes

from the Latin *miraculum*, which, however, exhibits the works in their lowest aspect. The terms used to denote them in Scripture are, *teras*, 'a wonder,' corresponding with 'miracle;' *σημειον*, 'a sign;' *δυναμις*, 'power;' and on one occasion, when the people were retiring from the presence of Christ, they said, in reference to what they had witnessed, 'We have seen' *παράδοξα*, 'paradoxes,' 'strange things to-day.' (Luke v. 26.) Christ used another word, which was peculiarly appropriate in His lips, *εργα*, 'works.' They might be wonders, signs, powers, and paradoxes, to men; to Him they were simply His own works, no wonders or strange things at all. Following still the guidance of the Scriptures, we would define a miracle as *a sensible, supernatural, and superhuman fact, witnessing to a messenger or his message, and in character harmonizing with the message.* We think this will be sufficient for all purposes; and if we can show that such facts are possible, and have taken place, we shall have accomplished what was intended.

First, then, a miracle must be a *sensible* fact. We are not about to speak of opinions, or of dreams, or of visions in which the seer is not quite certain whether he is asleep or awake; but of works performed before the waking senses of man, works which come out within the sphere of the sense, however deeply their roots may lie in the invisible.

Secondly. They are *supernatural*. By this we mean something not according to the usual, observed, and understood processes and sequences of nature. It is not according to these that a dead man arises, that a man born blind is suddenly cured with clay and spittle, or that a man lame from his mother's womb leaps and walks when a few words are spoken to him. There is something here not according to ordinary sequences. It is true we are told of the constancy of Nature, and are warned not to think that there can be any suspension of her laws; and the man of science stands by to remind us of our ignorance of the laws of nature, and to guard us against the impropriety of supposing, in our ignorance, that there can be anything supernatural at all. Now we are quite willing to concede the whole, if he will show us in operation the laws by which those things have been done; if he will walk for us on the water, and still the tempest by his command, raise up the fevered by his touch, and restore the purity of the leper's blood. But if he cannot do these things, or expound those laws of nature by which they are done, what is all his fine-spun theory but an impudent assumption, based upon an ignorance as profound as ours? We do not know all the laws of nature, neither does he. We do not deny that these works may be in accordance with

laws of which we are ignorant ; but we do not see the wisdom of positively asserting that they are. We only content ourselves with saying that they are not according to what we have known and observed ; and our advancing science, of whose power to dispel our delusions we hear so much, seems not to have got any nearer to an interpretation of them, than the 'no-science' of two thousand years ago. But if our man of science does not know all the laws of nature, if, after observing a few sequences, and rising to some higher cause, his knowledge ceases, is he in a condition to assert that he knows that all proceeds above that point with the same undeviating regularity of natural cause and effect, and that nowhere does an agency above nature touch the springs of that nature, and produce these results ? If man may interfere with results and alter the processes of nature by introducing some new chemical element, is God so restricted that He cannot do the same ? If man may take the stone which nature would allow to lie for ever upon the ground, and by a force above nature, though working through its laws, hurl it on high ; if even a child can suspend by its vital force the action of the law of gravitation on the toy which it holds in its tiny hand, and which in the absence of its grasp that law would draw to the earth, is God to be denied the power of thus acting upon the nature He has constituted ? In lifting and hurling the stone, man acts upon it as Nature in her ordinary processes never could ; but, immediately on its leaving his grasp, his will has lost its control over it, and it returns to the control of Nature again ; it observes the very curve assigned to it by the united influence of the law of gravitation and the force of impulsion, and falls in the very spot which is predetermined by the Author of nature in the laws which He has ordained. So also, in the raising of a man from the dead, there is the process of a momentary suspension : corruption is doing its work upon him,—but the word comes, life enters in, it arrests the process of decay, and the organism which was fast passing to dissolution rises into a vigorous body through the introduction of the new power : yet the power acts upon the whole according to the laws of a vital chemistry. There is a suspension of the previous process by the incoming of the new life ; but the moment it comes, all flows on again in the usual order of natural sequence. The miracle is no permanent violation of the law. It is but the introduction, at a certain point, of a power above nature, which sets nature at work toward another result upon the same subject.

Are we, however, to hold, with some who have the fear of science before their eyes, that we must not say a miracle is

contrary to nature, but only above the commonly observed sequences of natural law, yet operated by some higher natural law which we know not? In certain aspects, the controversy about whether we should say *above*, *beyond*, or *contrary to* nature, is simply amusing, as very much a strife of words; but in others, it is serious. If it is meant, that nature—the realm of the necessary sequence of cause and effect—is all-inclusive, then we protest with all energy against this view of nature; for man's will is bound in no such laws, and nature is not, therefore, all-inclusive. But if it means simply what we have denoted, exclusive of all free beings, then we maintain that things are constantly done in it by man's interference contrary to what would take place if Nature were left to herself. Dean Trench, in his otherwise admirable book, has, with characteristic defect of speculative power, hinted at the existence of two natures. Arguing against miracles being counted unnatural, he says, 'So far from this, the true miracle is an higher and a purer nature, coming down out of the world of untroubled harmonies into this world of ours, which so many discords have jarred and disturbed, and bringing this back again, though it be but for one prophetic moment, into harmony with that higher. The healing of the sick can in no way be termed "against nature," seeing that the sickness which was healed was against the true nature of man,—that it is sickness which is abnormal, and not health. The healing is the restoration of the primitive-order.'* Now this is very beautiful as poetry; but we certainly are not able to see how it serves the end for which it is advanced. The fiction of two natures is introduced for the purpose of warning us not to speak of miracles as *violations* of natural law, lest Spinoza may be too strong for us; but, as a pure fiction, it has no value. Then we are informed, notwithstanding the warning, that there are such violations; for 'the sickness which was healed was *against* the true nature of man;' and we are further, on this principle, obliged to believe, that the violations of law are much more frequent than the restorations, inasmuch as the cases of sickness—and they are all 'abnormal'—are, on all hands, confessed to be much more frequent than the cases of miraculous restoration. Two natures are thus brought before us: one, a 'true nature;' the other, of course, a 'false nature;' and these are contrary the one to the other. One is tempted to ask, Whence do they both come? If from God, what has the Christian argument gained against Spinoza? Has it not grievously lost by this cumbrous mechanism of contradictory

* *Notes on the Miracles*, p. 15.

natures? How much wiser to cling to the old method, and assert God's right to interfere with the nature which He has made, when it shall appear for the interest of His moral creatures, whose sphere of being and action that nature is!

While we are engaged on this subject of nature, it is interesting and even monitory to observe how man's knowledge and power in relation to it exist in a curious inverse ratio. Lord Bacon said, 'Knowledge is power,' and ever since his time man, following his method, has been contradicting his apophthegm. He has extended his knowledge into various regions. He has measured the orbits of the planets, watched the eccentric motions of the comet's fiery wheel, weighed the earth in his balances, and asserted the power of his science to predict the return of the eccentric visitor, and to determine the amount of perturbation produced by the neighbourhood of one orb to another; and he has even made grand discoveries by watching such perturbations. Yet all this is unaccompanied by the least power over the things he knows so exactly. He cannot bid them change or move. All move without him, whether he wills or not; he knows, and that is all. Meanwhile, among those sequences of nature where he might be able to introduce new causes, and thus deflect the action of natural forces towards a different result, knowledge is often wanting. In cases where his own health, or that of those dear to him, might be secured by the employment of power which is in his hands, his knowledge falls short, and leaves him helpless still. When he is in the full pride of knowledge, he feels his littleness cannot grasp the sceptre; and when the elements of power are subjected to him, then his knowledge forsakes him, and the secret is still hidden. Is not all this arranged as if God through it should say to him, 'Cease, my child, to pride thyself on thy great acquirements and mighty powers. I have placed thee in the midst of this universe of Mine to teach thee humility,—to bring thee to know thyself and the limits of thy strength. Look to the heavens, and admire their beautiful order; but learn, too, that the stars in their courses know not thy control. Look upon thyself, observe the strange complications of thy manifold nature, sway thy sceptre too over the powers and elements of nature around thee; yet learn, that when thy trial comes, and the blast falls upon thee, thy power is helplessness; and let all this train thy soul to acknowledge in Me thy wisdom and thy strength.' And yet the vain creature presumes to think, that he can fix the limits of the Divine action, when his knowledge and his power are alike as nothingness.

But we call Nature herself to witness that her sequences have

been frequently interfered with,—that new productions have come forth, and new laws and processes have been called into being. Ask the geologist what witnesses he has found in the rocks, and he will tell you, that he has gone down in his search to the foundations of the earth, where the igneous rocks have warned him that he had reached primeval creation; and in his upward journey he has met with mosses, and ferns, and palms, and higher vegetable productions; each of which, as standing at the head of a species, he is bound to regard as having been brought into existence separately and independently. Ascending higher still, he has discovered various forms of animal life, higher and lower; and he confesses, that he knew no other rational and scientific way of accounting for their existence, than that of a new creation,—the action of a power above nature bringing them into nature. Ask him, if 'development' is not equal to the production of these forms? and if he is a man of science, (not a sciologist,) he will tell you, that he knows not the voice of this stranger; that some of his weaker brethren have gone after him, and have been led into sad follies; but that in all his scientific observations he has never known the occurrence of the transition from one of these forms of life to another, he has never witnessed the operation, and the earth has disclosed to him no case in which it was progressing or performed. He will tell you, that this same development is an unblushing intruder into the domain of science, unlicensed and unrecognized. Such is the united voice of all the most eminent in geology and its kindred sciences; and if these new formations exist, and if no known powers or laws with which science deals can offer or suggest a cause of their existence, what remains, but that we refer them to the action of a power above nature, bringing them into existence at a fitting time for the accomplishment of their purpose in its system?*

The production of man upon the earth is the greatest witness for the action of the supernatural upon nature. It is admitted on all hands, that he is the latest, or one of the latest animals. How he came, science knows not; but that he did not come in

* Let us hear a word, on the subject of development, from one who himself has won scientific laurels. 'All the great living and recently deceased masters of physical science reject it. Does it appeal to anatomy and physiology? Cuvier, Owen, and Carpenter cry out against it. Does it evoke the aid of chemistry? Berzelius, Turner, and Liebig see its shallowness. Does it call on zoology for aid? Agassiz and Ehrenberg can refute its claims. Does it search the archives of geology for support? Sedgwick, Miller, Lyell, and D'Orbigny can show how certainly they will fail there. Or, finally, does it appeal to botany? Hooker and Lindley, Torrey and Gray, know that it will certainly glean nothing to sustain it in that flowery field. The fact is, it is only here and there that a second-rate naturalist will sympathize at all with such dreamy views.'—*Dr. E. Hitchcock in Bibliotheca Sacra*, vol. xi, p. 789. 1854.

the ordinary way, is absolutely certain. If he came full-grown, then there was a miracle. If he did not come full-grown, but as a baby, then his nursing must have been miraculous; for we have never heard of a beast that could be safely intrusted with the care of a human infant: and if such a beast did exist, it was itself a miracle; for it stands out contrary to all the known laws of the nature of such creatures. But why waste time with this? Only the most egregious half-knowledge and vacuity combined have ever resorted to such suppositions; and unless they are true, the supernatural has been. Science is found to acknowledge it; and we only ask, 'Why not confess that it might appear again, and assume other forms?'

A favourite form of illustrating the occurrence of the miraculous according to some higher law of nature, is that brought into notice by Mr. Babbage, founded upon his calculating engine. This instrument is so arranged, that it will count by successive units until it has reached the vast number of one hundred millions and one, when a new law comes into operation, which continues for a lengthened series, and finally gives place to another and another. Now if this is meant simply to illustrate the fact that variations may occur without permanently disturbing the sequences of nature, we may accept it for what it is worth. But if it is intended (as it is sometimes employed) to illustrate the manner in which the universe is arranged from the beginning for the production of so called miracles, then we affirm, that a more strangely destructive illustration has never been used; for it cannot be shown that any such thing has ever taken place in God's economy, as Mr. Babbage shows to take place in his engine. So far as we can know, the same laws are still in operation which existed from the beginning,—there is no change. But the movement of Mr. Babbage's machine produces a change of law,—a change so far permanent that the old never returns; and if the new fails, it is for some law still more distant from the old. In fact, the only law which permanently governs it is a law of change. Surely no maintainer of miracles as against natural law has ever thought of anything so destructive to science, or so revolutionary of law, as this. But we altogether protest against this mechanical view. It is a piece of the old Naturalism, which makes God no more than a skilful machinist, who constructs a very large and ingenious engine, and, having set it in motion, stands aside to see it grind out ordinary occurrences and occasional miracles. This theory will not satisfy either our judgment or our affections. Our hearts cry out for 'the living God;' for a God who is not less but more than His own creature; for a Ruler

whose administration is a present power, and who can suspend, adapt, or modify at will that constitution of nature which He has been pleased to give. This view does not disturb the order of the world; it does not interfere in permanence with the beautiful and harmonious adjustment of forces and laws; while at the same time it preserves us from the other error of binding up the Divine Being in the chains of His own stereotyped unalterable system,—a system in which there is no place reserved for Himself, no sphere for the further and constant operation of His character and will.

We come now to the third distinction: a miracle is *super-human*. This does not require much elaboration; as, whether we admit the existence of a miracle or not, we agree that it must be something beyond human power to effect. But we make the remark lest any should fancy that, because man can come in with his action upon the processes of nature, from without and from above, he can therefore perform a miracle. We agree with Dr. Bushnell, that man acts supernaturally on nature; and we have used his action as an illustration, but without the most remote intention of regarding his power as miraculous.

As to the close of our definition, that a miracle witnesses to a messenger or his message, and in character harmonizes with the message, we have it also from the Scriptures. When Moses was commanded to appear before Pharaoh, he expressed his doubt whether Pharaoh would believe; and God gave him a sign by changing his rod into a serpent, which he should repeat before the King. (Exod. iv. 1-3.) Pharaoh demanded a miracle as evidence that he had a Divine commission, and he worked it. (Exod. vii. 9, 10.) Miracles were the expected accompaniments of a messenger of God; and hence we find in Deut. xiii. 1-5, and xviii. 20 22, God specifies the *criteria* by which such works should be judged. Elijah placed the great controversy between God and Baal upon the issue of a miracle. (1 Kings xviii. 21-39.) And a greater than all these, the Lord Jesus Himself, rests His claims to our belief upon the same ground. When John's disciples came to Him to inquire, 'Art thou He that should come, or look we for another?' His reply was in deeds. 'And in the same hour He cured many of their infirmities and plagues, and of evil spirits; and unto many that were blind He gave sight. Then Jesus answering said unto them, Go your way, and tell John what ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the Gospel is preached. And blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Me.' (Luke vii. 21-23.)

And when subsequently addressing the unbelieving Jews on a critical occasion, He said, 'If I do not the works of My Father, believe Me not. But if I do, though ye believe not Me, believe the works: that ye may know, and believe, that the Father is in Me, and I in Him.' (John x. 37, 38.) It has lately become fashionable in certain quarters to say, that Christ Himself made no account of miracles, nay, even made light of them, and rather directed men's minds to spiritual truths. This belongs to that class of misrepresentations which have much currency, because they look so like the truth. It is true that Jesus did rebuke the vulgar longing for wonders, when He said, 'Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe.' (John iv. 48.) But the reader will see that this was in Galilee, after His return from Jerusalem, when the fame of His mighty works at the capital had gone before Him, and a nobleman came to ask Him to heal his son. The last time Jesus had appeared near to Cana, where He then was, His townsmen had cast Him out. Now Galilee was ready to receive Him for the sake of His mighty works, though previously it had rejected Him when He only spoke blessed words. The occasion demanded a severe rebuke to those who only looked upon a miracle as a mere exertion of power. When the Jews asked a sign from heaven, He gave no heed to their demand. It was not His design to show them something which would make them stare with astonishment, but which had no character in harmony with His office and work. Such a taste for miracles as wished them separated from truth, or which looked for them as mere wonders in the sky, Christ did make light of. He came not into the world to gratify, but to save it. His test was, 'If I do not the works of My Father, believe Me not;' and this test involves miracles, but such as should be recognised as the works of His Father. Miracles, then, as we view them, are witnesses to the claims of a messenger. Of the accordance of Christ's miracles with His message, we shall treat toward the close.

The credibility of miracles now demands our attention. To those who were spectators of the events, nothing more was necessary than to satisfy themselves that they were not deceived, that no imposition had been practised upon them; and in most cases of the Gospel miracles this would be no difficult task. But for those who live at a later time, the belief in miracles must depend upon credible testimony. Here, however, we are encountered at the outset by what scepticism has regarded, ever since its invention, as an argument of invincible force. In Mr. Hume's *Essay on Miracles*, he arrays our experience of the constancy of nature's phenomena against our belief in miracles,

by an argument which may be thus summarily expressed:—‘We have experience of the constancy and regularity of the sequences of nature, but we have not equal experience of the truthfulness of man. Whether is it more probable, that the course of nature should be altered, or that man should tell a lie?’ And Mr. Hume regards it as more probable that men should lie. Many answers have been given to this celebrated argument; but though it has been often refuted, it has a marvellous vitality. Mr. Hume’s use of the term ‘experience’ is rather sophistical. If he meant *universal* experience, then his argument is a *petitio principii*; for it assumes the point in debate. But it is contradicted by all witnesses of miracles, who say, that their experience is that nature’s constancy has been violated. If he meant *his own* experience, then he must have been present in all times and countries; he must have seen all forces in operation, and must have known all the laws which controlled them; or even, on his own showing, when referring to the people of India disbelieving in the existence of ice, he ‘cannot reasonably be positive.’ And if he meant that miracles are contrary to *general* experience, it is not denied. But it proves nothing; for if ninety men protested that they had never seen a miracle, and ten men protested that they had, the evidence of the ninety would be of no avail against the ten, unless they had equal opportunity of being present in the same place, and of seeing and judging; for nothing is contrary to the experience of any one, unless he has had the opportunity of experience where others had, and has failed to realize the same. But another reply has occurred to us. How did Mr. Hume collect this general experience? It was not his own; he had not been able to collect it in person from all men; and even if he had, it is still but matter of testimony; and as he had not, much of it must be, of course, testimony at second, or third, or thousandth hand, and therefore liable, in various degrees, to the same failure of truthfulness with all other testimony. So that the argument is at length reduced to a conflict of testimonies, Mr. Hume’s own experience being the ultimate determinant; and as his experience was that men are sadly given to lying, we do not see how it will greatly assist the decision; we rather think it destroys the whole force of his reasoning. Apply it to the following. ‘It is experience only,’ he tells us, ‘which gives authority to human testimony; and it is the same experience which assures us of the laws of nature. When, therefore, these two kinds of experience are contrary, we have nothing to do but subtract the one from the other, and we have an opinion either on one side or the other, with that assurance which arises from the remainder.’ But according to the

principle here explained, this subtraction with regard to all popular religions amounts to an entire annihilation; and therefore we may establish it as a maxim, that no human testimony can have such force as to prove a miracle, and make it a just foundation for any system of religion.' But where is the force of this conclusion, if it is all in the end an experience of human testimony? It is only, however, to miracles wrought in support that Mr. Hume objects. On this subject he is very explicit. 'I beg the limitations here made may be remarked, when I say that a miracle can never be proved so as to be the foundation of a system of religion.' He acknowledges 'that otherwise there may possibly be miracles, or violations of the usual course of nature, of such a kind as to admit of proof from human testimony;' and furnishes the following illustration: 'Thus, suppose all authors, in all languages, agree, that from the 1st of January, 1600, there was a total darkness over the whole earth for eight days. Suppose that the tradition of this extraordinary event is still strong and lively among the people; that all travellers who return from foreign countries bring us accounts of the same tradition, without the least variation or contradiction. It is evident that our present philosophers, instead of doubting the fact, ought to receive it as certain, and ought to search for the causes whence it might be derived. The decay, corruption, and dissolution of nature is an event rendered probable by so many analogies, that any phenomenon which seems to have a tendency towards that catastrophe comes within the reach of human testimony, if that testimony be very extensive and uniform.'

Mr. Hume had evidently a great love for the vast. The whole world must be affected, and all men must testify. This might be sufficient to satisfy any man. But we cannot see why the satisfaction should be diminished if it were a current part of the report, that the darkness occurred in obedience to the voice of a prophet, and in attestation of a certain religious truth. It seems difficult to understand in what manner that additional fact could operate to the rejection of the whole; and one is led to suspect, that an abhorrence of everything savouring of religion had more to do with Mr. Hume's rejection of miracles than any defect of evidence.

Again; we think that, with the single exception of the universality both of the miracle and the testimony, we can produce stronger evidence for the miracles of Scripture than that which, in this non-religious and quite aimless and purposeless wonder, would be sufficient to satisfy Mr. Hume. We preface our arguments by the common-sense and masterly reply of Dr. Paley:—

'But the short consideration which, independently of every other, convinces me that there is no solid foundation in Mr. Hume's conclusion, is the following: When a theorem is proposed to a mathematician, the first he does with it is to try it upon a simple case; and if it produce a false result, he is sure that there must be some mistake in the demonstration. Now, to proceed in this way with what may be called Mr. Hume's theorem. If twelve men, whose probity and good sense I had long known, should seriously and circumstantially relate to me an account of a miracle wrought before their eyes, and in which it was impossible that they should be deceived; if the governor of the country, hearing a rumour of the account, should call these men into his presence, and offer them a short proposal, either to confess the imposture, or submit to be tied up to a gibbet: if they should refuse with one voice to acknowledge that there existed any falsehood or imposture in the case; if this threat were communicated to them separately, yet with no different effect; if it was at last executed; if I myself saw them, one after another, consenting to be racked, burnt, or strangled, rather than give up the truth of their account;—still, if Mr. Hume's rule be my guide, I am not to believe them. Now I undertake to say, that there is not a sceptic in the world who would not believe them, or who would defend such incredulity.'

Now this is just the case of the apostles of the Lord Jesus, but put in its weakest form, except as appealing to an eyewitness of their suffering testimony. Let the miracle be the resurrection of Christ from the dead,—the great foundation-miracle of Christianity. It was a sensible event, in which it was impossible for these men to be mistaken. They had been for a number of years with Jesus, and knew Him thoroughly. He had been crucified before their eyes, and pronounced dead by those whose duty it was to ascertain the fact, and who were His enemies. He had been buried by secret disciples; but care was taken that no one should steal his body, and that no imposture should result: the governor's seal, and a Roman guard, secure us against such imposture. His disciples did not expect His resurrection, their hopes were utterly stricken down by His death; so that, when intelligence of the fact that He was risen reached them, they were astonished and confounded; even the very joy of many when they saw Him produced that trembling anxiety of doubt which hangs over the mind in the presence of some great and unexpected good. He visited and abode with them for the space of forty days; and then, according to their testimony, was taken up before their eyes into heaven. It was no vision of a moment, which immediately departed when they had cleared their sight; but in their belief—and they had abundant opportunity of testing it—a real, substantial resurrection of their Lord and Master. This was their position in relation to

it. If they were deceived, they were self-deceived; they could not fail to be conscious of it: they were even the most self-conscious self-deceivers that ever existed.

Now let us look on the other part of the evidence. Those men who, during the life of their Master and His residence with them, were so timid, and irresolute, and ignorant, all at once became bold and enlightened. Ten days after He was taken away from them, they proclaimed His resurrection in the very city where it had occurred; they proclaimed it as a demonstration of His Messiahship: they were brought before the Sanhedrim which condemned Him, were charged not to speak in His name, were scourged, imprisoned, threatened; and yet still they desisted not; but daily, and with all publicity, and for many years, until most of them died as martyrs to their testimony, they continued. The testimony was borne clearly, emphatically, with the most entire harmony; there was no retraction, not a renegade in their ranks. It brought them no honour, no wealth, no comfort, no human estimation. They were, as the result of their position in relation to this testimony, devoted to unparalleled labours and privations, to sufferings and to death. Is Dryden's question inappropriate here?

‘How or why

Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?

Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,

Starving their gains, and martyrdom their price.’

Does not the altogether singular conduct of these men more command our faith in their truthfulness, than the contrariety to experience of the fact to which they testified restrains it?

Nor is this all. These men, in whom a very singular miracle is wrought to make them what they became, were never encountered by a single opposing testimony. If such could have been produced, it would. The Sanhedrim felt the necessity of silencing them. They knew whereto this belief would tend: ‘Ye intend to bring this Man's blood upon us.’ They saw that if Jesus had risen, they were murderers,—murderers of the Messiah, and, therefore, the vilest of miscreants. This was a sufficient motive to lead them to get up a contrary testimony; and if Christ's body was not risen, but stolen, or in their hands, it was easy. If they had the body, why not produce it, and confound the liars? If it were stolen, why not produce the evidence of the fact, and confront the robbers? But they did no such thing. Could anything more fully declare, that the testimony of the disciples was incapable of refutation? The Sanhedrim did not decline to confute, because the thing was

trifling,—they felt it otherwise,—nor yet because the report (as Mr. Hume insinuates) soon ceased of itself, or became ineffective; for it was preached through all Jerusalem, and made thousands of converts. Its importance was felt; and that it was so, is proved by the rigour of the persecution against it. What can we conclude, but that its irresistible truth was felt, when it proceeded without a show of contradiction from those whose whole interest was involved in proving it false? Thus, its first and greatest enemies, bound by their position, their fame, their character, and their interest, to prove its falsehood, virtually testify to its truth by their silence; and in every punishment inflicted on its maintainers proclaim aloud their utter incompetence to produce a witness against it. Is there not a miracle wrought in these men too, such as might lead Mr. Hume to conclude, that they were acting in direct contrariety to all we know of the principles of human nature? Is not the miracle of the resurrection itself as easy of belief as the miracles wrought in these two classes of men, supposing it had not taken place?

Again: the disciples not only preached this fact in Jerusalem, and throughout Asia Minor, and many portions of Europe, without ever meeting a contradiction, but also published, within the lives of that generation, a number of narratives of Christ's life, filled with accounts of supernatural works wrought by Him in public. These accounts, given independently, are characterized by a marked substantial agreement. Their apparent discrepancies have all been satisfactorily reconciled; while the existence of such discrepancies is itself a proof of genuineness, as it evinces independence, and forbids the supposition of collusion. In these narratives, He is represented as pointing to these works in evidence of His high claims; men are represented as believing in consequence of them, that He was 'a Teacher come from God,' and also 'that great Prophet that should come into the world;' and His enemies are represented as repeatedly acknowledging the reality of His miraculous works, either in controversy with Himself, when they ascribed them to the power of Beelzebub, or in stirring each other up to take away His life. But though these books were published among them, there never was an attempt at refutation. And subsequently, even when Christianity had, in a great measure, conquered the then civilized world, and arguments were used against it by some of the most acute and able adversaries Heathenism could furnish, they had no contemporary contradiction to advance. Celsus and Porphyry, while sometimes denying the supernatural accounts, and always trying, with bitter reviling, to make them appear false, are both compelled to acknowledge their

reality, but ascribe them, with the late Jews, to magic. Hierocles, the governor of Bithynia, under Diocletian, about A.D. 300, wrote against Christianity; but, incapable of denying these works, opposed to them the fictitious works of Apollonius; and, when he could not thus accomplish the perversion of the Christians, incited his master to persecute them. Jamblichus published the life of Pythagoras, eight hundred years after that philosopher's life had ended, setting off its reports of wonderful works against those of Christ. What can be more satisfactory than these tacit testimonies, where every feeling which led the men to write would have led them to overthrow if they had the power? Is this not evidence worthy of belief, that a few poor, trembling men should become suddenly inspired with unwonted knowledge and courage, preach and publish these truths which reflected upon enemies in power, leaving everywhere thousands of converts to suffer and die for the truth of their testimony; and, through all the centuries when their testimony could have been contradicted, if false, should have it positively believed or tacitly admitted? Assuredly, when friends and enemies, alike against their own interests, proclaim or admit the facts upon which depended a revolution in the religious thought of the world, we have an amount and character of evidence superior far to Mr. Hume's supposed consent of all writers of all countries to a fact of no human interest whatever, and where no motive existed to produce contradiction.

But we rest not merely on all this. We have, over and above, the existence of that Christianity, whose foundation was laid in these works. This is the witness, to the present day, of the truth of the history from which we have drawn, and the satisfactoriness of which no intelligent and honourable sceptic can resist. The story at which Mr. Hume would sneer, won its way. Its preachers, unlearned and unarmed, without the sustenance of any human power, and giving themselves up to labours, dangers, and death, won for it a place in the belief of men. It grew and spread. Ancient religions were displaced by it, and disappeared. Proud philosophies, after attempts to modify, that they may more successfully oppose its progress, are compelled to pass into oblivion. The mightiest empire the world has seen, after using all the resources of its power for centuries to crush this humanly-unsupported thing, itself succumbs, and the banner of the cross floats over the armies of Rome. And now, wherever intelligence spreads, and science is cultivated, and progress realized, the religion which reposes upon these facts is the highest thought of the loftiest minds, and the one inspiring impulse of the noblest and most beneficent

deeds. How is this? The miracle of the resurrection, or any or all of the Gospel miracles together, is but a trifling contradiction to experience in comparison with this, if truth and Divine power had not accomplished it. That men should, at the bidding of a few fanatical impostors, abandon their most sacred convictions, leave their most cherished vices, surrender their dearest pleasures, render themselves obnoxious to punishment and death, resign their hopes of the present, and look for their reward only in the future; that this should be done, not only by the outcast, and poor, and ignorant, but by the thoughtful, the learned, the men of imperial intellect, the judge, the warrior, and the prince, until the most sagacious of emperors felt that, whatever its numerical position, Christianity was the greatest power in the empire, and on its universal adoption depended the integrity and stability of the Roman greatness:—these are facts incomparably more wonderful than the original facts to which the preachers of Christianity witnessed. The man who, with this evidence before him, hesitates to receive the witness to the miracles of Jesus Christ, is either wanting in candid consideration, or in those faculties which are essential to the true belief in anything beyond the evidence of his senses.

Having now treated of the nature and credibility of the miracles of the New Testament, it is time we should turn our thoughts to their relations to the Christian faith. And here a question of extraordinary interest, which we cannot pass by, meets us on the threshold. Are all works which are sensible, supernatural, and superhuman, to be regarded as Divine; or are the terms which are used throughout the Scriptures to designate the works of God used also to designate other works, not God's? It is well known that reports of miraculous events are among the commonplaces of the religions of mankind; and it is well known also, that many divines have been afraid of admitting that any work could wear to man the appearance of a miracle, and have a real character, if it were not Divine; and therefore they have defined a miracle to be 'a Divine work,' and have excluded all other things, however attested, as juggleries, or impositions on sense. Perhaps, indeed, this is at present the current belief. When such a man as Dr. Wardlaw could teach his students to the close of life what appears on this subject in his posthumously published *Systematic Theology*, we may expect that the general sentiment will not be much higher, or more courageous. But the Scriptures are more fearless than the theologians; and though many, and those among the highest, are on the other side, it must be confessed that Dr. Wardlaw was in the majority. If, then, we take the Scriptures

for our guide, (and we are addressing those who do,) we find that they distinctly admit the possibility of the signs of an idolatrous prophet coming to pass. Let us look at Deut. xiii. 1-5: 'If there arise among you a prophet, or a dreamer of dreams, and giveth thee a sign or a wonder; and the sign or the wonder come to pass, whereof he spake unto thee, saying, Let us go after other gods, which thou hast not known, and let us serve them: thou shalt not hearken unto the words of that prophet, or that dreamer of dreams: for the Lord your God proveth you, to know whether ye love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul.' The sequel shows that that prophet should be put to death, who could turn them away from Him who had brought them up out of the land of Egypt; and by the series of miracles of deliverance which He had wrought, and by the holy teaching He had imparted in connexion with them, had established His right to an unreserved and unwavering loyalty to Himself. Dr. Wardlaw tries to show that the *criterion* laid down in Deut. xviii. 21, 22, is a decided negative to the belief that any such sign could come to pass. But this is to make the passages contradictory, and therefore affords but little relief. A careful examination of the latter passage will show how hastily and inaccurately he judged. 'But the prophet that shall presume to speak a word in My name, which I have not commanded him to speak, or that shall speak in the name of other gods, even that prophet shall die.' And if thou say in thine heart, How shall we know the word which the Lord hath not spoken? When a prophet speaketh in the name of the Lord, if the thing follow not, nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken, but the prophet hath spoken it presumptuously: thou shalt not be afraid of him.' The discrimination is now very simple. They did not need to be told how to judge of the prophet who said, 'Let us go after strange gods,' even though his sign should come to pass: they had one infallible criterion in his idolatrous teaching. But if a man came in the name of the Lord, how were they to know he was not authorized? God tells them, the criterion was,—the thing (or sign) would not come to pass. If God had not authorized the man who came to speak in His name, He would withhold the power, so that the pretence of using that name should not deceive them. Does not this clearly show, that the latter passage treats of a different character of messenger from the former? and does not their union show in still clearer light, that God indicates that the signs of those false prophets should come to pass; so that the only safeguard of the people lay in their power of discriminating by the false doctrine which accompanied it?

The works of the Egyptian magicians fall to be considered here. They are recorded in Exodus, chapters vii. and viii., and if we are willing to take the words of Scripture as authority, they were imitations of the works of Moses or Aaron. When his rod became a serpent, 'they also did in like manner with their enchantments,' (vii. 11.) 'When he made the water of the Nile to become blood throughout all the land, so that the people dug in the neighbourhood of the river for water to drink; they did so with their enchantments.' (vii. 22.) When Aaron stretched out his rod, and frogs came up and covered the land of Egypt, 'the magicians did so with their enchantments, and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt.' (viii. 6, 7.) And when 'Aaron stretched out his rod, and smote the dust of the earth, and it became lice [gnats] on man and beast;' 'the magicians did so with their enchantments to bring forth gnats, but they could not.' Here they failed, notwithstanding their enchantments; but does not the record of their failure, joined with the terms used before in recording their success, proclaim to us the reality of that success within its limits? If the whole thing had been juggling, it is hard to see how this trick should have been more difficult than the former. And does not the exclamation of the men, 'This is the finger of God,' show that they were conscious of a failure in the power which had hitherto supported their pretensions? Whether the rods they carried were rods, or rigid snakes, (as some suppose,) the visible effect produced by them was similar to that produced by Moses; the difference being in the superiority of his miracle,—his rod swallowing up theirs. In the other cases, their work was on a smaller scale; but the narrative gives no hint that what they did was not real; and any attempt to make it appear unreal will react against the works of Moses. How then are we to account for them? Only on one ground can we render a reason for these strange transactions; viz., that superhuman beings were engaged in the work.

The contest was not between Moses and Jannes and Jambres, but between Jehovah and the gods of Egypt. How often did He declare, 'They shall know that I am the Lord (Jehovah)!'; and did He not declare in the final scourge, 'Against all the gods of Egypt I will execute judgment?' (Exod. xii. 12.) Who then, we may ask, were these gods? Were they mere names, or existing powers? Paul, who tells us, 'An idol is nothing in the world,' (1 Cor. viii. 4,) yet tells us too, that 'the things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God.' Here, we think, is the solution of the difficulty. These works of the magicians are the revelation of a world of evil and hostile powers, in league against God and against His people, to frus-

trate His purposes concerning Israel. Against the gods of Egypt—the symbols of these evil powers—were all the miracles directed; and the feebleness of their power was shown in the fact, that the works of the magicians were not reversals of the plagues of Moses, but imitations on a small scale; and not only, in the first instance, visibly overmastered, but ultimately completely terminated.

Dr. Wardlaw has very much to say, *à priori*, against the supposition of diabolic miracles. His grand argument is, (as most briefly expressed on page 322,) 'that created powers, being all under the control of Deity, His permitting those powers to be put forth in the supposed circumstances of appeal to Himself is, in effect, the same with His own immediate interposition.' Now we are not able to see the force of this argument on any principle which does not involve most painful consequences in relation to our thoughts of God; for if the simple general proposition which underlies it is true,—that all created power which is put forth with His permission is, in effect, the same with His immediate interposition,—then, as man's created powers are put forth to sin, and to tempt and deceive his fellow man, this must be the same with His immediate interposition. Is God, then, the great tempter and deceiver? Is He who declares that 'neither tempteth He any man,' the only tempter after all? Surely the good Doctor's philosophy must be wrong. But he has an argument still. He admits temptation by men; but argues, that their allurements, being visible, are open to our examination; but these spirits being invisible, the case is quite otherwise. But did he forget, that just here lies the great stress of the Christian conflict? 'We wrestle not with flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against wicked spirits in high places.' (Eph. vi. 12.) Is God more implicated in their doing an outward act, which will appeal to the sense and deceive the soul, than He is in allowing them to work directly and by invisible and unknown methods upon the soul itself? And if He is implicated, as the argument seems to assert, in all working of invisible agents, then we cannot acquit Him of being the great tempter. But we are certain Dr. Wardlaw never meant this; and if he did not, and could not, then the argument from which it legitimately follows must be abandoned; and his *à priori* objection to the reality of diabolic signs and wonders loses all its force.

But the reality of these signs is too deeply written in Scripture to be passed over so easily as it has been by many. Not only does the Old Testament contain it, as we have seen, but it occupies a very prominent place in the New. In Matthew xxiv.

24, the Master Himself informs us, 'For there shall arise false Christs and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect.' Christ does not say they shall be only apparent. He never hints at such, as some of His timid followers would. He uses the very terms which describe His own acts; and the word 'great' shows that they should be in no ordinary degree imposing. The apostle Paul also, in 2 Thess. ii. 9, speaks of him 'whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power and signs and lying wonders,' or 'lying signs and wonders.' It is not a question of the slightest importance to our argument who this 'wicked' may be, whether the emphatic expression represents a person, or a principle, or a dispensation. We are concerned only with the fact that such things shall be done in connexion with the appearance of 'that wicked:' and it is further of great importance to note, that this wonder is after the working [*ἐνέργεια*, 'energy'] or power of Satan. Most distinctly, then, if there is any force in words, do the Scriptures teach us the awful truth that acts of such a character, as to have applied to express them the very words which express the wonderful works of Christ, may be done by the power of Satan; and in the expression we find our reason and our sufficient vindication for attributing the works of the Egyptian magicians to their diabolic gods.

We have now reached that high and solemn end to which this subject has been conducting us step by step. It is no question of curious interest, but of awful practical importance; and we fancy we can hear some timid one say, 'If what shall appear to all intents and purposes real miracles may be wrought by Satan, what security have we against deception in the most important questions from which are suspended our eternal destinies?' And we reply, that if mere naked miracles, mere signs, and wonders, and powers, were our only evidence, we cannot tell. That those who look merely to these shall be deceived, we are distinctly told; that those who receive not the love of the truth that they may be saved, shall perish through their deceptableness of unrighteousness, is the awful announcement of the apostle: nay, that they have even a judicial bearing against those who 'believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness,' is most emphatically announced. But is there not, in this fact, thus awfully put before us, and in that 'if it were possible' of Christ's, the indication of a higher principle of judgment than the mere sense of a miracle,—a principle to which the holy love and godlikeness of the elect is related sympathetically, and from which the whole nature of the ungodly is averse? Can we look

at the Saviour's own life and acts, and the very diverse appreciation of them by those who beheld them, and not feel that more, much more, is required than merely the sight of such wonderful works to produce a pure and cordial faith? When a large number of the Jews beheld the grandest of His miracles, the resurrection of Lazarus, 'many believed on Him.' But some of them went their ways to the Pharisees, and told them what things Jesus had done.' (John xi. 45, 46.) The souls of some, more sympathetically alive to His majesty and love, received with gladness the conviction of His Messiahship; while others had only their hatred intensified. The evidence of a miracle then lies not merely in itself, but in it as a demonstrative work of power, and wisdom, and love, appealing to a judgment capable of discrimination, in alliance with a heart of higher and purer moral sympathies. The Pharisees, who would use any evil means for the accomplishment of their purposes, refer His power over devils to a league with Beelzebub; while the simpler and purer-minded people see in Him the devil's great Antagonist, the Vanquisher of the powers of hell.

We have not space to enter largely into the *criteria* by which pretended miracles, or diabolic miracles, are to be discriminated from those which appeal to us as Divine. Most of the things which have been reported as miraculous, must be discarded for want of evidence. The wonders of Alexander of Pontus, exposed by the witty and sarcastic Lucian, were wrought under the gloom of night, amongst the ignorant Paphlagonians, and could not bear the light of day. Those of Apollonius of Tyana were not recorded till nearly 150 years after his death, when Philostratus, a rhetorician, wrote his life, at the suggestion and under the patronage of Julia Domna, the wife of the Emperor Septimius Severus,—a princess most devoted to Heathenism and hostile to Christianity. Those of Pythagoras were written by the Neo-Platonist Jamblichus 800 years after the reputed worker of them flourished. Those of Vespasian, which Mr. Hume pronounces the best attested of the heathen miracles, were not even believed by their recorder Tacitus. He gives them on the authority of the Alexandrians, whom he pronounces 'a race most superstitious;' while the whole facts recorded by both Tacitus and Suetonius show, that no faith can be reposed in these wonders. Of the miracles attributed to Ignatius Loyola, there is no record in the first and second editions of his Life by his intimate friend and fellow-worker, Ribadeneira; but rather reasons are given why he did not perform such works; and it is rather suspicious after this to find the Jesuits, in growing power, producing miracles

to support the canonization of their founder. The noble Francis Xavier, self-consumed with missionary zeal, is made the subject of equally lying pretensions; but, apart from the fact, that the records were written in Europe, and the works were said to have been done in India and the East, his own letters contain not a trace of the pretensions. For the particulars of these fabrications, and others resembling them, we can only refer our readers to the works of Douglas, Campbell, and Paley, in the former of which particularly they will find a full, scholarly, and conclusive investigation of the miraculous claims of Heathenism and Popery. Nothing can be more unlike to the publicity and unchallengeable reality of the miracles of Christ than many of these pretended wonders; and assuredly it is needless for us to say that testimony centuries after the fact, or borne to Heathenism in power or Emperors in authority, or to a religious society grasping the sceptres of Europe, is infinitely differenced from the immediate, local, and suffering testimony on which we receive the works of Jesus as true works of God.

Only one part of our design now remains to be executed. The miracles of Jesus harmonized with His message, and the whole object of His appearance in our world. There is a constant conjunction of the work and the word in the life of Jesus, which no thoughtful reader of the Gospels can fail to trace. When John's messengers came, he worked the miracles before them, and added to the demonstration of power the words of wisdom and love: 'To the poor the Gospel is preached.' He who came to redeem men's souls from the curse and bondage of sin, does works of redemptive energy on their diseased bodies and demon-possessed minds. These are the true marks of the Messiah. He who came to provide all spiritual blessing, gives witness to a sensuous and needy people of the fulness which dwelt in Him, as the water changes into wine, and bread multiplies in His creative hands. And the variety of His works proclaims the width of His dominion. The tempest hushes at His high command, the yielding wave bears His form as firmly as the everlasting granite. Every form of disease submits to His control. The fever owns his touch and flees. The shaking palsy gives place to renovated vigour. The lunatic looks up with the calm clear eye of reason on His face of love. Blindness acknowledges the bidding of Him who first said, 'Let there be light;' and He who came to charm trembling souls with the whisper of peace-inspiring compassion, unstops the ears of the deaf. Cripples, long bound, receive from His hands the free play of health, that they may run in the way of His commandments; and those who were bowed down with a spirit of

infirmity, rise to possess, in gazing on the heaven of His countenance, the beginnings of the hope with which His grace inspires them. Death, too, confesses His supremacy who 'has the keys of death and of hell.' The scarcely departed spirit of the daughter of Jairus, just hovering to fly, returns to animate her frame and cheer her parents' hearts. The son of the widow of Nain is borne forth to burial, but the tyrant must even here relax his prize and give back his captive to the crushed heart of the mother; while incipient corruption is arrested in the body of Lazarus, and the grim grave itself reluctantly yields up its prey to Him who is 'the Resurrection and the Life.' The spirit-world owns His authority, and devils, unclean and furious, with horrid outcry or submissive pleading, acknowledge Him 'the Holy One of God,' or plaintively inquire of Him as their Judge, whether He is coming to torment them before their time. Thus, in every form in which a redemptive power needed to be demonstrated to the eyes and hearts of men, Jesus declared it: His works were redemption accomplished in the inferior region of man's natural life.

And what a beautiful light they cast on that great fundamental mystery of the Gospel, the Incarnation! While the Divine dignity of Christ is often expressed in the commanding 'I,' which indicates His will, as 'He speaks, and it is done;' His human tenderness has many separate varieties of expression. Is it not a human heart that yearns with compassion over the unshepherded multitudes who follow Him into the wilderness? and that sigh which breaks from His bosom as He touches the dumb man, and looks up to heaven, and cries, 'Ephphatha,' does it not tell of a spirit that mourns in sympathy with human sorrow produced by sin? But there are also works which display the Divinity and Humanity of Christ in beautiful conjunction and mutual relief. He has retired with His disciples from the crowd and the tumult; but when they are on the Lake of Galilee, the storm comes down from the surrounding hills, and the little vessel almost founders amid the yawning billows, dark with tempest. Jesus, worn out with the fatigues of the day, lies asleep in the hinder part of the ship, His every muscle relaxed, and unconscious of the wild storm and of the wilder terror of His disciples,—a perfect image of human weakness; until, wakened at length by the impatient cry, 'Master, carest Thou not that we perish,' He rises in calm majesty on that vessel's deck, and says to the winds, 'Peace,' and to the waves, 'Be still;' and the Lake of Galilee lies in glassy calm around that vessel's sides, and yields in rippling softness to its prow. Or see Him, as He advances under Mary's guidance to the grave of

Lazarus, and as He marks her silent sorrow pointing the way, and remembers the half-reproach of the words she uttered, 'If Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.' 'Jesus wept.' The tenderness of a human sympathy is here, and dry-eyed Jews remark upon its depth. But soon the uplifted hand, and the 'Lazarus come forth,' attest the presence of a power Divine. Or again: follow Him as He journeys with a goodly train through the lonely central land of Palestine, until He reaches a city whose beauty lies embosomed at a mountain's base, and, as He approaches its gates, is met by another company, amidst whom, conspicuous, is the tottering form of a widowed mother, whose last human support lies dead upon that bier. Can we mark the kindly sympathy of the dust-soiled and weary traveller, and hear that voice which penetrates the dull cold ear of death, 'Young man, I say unto thee, arise;' and watch that last act of gentlest tenderness, as He restores the living son to his mother, without joining with the awe-struck multitudes in the exclamation, 'A great Prophet hath risen up amongst us, and God hath visited His people?' We do not envy him who can look upon these works, and still fail to acknowledge, in the Person who performs them, 'the living God, who was manifest in the flesh.'

Another characteristic quality of our Saviour's miracles is their vital connexion with His spiritual work. This appears in those large classes which are connected with the requirement or the strengthening of faith. The humble centurion—whose faith, reasoning from the low ground of human authority, has apprehended the power of Jesus to bid even distant disease depart—has his faith commended and confirmed; while the proud nobleman—who thinks that only by His presence Christ can work a cure—is sent away to learn that distance diminishes not His Divine energy, and to rise to a more spiritual faith. The poor father, who brought his possessed boy to be cured by the disciples, and whose disappointment and fear have almost reached their climax as he makes his last appeal to Christ, 'If Thou canst do anything, have compassion on us and help us,'—hears from those calm lips the assurance, 'If thou canst believe;' and soon the poor man, recalled in some measure to calmness, is at His feet with the confession and the prayer, 'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.' The Syrophenician woman, who interceded for her daughter, is treated with neglect and seeming repugnance; but we are made to understand the reason of this strange conduct on the part of Jesus, when He grants her request with an, 'O woman, great is thy faith!' And does not this design reveal to us the reason of that still stranger conduct of the Master, when the devoted sisters of Lazarus sent Him

the message, 'Lord, behold he whom Thou lovest is sick;' and He tarried still two whole days where He was beyond the Jordan? Does He forget the hours of peaceful gladness and gentlest communion He had enjoyed with the lonely family? Can He forget how, after the besetments of enemies and the toils of labour in the city, He has returned to Bethany, and found in that circle of loving hearts His highest human solace? Will He allow those gentle spirits to be bruised, not only with the crush of a brother's death, but with the added pain produced by the seeming coldness of their most trusted friend? He will; for He has a higher object to attain than their ease and comfort. He wants to supplant in their hearts the predominantly human and sensuous affection, of which He is the object, by a faith and a love more spiritual. He wants to teach them, through suffering, and sorrow, and deliverance, His higher character; to bid them look up from the very gloom of the grave to Him as 'the Resurrection and the Life.' All things are, with Jesus, subordinate to this faith in Him. By it only can sinful man be saved; and to the production of it in his heart all His ways and His works are tending.

We have now reached the close of our remarks on this great theme. If we have succeeded according to our desire, we have produced the conviction that the miracles of Scripture are not mere wonders to be gazed at; but works of God of wondrous potency, not only to impress, but to instruct. We have shown that in mere wonders there is no safeguard to the faith of the simple; but that God's works are wonders of truth, wonders of love, by their character illustrating His, and shedding light on His designs of mercy; and that to understand them aright, and feel the conviction they are given to produce, required the purged eye and the humble heart. Many are turning away from miracles in disgust, because they regard them only as violations of natural order; and if we can but reclaim one such wanderer, or help by our representation to lay an arrest on such a mode of contemplating these works of God, we shall feel that an end has been accomplished of the utmost value and importance.

We have omitted all notice of Mr. Westcott's valuable work; not because we did not think it worthy, but because we were unwilling to break in upon our train of thought. The object of the writer is to exhibit the miracles of the Gospels as *epiphanies*, or manifestations of Christ's character and relations, and mainly corresponds with the closing section of our article. He classifies them as miracles upon nature, upon man, and upon evil spirits;

deducing from them their several lessons upon Christ's relation to man; and closing with a view of Paul's conversion, as illustrative of Divine communion. It is refreshing to find that attention is beginning to turn in this direction; and we take this elegant, thoughtful, and scholarly little volume as a pledge of a better future.

ART. V.—*Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science.* London: John W. Parker. 1858.

'I BELIEVE,' says Mr. Leonard Milverton, 'that a feeling of pity is rising slowly in the heart of man, as the dew upon Mount Hermon, to which the Psalmist likens the happy state of those brethren who "dwell together in unity,"—a pity compared with which all that mankind has yet known of pity will seem hardness of heart; that will take the deepest heed of all the difficulties which the more obscure part of the human race has hitherto had to encounter; that will permeate society from the highest to the lowest; that will never rest until it finds some cure for whatever can be cured in human affairs; that will bury in oblivion what should be buried in oblivion; that will try to render all occupations tolerable, to some extent beautiful; and that will make universal brotherhood something more than a name.' *

We should rejoice to find ourselves able to share the enthusiasm of the hopeful and kindly essayist whose words we have just quoted. The vision is a bright and cheering one; and it would not be pleasant to dismiss it as an illusion. But, although the indications of such a movement as is here pictured are at present few and faint, we think that they really exist, and that the thoughtful observer of some phases of our modern civilization will be able to detect in them the materials for hope, at least, if not exultation or confidence; and among the social phenomena of our day, we remark one or two which appear to us especially significant, as illustrative of this view. For example, there has been evident of late a greatly increased interest in all questions which affect the domestic and moral welfare of the poor,—a growing disposition to investigate the social evils most prevalent among us, and to apply remedies to them. The amount of energy and philanthropy, as well as of skill and scientific insight, which have been brought to bear upon questions of this kind, has never been so large as in the

* *Friends in Council. Second Series.*

last ten or fifteen years. It is not merely in the form of public and demonstrative organizations, but silently in hundreds of towns and villages, among miners and factory workers, and on scores of rural estates, that experiments are being tried with a view to the social amelioration of the people, and with signal success. It is not only among statesmen and public writers, but among thinking people in all ranks and professions, that increasing attention is being daily given to the great questions, How can healthy, honourable, and noble living be made more possible to the masses of our people? What are the obstacles which prevent it, and how can they be removed?

It is another hopeful sign that, in the attempt to solve such questions, men of all parties seem alike ready to take a share. The relaxation of party ties in the Legislature, whatever may be its political consequences, has at least had the effect of permitting philanthropic men on both sides of the Speaker's chair to aid one another cordially in the furtherance of objects which, though not strictly political, lie so near to the ill-defined boundary line separating political from social economics, that in times of strenuous party-conflict all real co-operation in regard to them would have been impossible.

The Association which holds its third annual meeting at Bradford about the date of our present publication, has already exemplified the tendencies of which we speak, and is destined, we trust, to furnish yet more striking illustrations of them. We regard the present as a fitting opportunity to bring before our readers a brief summary of its purposes and doings; and to make some observations on its constitution and probable future destiny.

The first meeting, held in Birmingham under the presidency of Lord Brougham in 1857, though in many respects successful, was nevertheless too experimental and tentative in its character to be fairly open to criticism. It is by the second meeting, which was held at Liverpool in October, 1858, that the aims of the Association can be most fairly judged. The volume containing the 'Transactions' at that meeting is now before us, and contains a full and very well-digested summary of the proceedings, as well as a *verbatim* report of the most interesting and remarkable papers which were read. We should not do justice to the able secretary of the Association, Mr. G. W. Hastings, nor to his efficient coadjutor, if we failed to acknowledge the skill with which the volume has been prepared, nor the great judgment with which the selection of papers appears to have been made.

We do not think the Association is fortunate in the name it has chosen. Its title challenges a comparison with the British

Association for the Advancement of Science, and is probably intended to suggest that within the field of ethical and economical inquiry it intends to do a work analogous to that which is effected by the British Association in the various departments of physical science. But there is a fundamental difference between them. The great laws and truths of natural science have been to a considerable extent ascertained, and all the detailed investigations of naturalists and experimenters can only afford new elucidations of those laws, and new confirmations of their truth. In fact, for every new discovery and speculation in the physical world there is a place already prepared in the great framework of science. Fresh facts and researches, however isolated, can all be made available, and incorporated into the sum of systematic knowledge. They cease to have an independent value merely, because they can all be brought into due subordination to the main object of all science,—the interpretation of phenomena, and the discovery of the principles which underlie and account for facts.

It is manifest that *Social Science*, in the strict sense of the term, cannot be promoted on any easier terms than physical or mathematical science. There is, for example, a science to which Mr. J. S. Mill has given the name of Sociology; and which undertakes to investigate the principles that govern human action, and to reduce men's notions and doings, their crimes and their virtues, the growth and decadence of States, public honour and national degradation, individual and social character, to the operation of necessary laws. If an exhaustive enumeration of the requisite *data* on these points were possible, there would no doubt be a fair field for the application of the inductive philosophy, and a *science* of society would be in due time evolved with greater or less success. But we do not understand Sociology in this sense to be the aim of the National Association; nor do we suppose its best friends would be prepared to justify the name it has assumed, on the ground that its scientific character was to be vindicated by its success in the investigation of merely speculative truth.

On the other hand it must be borne in mind, that the mere collection of miscellaneous facts about social questions is not *science* at all. It is difficult to assign the name in any strict or definite sense to so heterogeneous a mass of information and suggestion as is contained in the volume before us. Among the operations subsidiary to induction, and indispensable to all sound reasoning, one of the most important, indeed, is the collection of *data*. But, to be of any value, it should be systematic; and some attempt at least should be made to record the facts

with a view to the elucidation of principles, and to group them together into some sort of logical coherence. At present the Social Science Association has scarcely attempted this. It has brought together into one volume a large number of detached facts and speculations; but, until some endeavour has been made to give unity and definiteness to them, by connecting them with general principles, its claims to the title of a scientific society will not be substantiated.

On the whole, we suspect that the council of the Association will do wisely to make a compromise between a purely scientific and a purely empirical view of the purposes which it has to serve. They must be bold enough to welcome much isolated experience which may seem incapable of being formulated as *data* for the discovery of abstract truth, and thus to expose themselves to the charge of being unscientific. At the same time, they must be wise enough to reject mere crudities and crotchets, and to exercise a far stricter jurisdiction than they have hitherto done over their contributors, both with regard to the range of subjects inquired into, and to the mode of their treatment. The main and ultimate object of such an Association would be vitiated, if the importance of systematic knowledge were not constantly kept in view. We hope, therefore, that some discretion will be exercised in the choice of topics for discussion; that such facts as the Association seeks to collect will be collected under the guidance of clear and definite aims; and that all the results of its discussions will be collated and grouped into such a form as may serve to elucidate permanent truth.

The degree in which the organization of the Society is capable of discharging this great duty, will perhaps be best estimated after a brief review of the agency it employs, and the plans and purposes which were adopted at its last annual meeting. In its official programme it declares its object to be 'to aid the development of Social Science, and to guide the public mind to the best practical means of promoting the amendment of the law, the advancement of education, the prevention and repression of crime, the reformation of criminals, the adoption of sanitary regulations, and the diffusion of sound principles on all questions of Social Economy. The Association seeks to bring together the various societies and individuals who are engaged or interested in furthering these objects; and, without touching upon independent exertions, seeks to elicit by discussion the real elements of truth, to clear up doubts, to harmonize discordant opinions, and to afford a common ground for the interchange of trustworthy information on the great social problems of the day.'

In addition to this general aim, the Association seeks to specialize its work, by holding its meetings at different towns in each successive year, and by making the social and moral *differentia* of each district in them the subject of particular investigation. To its general and national aims, it therefore superadds a certain local interest, which is likely to give an important colour to its proceedings in future years. The West Riding of Yorkshire, with its peculiar local claims and circumstances, will probably receive a great deal of special attention during the present year, as we observe that a goodly proportion of the papers read at the former meeting related to the social condition of Liverpool and its neighbourhood, and to matters affecting the population of South Lancashire generally.

Few towns present features more worthy of investigation than the great and flourishing sea-port in which their last meeting took place. The rapid and enormous development of its trade has stimulated the growth of some forms of evil which, in other circumstances, might have been kept under control. In few towns are the rich richer, or the poor poorer. In 1857, this town alone contributed 1,207, or more than one-twentieth of the total number of persons committed for trial in England and Wales. It contains 1,485 public-houses, or at the rate of one for every fifty-six families,—a proportion not equalled, we believe, by any town in the kingdom. So recently as the year 1837, there were actually, in Liverpool, 7,862 inhabited cellars, and nearly four times that number of persons living in them, and with no other home. Moreover, the average duration of human life in the town, as shown by the recent returns, rarely exceeds twenty years; while at Ulverstone, in the same county, it is forty-one years, or more than twice as great.* Here, at least, were social problems of the deepest interest inviting examination. In few places in the kingdom was it more appropriate and desirable that social reformers, thinkers and writers on economic questions, should meet and discuss those questions with practical men of business. Few places offered a better field for testing mere sentimental and philanthropic theories, by bringing them into contact with the sterner facts of life. And it is pleasant to record, that in the midst of the throng and struggle of a town generally supposed to be unusually absorbed in the pursuit of gain, a remarkable amount of local interest was excited in the visit of the Association; a most cordial and sympathetic

* We take these facts from a curious and interesting statistical pamphlet on the *Religious and Social Condition of Liverpool*. By the Rev. Dr. Hume, a resident Clergyman. Its motto is singularly appropriate: 'Is this your joyous city, whose merchants are princes, and whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth?'

welcome was extended to its members; and during one week at least by far the most prominent topics in the conversation of the merchants and other inhabitants of the town were those which were suggested by the discussions at St. George's Hall, reported daily at great length, and to the exclusion of almost all other matter, by the local journals, and which attracted to themselves a larger amount of interest from the commercial clerks than even the most sanguine friends of the Association had ventured to hope.

We refer thus to the local effect produced by the meeting at Liverpool, because we hope it will prove typical of similar results in other quarters, and because, at least, it justifies the itinerant character which the council of the Association have determined to adopt. The large majority of our learned and scientific societies make their permanent home in the metropolis, and with good reason. The only societies which are ambulatory, are the British Association, the Royal Agricultural, and two or three engaged in antiquarian research. But natural science, agriculture, and archaeology, appeal severally to the tastes of a comparatively narrow circle in any district. The Social Science Association has it in its power, if it is wisely directed, to enlist in its service a far wider range of local sympathy than any one of these more sectional associations. We believe that if, in addition to the general investigation of such principles as are of universal application, the new organization can make itself instrumental in the task of applying those principles to the solution of the special wants and social diseases of particular districts, it will fulfil a most important function, and will find itself welcomed with increasing enthusiasm in every new place which it visits.

It may be fairly regarded as a fortunate circumstance for the Association, that it was able to secure, as the permanent president of its Council, the venerable statesman whose name has been longer and more closely identified than that of any living man with the promotion of the objects which the Association seeks to advance. Lord Brougham is not only a worthy leader, but, in his own person and history, a fitting exponent of the movement. It is a trite thing to remark upon the versatility of a genius which has enabled this remarkable man to enact, in the course of one life, so many parts,—political and law reformer, successful advocate, mathematician, statesman, historian, philosopher, and judge,—and all of these with more than average success. It seems almost a common-place to speak of the ready pen which has written scientific treatises, histories, political philosophy, and natural theology; of the eloquent tongue which has

been heard at one time defending an injured queen,—at another, vindicating the political rights of freemen, demanding liberty for the West Indian slave, or education for the English artisan,—giving homely and political advice to the English ten-pound householder, or discoursing volubly for hours in the French language before the assembled *savans* of the *Académie* on some new discoveries of his own on the properties of light. We have no living man who so truly deserves the somewhat exaggerated epitaph which Johnson wrote for Goldsmith: '*Qui nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit; nullum tetigit, quod non ornavit. Ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis; oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus.*'

But perhaps it is less wonderful that a man like Lord Brougham, endowed with a keen insight and a restless energy, with an iron constitution and strong faith in himself, should have achieved so much, than that he should exhibit, at his advanced age, so eager an interest in the modern phases of our civilization, and so just an appreciation of our future tendencies. The wisest men, after reaching the age of fourscore, are apt to feel an impatience at the restlessness of modern society, an indisposition to keep pace with recent movements; are fain to become *laudatores temporis acti*; and, even unconsciously and against their will, contract a false estimate of the relative importance of the transactions in which they themselves have taken part, as compared with those which have been originated by younger men. But the venerable president of the Social Science Association has contrived not only to fit himself to the pace of society in these latter days, but apparently to feel a special interest in those aspects of our civilization which are essentially modern. No one could see him at the Liverpool meeting, observe his white head and bowed form, as he passed, after delivering a long address before the Association, to lecture the students of Queen's College, or to address the working men at the Amphitheatre, and then return, day after day, to preside at a lengthened sitting of some section, without being amazed at the physical power which had for eighty years carried its owner through so much, and yet had left him capable of so much more. And when it was observed how his keen glance seemed to let no detail of the proceedings escape him; how, at a sectional meeting on decimal coinage, or on punishment and reformation, he was the first to detect a fallacy in detail, or to light up the subject with a happy anecdote or new illustration; how, in his own addresses on popular literature, he extended as cordial a recognition to Cassell's and other cheap publications of the present hour, as to the *Penny Magazine* and the early publications of his own beloved Society for the Diffusion of

Useful Knowledge ; it was felt that an Association which sought to bring the results of past discussions to bear upon the solution of the difficulties and perils of the present day, could not have a worthier head, nor be inaugurated under happier auspices than those of Henry Lord Brougham.

Not less happy was the selection of Lord John Russell as the president of the Association for 1858, and that of the Earl of Shaftesbury for the present year. Both noblemen have identified their names, in an eminent degree, with the objects aimed at by the Society. No living statesman has taken a more active and steady interest in the cause of education than Lord John Russell. It is to him that the country mainly owes the system of grants and of inspection, which is now so efficiently administered by the Committee of Council ; and whatever distrust may be entertained by persons of different parties respecting his political career, it is impossible for any one to doubt his conscientious diligence in promoting the public interests, or his sincere sympathy with those classes of our population whose social, sanitary, and moral requirements are the most painfully notorious. It ought never to be forgotten that, long before philanthropy became a fashion, Lord John Russell was conspicuous for his persistent advocacy of many measures which are now, to a great extent, in other hands ; and that his efforts for the political enfranchisement and social elevation of the lower classes of our people have been steadfastly pursued during a long life.

In his calm, undemonstrative, but singularly practical address, he reviewed in succession the various departments of work which the Association seeks to perform ; and gave a full yet succinct account of the progress which had been made during the year, under each head, both as to legislative and public opinion. The field which the Society undertakes to cultivate is very wide,—too wide, we fear, to be cultivated thoroughly ; but we shall perhaps better indicate its nature, if, instead of following the guidance of the noble President, we give a brief *résumé* of what was attempted and what was done in the several sections of Jurisprudence, Education, Punishment and Reformation, Public Health, and Social Economy, at the Liverpool meeting.

In the department of *Jurisprudence and Amendment of the Law*, the Society aims at the discussion of the Science of Civil Jurisprudence ; its bearing on the social condition of the people ; the advantages derivable from a wide diffusion of its principles ; the practical defects in our laws ; the evils arising from such defects ; and the fitting remedies. There is ample room here for the investigation both of the principles and the method

of legislation; and for the discussion of points connected with the procedure of our courts of justice, as well as the more abstract questions arising out of the *à priori* consideration of law itself.

We think it right to say that in this department the National Association has been more successful than in any other in giving a truly systematic character to its work. The Secretary of the Association was, we believe, previously, if he is not still, connected with the Law Amendment Society; and it is easy to recognise in the whole conduct of this section a business-like method, and a directness and clearness of aim, which do not at present characterize the work of the four remaining sections. At the first meeting a Committee was formed to investigate the whole question of the laws relating to Bankruptcy and Insolvency, during the interval before the meeting of 1858. The Report of this Committee was accordingly read, and comprised a copy of a Bill which had been prepared by its members, after a very careful review of the whole question, and which has since been introduced into the House of Commons by Lord J. Russell. We do not now express any opinion on the provisions of this Bill, which is still *sub judice*; but the Council of a National Association may be fairly congratulated on their own share in the elucidation of the question, and on the very general concurrence of the mercantile community (numerously represented by delegates from the various Chambers of Commerce, &c.) in the views embodied in their Bill. The whole discussion afforded a striking example of the influence which it is in the power of the Association to exert. Little unanimity prevailed among mercantile men on this subject until the Committee sifted it, and sought to harmonize conflicting opinions. They have now resolved upon a measure which seeks to give the sanction of law only to that which the trading classes have long tried and approved; and we cannot doubt that the evidence which has been collected, and the opinions and experience which have been elicited at the public meetings of the Society, as well as in its Committee, will greatly facilitate future legislation on this important subject.

Among the other subjects discussed in this department was the necessity of consolidation and codification of the statutes, their revision and reformation. Each of these subjects was opened by a lawyer, and discussed at length. The appointment of a Minister of Justice, the Law of Patents, the Registration of Partnerships, Legal Education, the Transfer of Land, the office of Coroner, furnished in turn the materials for papers and discussions. It is sufficient to enumerate these titles, to show how wide is the area covered by the views of the Asso-

ciation ; and when we add that throughout the three days of discussion the greatest interest was maintained, and that all the most eminent law reformers in the country took part, either in person or by representation, in the proceedings, it is reasonable to hope that in this department at least the object of the Association will be largely attained.

It is in the second section of the Association, that of *Education*, that the need of a better system and more definite aim appears to us to be most apparent. This department enjoyed the advantage of meeting under the presidency of the Hon. W. Cowper, who in Lord Palmerston's former government was Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education ; and who acquired, during his short tenure of office, not only a considerable mastery of the details of the subject, but also, we suspect, a strong personal interest in the improvement of our educational methods, which especially qualified him for his task. It was particularly noticed that throughout the protracted sitting of the Educational Section, during three days of five hours each, Mr. Cowper exhibited a rare assiduity and patience, a happy skill in reconciling opposing theories, and singular judgment in summing up the results of each discussion in turn, and recalling attention to its most important features. We complain, nevertheless, that the task assigned to the chairman of this section was too laborious ; and that more discretion ought to have been exercised by the Council in the selection and rejection of papers. Education unfortunately is a subject on which most thoughtful people can write something, and therefore one on which the Council may expect to be overwhelmed with multifarious communications. But the attention of the section will be dissipated, and the best results of its meetings will be neutralized, unless the topics brought before it at each meeting stand in some assignable relation to each other, or at least admit of being so grouped together as to furnish materials for connected and systematic discussion. A glance at the list of subjects taken up at the Liverpool meeting will suffice to show the nature of the reform which is needed in this respect.

Several distinct groups of papers, however, deserve special notice, as illustrations of what will, we hope, prove the normal and habitual working of this department. The very important subject of Competitive Examinations for the civil service was taken first in order, and met with a thorough and exhaustive treatment. Four gentlemen read papers on different aspects of the subject. Mr. Horace Mann, who is officially familiar with the working of the scheme, advocated its extension, and brought numerous statistical and other facts to confirm his view ; while

the master of a large Collegiate School in Liverpool, the principal of one of the Metropolitan Training Colleges, and an Oxford Fellow and Tutor, contributed in succession the results of their own experience, as to the plan itself, and its incidental action upon the general interests of public education in England. The debate which arose on this group of papers was sustained by several Members of Parliament, and by many persons who have made the subject of competitive examination a special study. It was thus strictly limited to a definite object, and resulted in practical conclusions of considerable value, which are well calculated to aid the formation of a right public opinion on the subject. A similar remark will apply to the discussion of the papers contributed by Miss Carpenter, Miss Selwyn, Mr. Armistead, and others, on the subject of Industrial Schools, and of the introduction of better training in domestic duties in our common schools. The important paper of the secretary, Mr. Melville, on a 'Prize System as an Element of Lower Class Education,' was also followed by several others, showing the action of prize and certificate schemes on elementary schools generally, and by a full and valuable discussion. But the very miscellaneous character of the remaining papers under the head 'Education,' gave a desultory, unmethodical air to the proceedings, which deprived them, to a great extent, of practical value. One gentleman was permitted to read a paper on 'Popular Education,' another on 'Freedom of Education,' another on 'Compulsory Education,' and a fourth on a method of teaching the blind to read, and a fifth on a new contrivance for teaching addition! Of course, all systematic investigation of such heterogeneous topics was out of the question; the persons most interested in the business of the section seemed wearied and bewildered; and it was generally felt that the time devoted to the subject had not been economized or wisely used.

We find that the Council have since adopted a resolution, which was passed before the Educational Section separated, and which was, we believe, suggested by Sir James K. Shuttleworth, to the effect that it would be well to establish a separate section for considering the best means of promoting the trial and introduction of improved methods of instruction into elementary schools, and otherwise cultivating the science of method in teaching. Such a scheme as is here suggested sounds at first useful and plausible; but it depends entirely on the manner in which it is carried out, whether it proves an element of weakness or of strength to the Association. It must be remembered that detailed accounts of methods of teaching particular subjects, speculations as to the different artifices by which knowledge

may be communicated and proficiency secured, can never be interesting except to the professional teacher. Few persons of this class have leisure to attend the meetings of the Association; and even if they had, it would be undesirable to devote to their exclusive use a sufficient portion of the valuable time of the meeting to serve any practical purpose. In fact, the National Association, if it so interprets the terms of the resolution as to admit miscellaneous discussion on the best methods of instruction, will be assuming the function of a training college, or of a schoolmasters' association; will be thus diminishing the interest of its proceedings to all but a very small minority of its members; and at the same time will be undertaking a work which its general organization and objects render it especially unfitted to discharge.

On the other hand, if the design of the resolution in question be to inquire how far the knowledge of improved methods can be rendered accessible to elementary teachers, and by what means the study of *pædagogy* as a science, and of teaching as an art, can be better promoted, the section will be discharging an appropriate and most needful office. It is strange that while teaching is the profession of so many thousands in this country, no means exist for acquiring systematic acquaintance with the best methods of instruction; and no sort of professional education is attainable to schoolmasters and mistresses, unless they happen to be in the exceptional position of those who receive the certificates of the Committee of Council on Education. This is a state of things well worthy of the attention of the Educational Section; and if they will deal with the whole problem in a comprehensive spirit, without attempting to settle those details which are after all only to be well understood and learnt in the actual business of instruction itself, we may fairly hope for some important fruit from the suggestion of Sir James Shuttleworth.

The *Punishment and Reformation* department was presided over by the Earl of Carlisle, and, of all the sections, may be said to have enlisted throughout the meeting the greatest amount of general sympathy and interest. We were most struck by the serious, as well as practical, tone which pervaded the meetings of this section. The group of eight papers with which the business commenced, furnished admirable material for a general conversation of extreme interest on the causes of crime, and on preventive agencies generally. Subsequently, a separate discussion was taken on the subject of 'discharged prisoners,' being introduced by three papers: 'The Origin and Progress of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, by Mr. Rankin; 'The Refuge

for Discharged Prisoners in connexion with the House of Correction at Wakefield, by Mr. R. Monckton Milnes, M.P.; and, The Asylum for Discharged Prisoners at Leyden, by M. Suringar, a Dutch gentleman, who is a corresponding member of the Association. Some of the facts elicited in this discussion respecting the condition and prospects of discharged prisoners, and the obstacles which prevent them from obtaining employment, were of great interest; while the practical suggestions which were offered both by some of the chaplains and governors of gaols, and by the employers of labour in urban as well as in rural districts, were of especial value, and are calculated, we think, to throw great light on this difficult subject. Another series of papers related to the different forms of punishment inflicted by the State, from public execution to the imprisonment of boys in Reformatory Institutions. The management and general discipline of prisons, schemes of dietary and employment, and statistics and estimates as to the relative cost of each prisoner in different institutions, were all included in this group; but there was a method in the treatment of the subject which redeemed the discussion from all discursiveness and vagueness, and caused it to assume a very complete and practical character. Detailed descriptions of some of the principal refuges and reformatory institutions followed, and excited great interest. Throughout the work of this department, the importance of the *local* character which the Association has sought to secure for its meetings was especially obvious. Of the papers which were read, six related either to the special characteristics of the crimes of Liverpool and its neighbourhood, or to its local institutions for punishment or reformation. A visit paid by the members of the Association to the 'Akbar' reformatory frigate in the Mersey was a very interesting feature in the proceedings. Speculative questions were very wisely subordinated to the record of actual experience and the collection of facts; and, on the whole, we think that the entire conduct of this section was most creditable to the Association, and full of the best auspices for its future usefulness.

It will suffice to mention a few of the more prominent topics treated in the department of *Public Health*, and the names of those who read the papers, by way of indicating briefly the objects aimed at in this section. The Rev. Charles Kingsley contributed a paper On certain Obstacles to Sanitary Reform; Dr. Alison, On the Effects of Poverty and Privation on the Public Health; Mr. Rawlinson, On Hospitals; Mr. Chadwick, On the Application of Sanitary Science to the Protection of the Indian Army; Dr. Farr, On the Influence of Marriage on Mor-

talitv; Dr. Conolly, On Residences for the Insane; Dr. Milroy, On Quarantine; and Miss Bainis, On the Ladies' Sanitary Association. When we add that two elaborate papers were communicated by Miss Nightingale, On the Construction of Hospitals, and that the statistics of disease in its various forms, with inquiries into its causes and remedies, occupied the remainder of the three days devoted to the sectional meeting, the purposes contemplated in this branch of the Society's work will be sufficiently apparent. It is a pleasant and hopeful sign of our times, that increased sense of the importance of physical purity, as an adjunct to moral and religious advancement, is generally entertained among us. That bodily and mental degradation are very near akin, is a fact which is becoming recognised, though too slowly. We are sure that a great step is made towards the inculcation of right and pure thoughts into the mind of a poor man, when we succeed in imparting to him for the first time a disgust for squalor and indecorum, and a desire to be surrounded by cleanly and healthy associations. Fortunately, the data for sanitary theories are easily accessible; they can be readily combined and harmonized; and the laws of health so far admit of scientific statement, that they only need to be promulgated and enforced. In this section of its labours, therefore, at least, the Society is fairly entitled to claim for itself a scientific character.

To the fifth department the Council have assigned the somewhat comprehensive title of *Social Economy*, and have apparently relegated to it all those inquiries and discussions on general subjects connected with the improvement of our social condition which would not conveniently adjust themselves under any one of the other four heads. The conditions of industrial success, whether of nations or individuals; the relation between employers and employed; strikes and combinations; legislative interference with the hours and wages of labour; legislative regulation of professions, trades, and employments generally, and of price and means of supply; emigration, its effect, and true conditions; industrial employment of women, industrial and economical instruction of the labouring classes, public amusements, the exercise of private and public charity, relief of the poor, and social economies generally, are all included within the scope of this section; and the simple enumeration of these topics will suffice to show how important and interesting the work of this department may become. The Council seem aware that there is some fear lest the discussion of these subjects should degenerate into loose or vague conversation; and have expressly suggested 'that one or two papers in this Department should be

devoted to the more abstract questions of economic science; to generalizations of ascertained facts, and enunciation of the laws to be deduced from them.' But at present the business of the department has been mainly confined to the investigation of detached questions, which, though separately of great interest, have scarcely admitted of being systematized. With the exception of two papers,—On the Office and Duty of the Statist in relation to Social Science, and Suggestions for the Institution of a New Science under the name of Comparative Sociology,—the communications were wholly miscellaneous, and made no attempt to deal with general principles. The subject of emigration, the working of co-operative associations, the dwellings of the working classes, benefit societies, savings' banks, occupied the time of the meeting; and the proceedings were pleasantly diversified by the records of numerous local experiments for the amelioration of the condition of the poor, and by an account of the *Congrès Internationale de Bienfaisance*, a foreign association whose objects greatly resemble those of the Social Science Association itself. A special section which was formed on the last day of the meeting, for the consideration of the whole question of decimal coinage, weights, and measures, was presided over by Lord Brougham, and attracted a large amount of general interest. Both the International Association and the Decimal Association were well represented on this occasion; the one by Mr. James Yates, and the other by Mr. W. Brown, the then M.P. for South Lancashire. The arguments on both sides were well stated, and the weak points of each system met with an exhaustive and skilful analysis.

From this general review of the work done and attempted in each of the four sections, some estimate may be formed of the field which the National Association purposes to occupy, and of its power to cultivate that field efficiently. We cannot doubt that the want which it proposes to supply is a great one, and that, in the main, the agency which it seeks to employ is of the right kind. The co-operative principle has already been applied with remarkable success to the cultivation of other branches of human knowledge. The establishment of the Royal Society nearly two hundred years ago furnished a precedent which has since been followed with very great advantage, and which has been found equally useful in the promotion of national science and classical scholarship, and in the solution of practical questions relating to the conduct of commercial life. It has been found by experience that there is a kind of work to be done by such Societies as the Royal, the Linnæan, the Geological, the Philosophical, and the Statistical, which no amount of individual

labour, however skilful and well directed, could possibly effect. None of the branches of learning to which these societies have severally devoted themselves could possibly flourish, unless by the union of patient and minute investigation of details on the one hand, with comprehensive and extended knowledge on the other. But since the separate details of them demand the devotion of a man's whole life to their investigation, it is rare to find individual experimenters or investigators who possess at the same time the necessary enthusiasm about minutiae, and the generalizing power which can assign to those minutiae their true scientific value. An ardent botanist discovers by the microscope, or by the verification of some happy conjecture, that cells of a peculiar form exist in the seeds of a certain family of plants. Such a discovery may or may not prove of permanent importance as a contribution to botanical science. The general public cannot judge, and will not be prepared to appreciate or examine it. The discoverer himself is too much absorbed in minute investigations to assign its due relative importance to the fact which he has brought to light. In such circumstances the existence of a Linnæan Society, composed of the best naturalists in the country, of men who either professionally, or in the gratification of their own tastes, have made the study of botany a *specialité*, secures for the solitary inquirer a sympathizing audience; and at the same time serves to give the public, in a permanent form, a record of the fact itself. But for the existence of such a society, the discovery in question would perhaps have been unverified and unexamined, and would have failed to find an abiding place in the common stock of human knowledge.

And if in this way individual effort is encouraged, and isolated truths are codified and harmonized by the united action of a scientific body; if in botany, and archæology, and history, such important results have been effected by combination and sympathy; why should not the great moral and social problems, which more than all others seem to press upon us for solution, receive the advantage of a similar organization? In regard to all these problems, there exists, as in physical science, a necessity for the laborious accumulation of facts, the same need for encouragement to individual inquirers, and the same scope for large and comprehensive induction. May we not add, that in the field of social and moral improvement, there are nobler results to aim at, and more precious rewards to win?

For an Association for the Promotion of Social Science has a higher function than the recordation of facts, and the establishment of friendly relations among the persons who collect them. It ought to become a great instrument in the formation of

public opinion. The subjects which it seeks to elucidate are precisely those which, more than any other, are interesting to society, as such. All other organizations for the advancement of knowledge address themselves to sectional interests and tastes. But the attainment of intelligible principles and right practice on the subjects discussed in the meetings of this Society is the business of the whole community.

Intangible and vague as is the mysterious entity called 'public opinion,' its potency is daily more and more felt. The business of statesmanship in this country seems to be gradually narrowing itself to the task of watching the popular will, and embodying its manifestations in legislative acts. The range of topics which we have indicated comprehends some of the most important with which legislation has to deal. But in our present social condition, no law on any one of these points could possibly be carried, unless it had first received the sanction of public opinion. The education and guidance of that public opinion in relation to them is, therefore, a duty of the utmost importance. More and more every year does the prosperity of our state depend on its healthiness and general rectitude. Stronger, therefore, are the reasons for informing it, and directing its powerful agency in a right course. If the National Association will regard itself as an educational body, and will endeavour not only to ascertain truth, but to popularize and disseminate it, it may do a great work. Moreover, the work is one which is quite unique in its character, and which does not clash in the slightest degree with other agencies. The machinery of the press is supposed by many to suffice for the discussion of practical politics and social reforms. In newspapers and periodicals, it is said, we have the fullest and most searching investigation of such topics, and, at the same time, a more complete and constant access to the public mind. But to this it may be fairly added, that no amount of newspaper writing can ever supersede the necessity for free oral discussion. It is on many accounts desirable that those who are best qualified to guide public opinion, should not only give utterance to their sentiments anonymously, but also, occasionally, be ready to defend them in their own names, and in the presence of others. To read a paper on education, or sanitary science, in the presence of an assembly of men who have made the subject a special study, is a far more serious and formidable thing than to put forth the same paper, as from an unseen hand, sheltered behind the mysterious shadow of *The Times* or *Quarterly*. Moreover, a larger number of men, engaged in other occupations than that of literature, have an equal right to aid in the solution of social questions, and to assume the function of public instructors on

those questions. A great Society affords to such men opportunities of usefulness which the press could of itself never give. It cultivates that sense of individual responsibility in the promulgation of opinion, which, it is no disparagement to the press to say, is *pro tanto* weakened by anonymous writing, and which yet needs to be sustained in every possible way. What is of still more importance, it brings thinkers and workers into personal contact, and facilitates a more direct comparison of experience, and a more searching verification of facts, than would be possible by any other method.

To the objection which has been urged by some part of the press (apparently in fear lest the Society should usurp their functions) that associations of this kind are merely meetings of *talkers*, it is easy to reply that, in a free country, talk is a necessary preliminary to action. 'Methinks,' said Pericles, in one of his orations, 'that we, the Athenian people, are able to pass sound judgments, and are quick in catching the right apprehension of things, because we do not think that words are prejudicial to actions; but rather we dread the not being duly prepared by previous debate, *before* we proceed to action. Herein lies the true excellence of our people, that in the hour of action we can show great courage and promptitude, and yet we debate beforehand the expediency of our measures. The courage of other nations may be the result of ignorance or of blind impulse: deliberation makes them cowards. But that people must indeed be owned to have the greatest souls, who, being most acutely sensible of the miseries of war and the sweets of peace, are not hence in the least deterred from facing danger.' What the Athenian statesman claimed for his countrymen, as their great excellence in regard to the question of peace and war, we need no less as a characteristic of English movements towards domestic and moral improvement. The fullest investigation, and the most exhaustive arguments, are indispensable precursors to right action on these subjects. The National Association need not fear to be stigmatized as an association of talkers, so long as it will talk wisely, and direct its talk conscientiously and systematically to practical ends.

We may sum up our general impressions respecting this important movement in a very few words. We think its brief career has, hitherto, been one of remarkable promise; and that it possesses great and unusual capacity for public usefulness. We think, however, that it is in some danger of fostering vague and purposeless discussion, and thus of losing its influence. At present, it lacks concentration of aim. Too many questions are opened at each meeting. Without narrowing the general scope

of the Society's labours as a whole, the Council ought to determine beforehand what subjects should receive special prominence at each anniversary, and so group together papers of cognate character as to secure greater unity of interest. The number of miscellaneous papers read each year ought to be greatly diminished; and pains should be taken, if possible, to select some topic in each section, of special public importance, to exhaust it thoroughly, and to present the result in a definite form in an Annual Volume of Transactions. Whether this end can be best accomplished by the appointment of a standing Committee in each of the five departments, to meet at intervals during the year, and to collect and systematize the business for the next meeting, or by any other means, we leave to the Council to determine. For the present, we can only indicate in general terms the direction in which a change appears to us desirable; and we do this with the fullest sympathy in the objects of the Association, and with the sincerest wish that the Divine blessing may sanction and direct its future course.

ART. VI.—*The Assurance Magazine and Journal of the Institute of Actuaries.* London. 1850-1859.

It has been observed, with every appearance of truth, that neither hospital nor asylum formed any feature in the aspect of ancient cities or the character of heathen civilization. No trace of them is found in the archaeological or literary remains of Greece or Rome. It is then remembered that as Christianity began with miracles of healing, so it has never ceased from deeds of mercy; and the inference is justly made—to the confusion of our secular philosophers—that philanthropy itself is really a product of the true religion, and not a mere natural improvement in the ideas of civilized life.

The absence of another feature in the social picture of antiquity has not hitherto been remarked. The ancients had no Life Assurance Institution. No street in Athens, Corinth, or Rome, exhibited a portico with any such superscription as 'The Athene Life Assurance Office.' When the torch was reversed in token of death, no policy for a thousand sesterces consoled the distressed and helpless family. This provident institution is entirely a product of modern times, although it is a practical embodiment of that moral maxim which was so often inculcated by ancient philosophers and poets in various forms of expression,—*Respice finem.*

If the streets of our cities of to-day lack temples to gods and goddesses of varied celestial merits, they do not lack Assurance Offices; for there is now scarcely an eligible and commanding site in the heart of the metropolis which is not occupied by an imposing building, over which you may read some assurance title derived either from the heavenly bodies, or earthly authorities, or natural sciences, or significant moral emblems. Of the principal heavenly bodies, the Sun shone forth early in the chronology of Life Offices; and the Star, though making its first appearance, as was fitting, long after the Sun, yet displays no despicable lustre. The Moon will, in all probability, long remain unclaimed, from the too ready suggestions which it might afford of waning and of change. When we come to earthly titles, there is scarcely a symbol of solidity, unanimity, or prudence, which has not been adopted by the various offices. Rocks, Anchors, Crowns, and Empires, have been emblazoned over their porticoes; mythology has afforded its Minerva, Atlas, and Argus; history, its Hercules and Achilles; geography has suggested its Britannia; and topography finds abundant provincial distinctions. Law has named its Equitable, Law Life, and Law Union; ornithology its Phoenix, Pelican, Eagle, and Falcon; while almost every class, profession, and order into which modern society is divided, finds an office bearing its name, and thereby inviting its patronage. If you are an Oxford or Cambridge man, there is for you the University Life; if you are a clergyman or a medical man, there is the Clerical, Medical, and General; if a Churchman, you have the Church of England Office; if a Dissenter, the Dissenters' and General; if a Wesleyan, the Star; if a Scotchman, the Scottish Widows' Fund invites you to provide for your better half; if a Welshman, for you there is, or rather was, the Cambrian. Nor does the adaptation stop here; for even provincial affections are appealed to, and a Lancashire man is solicited to prefer the Lancashire, or the Liverpool and London, or the Manchester Office. Yorkshire, and Norwich, the East of England, the Midland Counties, and Kent, have each their offices; and Scotland, instead of being satisfied with general patriotism, divides her interests amongst the Caledonian, Edinburgh, City of Glasgow, and North of Scotland Companies.

Even from this cursory selection of titles, it will be evident that no motive or feeling is left unappealed to for the purpose of securing preference and patronage. At first the designations seem to have been of a general character, and chiefly emblematical. Thus the oldest establishments thought it enough to be known as the Amicable, the Equitable, and the Sun; the

Pelican is a beautifully appropriate symbol for life assurance, as the Phoenix for insurance against fire. But it is curious to observe that gradually, as numbers increased and competition stimulated, it was sought to throw the Sun into the shade, and the Amicable into contention, by the adoption of the utmost speciality. What, for example, should a Scotchman care for the Sun, even though he had seen so little of it in his own country, when he might assure, together with his fellow Scots, in a society of their own? And why should keen Yorkshiremen or Lancastrians throw away their premiums upon the Southerners, when their own beloved counties might be emblazoned over doors and windows? What to these county and country-loving folks would London offices offer with their grand general titles? The Eagle might fly off into the air, and the Pelican bleed to death in feeding its own young; the Equitable might become unjust, and the Amicable unfriendly; the Atlas might find his worldly undertaking too heavy for him; the Argus fall asleep, and the Alliance fall off; the Magnet lose its power of attraction; the Universal crumble on its broad foundation, and the great Globe itself dissolve and vanish, like the baseless fabric of a dream! But if Yorkshiremen would deal only with Yorkshiremen, Scotchmen with Scotchmen, and Welshmen with Welshmen, surely then there would be a most beneficial union of provincial patriotism and mutual interest and security. Nothing, however, has been more clearly proved in the experience of such offices than that exclusiveness would be their ruin, and hence every one of them has sought to extend its business by agencies in all likely localities: the Scotch offices have earnestly striven for English favour, and many of the originally class offices have either altered their names, or added the word 'General' to their specific designations.

Not only are Life Assurance Offices modern products as regards their external appearance and titles, but they are also entirely new as regards their appurtenances. What would classical antiquity have thought of Directors? and how would it have described them, had they then flourished? They are so entirely creations of our day,—so thoroughly were they called into existence by the times,—that they must be looked at only under the influence of things around us. As presiding over the interests of railways, they have been sufficiently exhibited and gibbeted in foolish novels and vapid tales. But the director of a Life Office is still a new subject open to any novelist or satirist. Nor is this class of gentlemen insignificant in numbers; for we have counted the names of more than *two thousand directors* presiding over the entire Life and Fire

Insurance Offices of the kingdom. Here, then, is a numerous body of influential and mostly wealthy gentlemen who are at least deserving of mention; for every week of their lives they are devoting minute attention to the lives of others, and deciding whether, in human opinion, their anxious fellow-creatures are to survive their full threescore years and ten, or to drop off into premature graves. We may smile at the ordeal, if we have not ourselves to go through it; but it is no slight thing for a nervous or fastidious man to submit to a medical examination and a directorial scrutiny respecting his prospects of living. It is no pleasant thing to detail and describe every disease you ever suffered from, with the diseases of your ancestors; and to avouch that your lamented father did not suffer from gout or heart-disease, and did not die lunatic or raving mad. Then the precise and conscientious personal examination of some of the medical officers is not agreeable; and add to this, that all these family particularities, these personal traits of modes of life, age, habits, indulgences, and disorders, are to be submitted to the private consideration and discussion of, it may be, your banker, or your neighbour, your parson, your publisher or printer, or your intimate friend, with whom you are daily meeting; and who, on the strength of your friendship, has induced you to reveal these little personal particulars for the benefit of the office of which he is a leading director. But what is it that impels men to solicit so earnestly, and often to canvass so zealously, for a seat at the board of a Life Office? The earliest directors trembled at their responsibility; but the directors of our day take their seats with alacrity and joy. What is the reason? Surely it is the opportunity which the office affords for exercising benevolent feelings, and not the publication of the name, not the possible advantages in trade, not—certainly not—the guinea, or two guineas, which every director pockets as the reward of his attendance and advice at every board-meeting.

A director, however, may be eluded, notwithstanding his friendly interest in your life; for he cannot pass beyond the bounds of courteous and frequent suggestions in favour of his own office; but there is one class of caterers from whom no insurable man can hope to escape without a strong effort; and that is the active Life-agents, who canvass for policies as others canvass for electioneering votes. We do not speak of the ordinary and stationary agents to the various companies in provincial towns, who commonly have other business, and content themselves with displaying their names on boards or brass door-plates as agents to the Widows'

Friend or Orphans' Provider. These agents take business if it comes, but do not go forth to procure it; and accordingly the Widows' Friend and Orphans' Provider have long since discovered that their doors may be closed for any help they derive from these their somnolent country representatives. It has for some years past been the study of directors and actuaries to find and form agents who will gird themselves, and go forth as for an argumentative battle into the midst of the uninsured population, and who will literally compel them to come in through the doors of the always ready office. It is not easy to find men fit for this purpose, since they must combine rarely united qualities, viz., easy audacity, unfailing pertinacity, a touch of pathos, a power of persuasion, and a length of loquacity, which shall together overcome all obstacles, and insure a policy of assurance. Some such men, however, there are; and they are at this hour scouring their respective neighbourhoods in active search of lives for proposal to their offices. One such, not long since deceased, was probably the model Life Assurance agent. His qualifications were undeniable, and his success was unsurpassed. He laid out his life for assuring the lives of others. Wherever he walked, or rode, or rested, the welfare of the Orphans' Provider was his ruling passion. If he heard of a young couple about to arrive at a mutual understanding for life, both parties received a flourishing prospectus of the Orphans' Provider. If this did not succeed, soon after their settlement he obtained a half introduction to them, and again the Orphans' Provider was introduced and commended. If any fearful calamity attended with loss of life occurred, dreadful as it was, he turned it to good account. He found out that the men who were killed were not assured; and forthwith every company into which he could creep heard a recital of the accident, always concluding with a lamentation over the poor widows and orphans, who *might* now have had a hundred or a thousand pounds, if the deceased had but known of the Orphans' Provider. Did he ride to the office in an omnibus? he had always a pocket-full of prospectuses, which he contrived to hand round with an urgent recommendation. Did he see a new shop opened? he called, made a small purchase, and named the Orphans' Provider. Was there a row of houses in course of erection? every tenant found the Orphans' Provider had been there with a publication. Did he take a trip to the sea-side? then not a head of a family in the steam-boat escaped his assurance rhetoric. In fact, no man became better known amongst families of the middle classes residing in certain districts, than Mr. G——, the Life Assurance agent. He had tracts and tables, and reports and calculations,

ready for you at every turn of conversation. All he wanted was that you would start an objection, either to Life Assurance in general, or his office in particular. At once your objection was met: you were plied with fifty proofs to the contrary; until you felt ashamed of yourself for having mentioned it. In due time, after a whole battery of words and instances had been fired against you, you yourself were reluctantly compelled to anticipate an early and sudden death. You began to fear you had incipient heart disease; you remembered that your father died of the liver complaint; your widow was already homeless, your children crying for bread; your beloved ones were looking towards the workhouse. You were in the depths of despair at the prospect,—when Mr. G—— at once propounded his simple remedy. For a very few pounds per annum, all these terrible anticipations might be defeated. What could you do but fill up a form of proposal, appear in the office of the Orphans' Provider, pay your first premium, and receive a policy of assurance?

It may be said that this kind of effort would be fruitless, and that people would resist this puffing and audacious self-introduction. So we ourselves thought at one time, and concluded that men were too sagacious for such agency, until we ascertained that Mr. G—— was actually in the receipt of between £300 and £400 per annum from his office, in the shape of a commission of £5 per cent. on every premium of every assurer introduced by him. This, indeed, is the common remuneration of agents, sometimes exceeded, but very seldom diminished. Commission is evidently a deduction from profits or bonuses; and has been a hundred times vigorously and virtuously reprobated. But it is still largely paid; and such is the existing competition for business amongst Life Companies, that we know an office which proffers a reward of no less than thirty per cent. upon the first premium, and five per cent. on all succeeding ones. The public at large have no conception of the keen rivalry that prevails amongst the companies; and while many of the older or more flourishing establishments discard all such modes of soliciting patronage, there are numerous others which set forth their terms, tables, and bonuses in a mode more suitable for antibilious pills than assurances. Hence, to all such concerns a thorough-paced, nimble-tongued agent is invaluable. If he can be found and fee'd, and sent forth to puff and persuade, he will have his reward. But he must be no common man,—no easily rebuffed, hesitating, half doubting advocate. He must be armed at all points, and prepared for all questions. He must be able to show the wonderful advantages of life assurance, not merely to husbands and fathers, but to all classes of society.

He must with ready versatility fit tables and rates to every conceivable contingency of life. If you would elude him upon the plea that you are neither husband nor father, he will, if well instructed for his calling, show you that a policy is the best investment of your spare cash, that *you* cannot make compound interest for a small sum as well as his office can for a large amount; or he will advise you to purchase an annuity, if you persist in bachelorhood. Are you out of business? then you cannot do better with your money. Are you entering business? then this is the very hour for entering a Life Office. Are you about to become a partner? then insure your partnership capital. Have you no capital? then take out a policy of assurance, and borrow money upon it as a security. Has your intended wife a fortune which you cannot touch, yet greatly need? then persuade her parents or trustees to advance you a moiety, for which you insure your life, and thus repay your wife or widow. Have you several children? secure a policy for a given amount for each of them. Will you succeed to property if the present holder of it has no children? then (this is a new device) insure '*against issue*,' so that if the life-tenant is blessed with heirs, and you are disappointed of the property, you receive payment of the policy. Are you too young to assure your life? his office will take you at sixteen. Are you too old? his office is particularly favourable to '*old lives*.' Are you too poor to pay a premium? his office will accept half-premium for seven years, and charge you with the other half as a debt. Are you too sickly to assure? then his office will grant you a policy at a slightly advanced rate, only making you seven or ten years older than you really are. Are you and yours too well provided for to need an assurance? then Mr. J. C. was better off than you, but lost all his property by the breaking of the British Bank, and had nothing but his assurance to look forward to for his family. There is only one other conceivable excuse or life-escape from the assurance of this man: you really are about to assure, but are not prepared at this moment. Unhappy confession! This excuse is weaker and worse than all others. Forth comes from the agent's eloquent lips a whole budget of anecdotes and instances of the evil effects of delay, and the wisdom of immediate assurance. The Rev. Thomas D., like you, was about to assure—he delayed for a week, was seized with a fever and died, without leaving anything but nine young children. Mr. B. M. was actually proceeding from the country to London to inquire about the best office for assurance; but he slipped from the railway platform, and the engine wheel severed his head from his body; his widow

is now a pauper in the workhouse. Sir Henry W. had proposed to an office, and had been accepted, but had omitted to pay his premium; one day, when riding out with the hounds, the omission occurred to him; but, in leaping a five-barred gate, he came down upon his head instead of his horse, and was killed on the spot. Of course his policy for £5,000 was never in force; and his widow, although Lady W., keeps a school under another name, in the neighbourhood of Notting Hill. If the hearer can withstand these awful admonitions, he is more than mortal—and in that case, of course, he needs no virtue of assurance.

Does the reader think we are over-acting the model agent? Then he has not been plagued by him as we ourselves and others have been; and he has not read, as we have done, a dozen or more of the 'Hints,' 'Advices,' and 'Stray Thoughts' on Life Assurance, put forth by this pertinacious class of canvassers. The rhetoric of some of them is grandiloquent, as, for example, in the following passage from an agent's pamphlet now before us:—

'The man who assures his life admits virtue into his soul; and no sooner finds she there a place for the sole of her foot than she seeks dominion, and beautifies the life that is with the radiance of her glory, making hallowed the paths of her possessor;' and again, 'The applicability of Life Assurance is illimitable. It shines not upon a peculiar class, but beams upon the community *entire*: not respecting persons, or acuminating the phases of society in the distinction of great and small, rich and poor, noble or mean. Greatness is in the act; poverty is in *procrastinating* the act; meanness is in denying the *virtue* of the act. The system is not aristocratic, but essentially *conservative*; therefore it is pre-eminently virtuous as an action, and holy as a principle. Its *conservatism* is the very pith of the artisan's prudence, the cottager's frugality, the middle man's caution, the squire's solicitude.'

So writes a recent assurance advocate, and like passages abound in the course of his sixty pages. After this, is it not marvellous that so few persons out of the whole mass are assured?

It is time, however, that we take up the subject of Life Assurance Institutions gravely and thoroughly. In so doing we shall enter more fully into the practice of Life Offices and their financial arrangements than is usual; and we shall advert to particulars which are seldom or never brought under the notice of the general public. Omitting for the most part the details of such elementary information as may be obtained from several pamphlets and cheap publications, we shall rather attempt to draw attention to those particulars of finance and management which must be well understood and carefully weighed,

before any man about to assure his life is capable of forming an independent opinion upon the eligibleness and stability of any particular office. There are at least fifty respectable offices in which a man may safely assure his life; but it is important for him to know which of them will best meet his views, and what are the principles upon which it can most profitably proceed in its conduct and valuations.

For the sake of those to whom the subject is new, or whose ideas of Life Assurance are indefinite, it may be as well, before we proceed further, to state in the clearest manner what this kind of business is. In its simplest form a Life Assurance is a contract entered into by a society to pay, upon the death of a subscriber to its funds, a given and proportionate sum of money. The subscriber contracts on his part to pay a computed equivalent for the assurance either in a single sum or premium at once and for all, or a greater number of smaller sums or premiums to be paid annually during a certain term of years, or during the remainder of his life. The more complex forms of Life Assurance are all founded upon a similar contract, varied, only, according to the details and diversities of the proposed assurance.

The company or society forming the other party to this contract proceeds upon the assumption, that the contributions of the subscribers or members received year by year, and invested in some safe fund, which will produce interest thereupon, will of themselves be sufficient to pay the representatives of each member, when he himself dies, the sum written in the contract termed a 'Policy of Assurance.'

The company performs its part in dependence upon the truth of several positions, now almost admitted as the axioms of the science. The principal of these are the following:—1. The probable average duration of human life is nearly correctly estimated by the office or company, and particularly is not over-rated. 2. The full interest assumed by the company in its calculations shall actually be realized, and very frequently be exceeded, by good management. 3. A surplus shall be annually accumulated which shall be at least sufficient to defray all the ordinary expenses of management. 4. An equal or a nearly equal amount of risk shall be distributed over all the lives assured. 5. The lives assured shall be ordinarily healthy lives, and a sufficient number of these shall be obtained to secure an average. 6. The funds of the institution shall be so invested and arranged as to be readily available without serious diminution, and shall in the bulk produce compound interest.

If the above postulates are retained in recollection, it will not

be at all difficult to discern the bearing of our subsequent observations. Though many other considerations branch out from these just named, yet all have a more or less direct connexion with them, and all originate from the attempt to carry them into execution.

Of all the commercial establishments abounding in our times, these institutions for assuring fixed sums, to be paid at death to the executors of those who pay an annual contribution during life, have received the least amount of public scrutiny and criticism. The affairs of banks have been repeatedly discussed; but those of Life Assurance Offices have been for many years almost passed over. This neglect may arise from the general ignorance of their principles, and the peculiar difficulty of gaining an acquaintance with their practice. Much of it is so purely technical, that it is unintelligible without elementary explanation; and some of it, including very important points, is entirely veiled from public scrutiny. While the Bank of England, and the Bank of France, are made to present weekly or monthly statements of their accounts, and while the Joint-Stock Banks in most instances publish annual balance-sheets, the Life Offices have hitherto entirely escaped the obligation of such publicity, and have only recently come under an Act of Parliament which imperfectly binds upon them a statement of accounts annually. In looking over a mass of these we have found no general accordance, no intelligible system, and no systematic information. A public audit is most desirable for such institutions. This has been claimed for Banks; but if important in establishments from which the depositor can withdraw his deposits in a day or an hour, how much more important is it in those establishments which engage only to repay the depositors at the end of protracted periods, such as ten or twenty, or forty or fifty years hence!

Moreover, the publications which have appeared on the subject of Life Assurance, are for the most part exclusively technical and tabular, or the productions of agents and others who have particular offices and interests to serve, and who cannot, therefore, be regarded as impartial. There are some points, too, which have not been at all brought before the notice of the general public: these are such as relate to the financial management of the funds of Life Offices, and the modes of estimating their liabilities and surplus sums. Assurers have, therefore, had no means of obtaining an insight into the mysteries of the cabinet of the actuary; and even the directors of these institutions are too often content to transact the mere ordinary business of the board-room, and to rely confidently upon the finan-

cial skill of their actuaries, without informing themselves of the principles of the calculations, and the grounds of the financial statements. We think, therefore, that we shall render an acceptable service if we devote some pages to a serious consideration of such institutions, glancing successively at their rise, the tables of mortality upon which they frame their calculations, their charges or premiums, their varied constitution, their expenses and their profits or surplus accumulations, the modes of arriving with certainty at these amounts, and of distributing them with equity amongst their customers; and then the forms in which the principles of Life Assurances can be extended and accommodated to the requirements of some classes of the community who have not yet reaped their benefits. On all these points we shall endeavour to be intelligible to all readers, although some of the topics are not very susceptible of popular treatment.

These topics become almost nationally momentous when we learn that (as nearly as we can ascertain) the present number of the English Life Offices is about one hundred and sixty,* which, in the aggregate, guarantee assurances for not much less than *two hundred millions sterling*, and expend annually not less than half a million pounds in transacting their business. Their aggregate annual income cannot be ascertained even approximately, although we have reason to believe it exceeds seven millions sterling; and its magnitude may be conceived from the fact, that the united income (from premiums) of the Life Offices established from the year 1846 to the year 1857, was £631,189. If this be the income of the new offices of only ten full years, how vast must be the income of the whole number of offices!

Some few old writers afford us sufficient information respecting the various schemes for annuities for widows, and deferred annuities for old age, at the earliest period of these projects, to make it manifest that amongst all the quarrels, competitions, and failures of such schemes, nothing had been brought out which could command the confidence and custom of the general public. Confidence, indeed, had already been rudely shaken; and new companies, succeeding old ones, could not proclaim more reliable *data* for their calculations, or charge other than exorbitant premiums. The Government was inactive or unfavourable to such projects; and when the *Amicable Society*

* The number of Life Offices existing in any one year is always fluctuating, as some new ones may be projected or in process of establishment, and others defunct; while the number of the more firmly founded offices remains nearly the same. Thus we find that from 1844 to 1857 no less than 542 offices were projected, of which only 246 became founded. During the same period 238 offices ceased to exist, 10 amalgamated with others, and 92 transferred their business.

was established in the year 1706, it was so fettered by its constitution, or the provisions of its charter, that it was unable to grant assurances of the kind most desirable, or beginning to be most desired. It is, indeed, a remarkable proof of the slow growth of this kind of business, that this earliest mutual assurance corporation was not invested with the power of granting assurances at rates of premium calculated according to age, until the 80th of October, 1807; and it is only as recently as the 8th of May, 1845, that it was empowered to grant assurances for fixed sums.

When Thomas Simpson, the self-taught mathematician, had obtained considerable fame by his various mathematical publications, he delivered, in London, a series of lectures, in the course of which he announced the possibility of constructing a table of premiums *graduated* according to the age of the assurer. This announcement excited much attention and some investigation; and James Dodson actually computed, upon the principle laid down by Dr. Halley,* a table of premiums founded upon probabilities of life so low, that they were nearly twice as high as the premiums now required and found sufficient. At thirty years of age, for example, the rate charged for whole life assurance, for males, was £3. 18s. 7d. per cent., and for females, £4. 4s. 4d. per cent., whereas any healthy person of either sex may assure his or her life at rates varying from £2. 2s. to £2. 9s. per cent. It was then considered that female life was inferior to male, and therefore higher rates were charged for it; while modern usage has rather leant to the supposed superiority of the female to the male life.† Curiously, too, the first

* Dr. Halley published the result of his investigations in No. 196 of the *Philosophical Transactions*, 1693, under the title of 'An Estimate of the Degrees of the Mortality of Mankind, drawn from curious Tables of the Births and Funerals at the City of Breslau; with an Attempt to ascertain the Price of Annuities upon Lives. By E. Halley, R.S.S.' The table is arranged in the same form as the mortality tables of the present day, and shows the numbers living at each age. Dr. Halley may, therefore, be considered the discoverer and scientific arranger of Life Tables, although there is no doubt that De Wit preceded him, by some years, in the elimination of a method by which the true value of a life annuity could be obtained. Without adjusting to exactitude their relative claims, they may be recorded as joint originators of the application of the doctrine of probabilities of life and death to monetary transactions. Simpson did not think the Breslau tables applicable to London.

† Mr. Sang remarks, 'The expectation of life by the females of the wealthier classes is decidedly, though not much, greater than that of the mass of the female population. It will be noticed' (from investigations he had made) 'that the expectation of life by women is greater than that by men over the whole community, and during the whole course of life; the period when the greatest difference exists being from age twenty till age sixty, that is, the period of active exertion. Among what are called the *select classes*, on the other hand, the females have the most decided advantage over the males under twenty-five years of age, that is, when the young gentlemen are, technically, "sowing their wild oats."—*Transactions of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts*, vol. i.

Assurance Offices placed a heavy charge upon the retailers of beer, a class not now more heavily taxed than others ; and yet some of the more recent reports of the Registrar-General tend to prove that beer retailers are amongst the unhealthiest classes of traders now existing.

We now arrive at that landmark in the history of Life Assurance, the foundation of the *Equitable Society*. In 1761 a petition was presented to Parliament from the Hon. Coote Molesworth, Sir Richard Glynn, Dr. Thomas Pickering, Dr. John Silvester, and seventy-eight other persons, 'in behalf of themselves, and many others, his Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects,' in which it was set forth, 'That great numbers of his Majesty's subjects whose subsistence principally depends on the salaries, stipends, and other incomes payable to them during their natural lives, or on the profits arising from their several trades, occupations, labour, and industry, are very desirous of entering into a society for assuring the lives of each other, in order to extend, after their decease, the benefit of their present incomes to their families and relations who may be otherwise reduced to extreme poverty and distress by the premature death of their several husbands, fathers, and friends; which humane intention, the petitioners humbly apprehend, cannot be effectually carried into execution without his Majesty's royal authority to incorporate them for that purpose.' The petition further sets forth that this society would be for the sole benefit of the persons assured, according to a certain plan of operations laid down. According to the then custom, the petition was referred to the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General; and we only regret that we cannot find room for some portions of their report thereon, which most amusingly betrays their total ignorance of the business, and the power of the opposition which the London and Royal Exchange Assurance Companies had brought to bear. The objections of these learned personages are stated *seriatim*, and with fulness. They think the petitioners propose to assure upon cheap terms, (while, as we have remarked, the premiums proposed were about double those really required,) and for a longer time than was practised at the period in any offices (namely, for a whole life). They have considered the terms proposed, and heard counsel in support of the petition and against it, and are 'humbly of opinion to advise his Majesty *not* to comply with the prayer of the said petitions, for the following reasons.' Then follow the wise reasons in detail, in which they state, 'The success of this scheme must depend upon the truth of certain calculations taken upon tables of life and death, whereby the chance of mortality is attempted

to be reduced to a certain standard : this is a mere speculation, never yet tried in practice, and consequently subject, like all other experiments, to various chances in the execution.' Further, 'As the fund to answer losses must depend principally upon the premiums, (for we pay but little regard to the small deposits upon the personal covenant,) the project should be sure of success, otherwise the adventurers will be undone or greatly injured ; and the project will fall the heavier because it will fall principally upon the poorest sort,—the rich having no temptation to insure. Under these circumstances, if there were no other objection against the scheme proposed, the uncertainty of success would make us fearful of advising the charter.' Further objections were also stated ; and the precautions which the learned gentlemen considered necessary in such an affair were numerous and minute. The result was, that the petition was dismissed.

The projectors of the Equitable might have been dismayed, but they were better informed than their judges ; and, feeling confident that their scheme was practicable, they resolved to carry it out into practice. They determined to commence upon principles of mutual assurance, whereby they were better able to dispense with parliamentary powers than companies requiring a large paid up capital as a guarantee fund. Having drawn out the constitution of their society in the form of a Deed of Settlement, four years afterwards, viz., in 1765, this deed was duly enrolled in the Court of King's Bench. During the interval they had reconsidered and improved their rates and plans, and had made reduction upon the former. There was, however, a proviso against hazardous occupation in every instance ; and for each girl and woman under fifty, an additional charge was made.

It has been pretty clearly established, that no plan of life insurance, in its proper form of development, viz., provision of a fixed minimum amount of money payable at death, whenever that might occur,—the risk thus extending from the date of the assurance being effected, up to the expiration of the whole term of life,—had been contemplated by a company or society, or had been considered by any legislature in Europe, prior to the year 1760, when discussions ensued in England preliminary to the formation of the Equitable Society in 1762.

But, as the actuary of that society, Mr. Morgan, observed in one of his addresses, there can be no sufficiency in correctly computed premiums, 'if no means are provided for ascertaining, at proper intervals, the real state of the institution, and for disposing of its profits without endangering its security, either by a direct or indirect invasion of its capital.' Such means could

only be supplied in a correct table of the mortality of English life; and such a table, at least approximately correct, came forth from a source the least likely of any that could have been named; to wit, from the desk of an unsuccessful Unitarian preacher, though an accomplished man withal,—we mean the celebrated Dr. Price, who had often been consulted on points of difficulty by the projectors of the Equitable Society, and who had communicated to them two plans: one for ascertaining, under their then existing rates, the amount of their surplus stock at certain periods; and the other for determining, with some accuracy, the state of the society's accounts every year. So well were these plans found to answer, that they have been continued with some modification by this society, and by nearly all the old societies in the kingdom. The table to which we are now alluding, is the well known Northampton Table, founded by Dr. Price upon the registers of the town of Northampton; the record of births and deaths in these documents forming, as was then conceived, a fair average of both throughout the country. This was published in the Doctor's book in 1780. Within one year after the publication of that book, Dr. Price had prepared for the society an entirely new set of tables, embracing upwards of 20,000 calculations.* The rates or premiums which he thus deduced, even although they were only based upon the improvement of money at three per cent. interest, were so much below the premiums previously in use, that fifteen per cent. was added to them to prevent too sudden a reduction in the annual income of the society. The new rates were practically adopted in 1782; and even after the addition just named, the issue was a diminution of the society's income, in the first year, to the extent of some £4,000, the actual income being £32,000, instead of £36,000. To show, however, that the new rates did not diminish the prosperity of the young institution, we may observe that, at the period of the change, the whole surplus fund amounted to £30,000. An investigation of the surplus was made in 1786; and then the fifteen per cent. increase of the rate was taken off. In 1789, a further increase was made, to the sums assured, at the rate of £1 upon each £100 for every annual premium paid up to the year 1786; and before the close of the century a similar addition was further

* We shall subsequently show the inadequacy of the Northampton Table, which, for present practice, is nearly obsolete. Dr. Farr has proved that the difference between this and the Carlisle Table (one very nearly true) is principally due to the erroneous mode of construction employed by Dr. Price. Tables founded upon the mortality experienced at Northampton for the seven years, 1838-44, and constructed upon true principles, give results not widely different from the Carlisle and other comparatively correct tables.

made. Yet, even after this addition, the surplus fund was £110,000; and every person assured previously to 1772, received an addition of thirty per cent. to the sum originally specified in his assurance.

The history of the Equitable Society is, in fact, the history of Mutual Life Assurance in England. By every phase through which it passed in its wonderfully successful but cautious progress, the true character, value, and profits of such business became better understood. No one who now casually enters within its sober precincts in New Bridge Street, paces its noiseless floor, listens to the loud-ticking clock, and with moderated voice addresses one of the composed, gentlemanly clerks,—who seem to be toned down to a table of premiums,—would be prepared to conceive of the vast amount of assurance business which has been transacted there, or of the wonderful growth of this society from an infancy both feeble and doubtful. Its first meeting was held at the White Lion in Cornhill, in 1762, and then only four assurances were effected; nor did the number exceed thirty in the succeeding four months. When the Attorney-General was applied to for an act of incorporation, he observed, 'I do not think the terms are sufficiently high to justify me in advising the Crown to grant a charter.'

Certain persons, whose names are now uninteresting, aided the infant society by their strenuous exertions on its behalf: but it seemed necessary to employ the name of a peer of the realm as a decoy, and that of Lord Willoughby de Parham was paraded to the public as patron and director; the noble Lord gravely receiving at the end of two years a vote of thanks for the use of his name. But even the name of a peer of the realm did not bring business speedily enough; and the now great and dignified Equitable actually resorted to the expedient of numbering the 25th policy as the 275th, thus endeavouring to persuade the public that it had issued 250 more policies than in truth it had. It was found, however, that for many years a perfect indifference to its concerns was manifested by its members. Advertisements failed to obtain a quorum for a general meeting, nor could a full court be secured until the inducement of a fee of five guineas was held out to the first twenty-one of the qualified persons who should arrive before twelve o'clock. We need scarcely add that courts were then and thereafter early and fully attended.

In looking back to the early circumstances of this great institution, we discover many reasons for its want of immediate success. There were quarrels amongst its members; and twenty-one persons who had contributed to pay the original expenses suddenly claimed 15s. for every £100 assured by the society.

The good sense and moderation of Sir Charles Morgan alone availed to extinguish the flames kindled by the disputes on this matter; but this was not effected without a decrease in the policies,—from the number of 564 in the year 1768, to 490 in the year 1770. It now appears very remarkable that an air of mystery pervaded the dealings of the office during its first years, and that a solemn oath was taken by the directors and the actuary ‘never to discover the names of persons making or applying for assurances.’ Not satisfied with what are now known to be enormous charges, there were also certain additional premiums for imaginary risks, such as ‘youth hazard,’ and ‘female hazard, and ‘occupation hazard.’ Officers on half-pay (a capital class of lives) were surcharged eleven per cent., as also were persons ‘licensed to retail beer.’ How onerous these surcharges were, may be shown by a statement of the premiums of the Equitable in 1771 and at present, and particularly by comparison with the nearly true net premiums of the Carlisle table, improved at three *per cent* interest.

PREMIUMS IN 1771.						PRESENT PREMIUMS.						PREMIUMS BY CARLISLE 3½ PER CENT.					
AGE.	MALE.			FEMALE.			BOTH SEXES.										
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		
20	3	9	4	3	14	3	2	3	7				1	19	10		
25	3	14	0	4	1	5	2	8	1				1	14	0		
30	3	18	7	4	4	4	2	13	4				1	19	0		
40	4	17	9	5	4	8	3	8	0				2	12	0		
50	5	18	4	6	11	0	4	10	8				3	12	5		
60	8	5	2	8	5	2	6	7	4				5	15	9		

It would seem that the continued existence of this society must have been very precarious in 1769, had not Dr. Price recommended it in his treatise on Annuities, and had not a vast improvement been made upon the mode of conducting its professional business by the appointment, in 1775, of Mr. Morgan as actuary,—an appointment doubtless owing to the influence of Dr. Price, and his interest as uncle of Mr. Morgan. The Doctor urged upon the directors in 1776 the reduction of premiums, and the abolition of the absurd female and youth hazards. He succeeded in securing a reduction of one-tenth on all the charges, and in 1780 he procured the adoption of the Chester and Northampton rates of mortality, with an addition to them of fifteen per cent. This addition, however, was removed in 1786, and various additions were made to the policies of the members. Now the society rapidly rose in public favour. The disfavour from which it was escaping may be estimated from the fact that half the policies issued within the first twenty-five years had been abandoned, probably from a fear that they would not be

paid. But now, when additions were made, the appetite for 'bonuses' was created and whetted; and at a subsequent meeting an additional bonus was expected and demanded. Directors doubted and demurred, affairs were investigated, and it was found that another 2 per cent. could be added to the policies. Again, in two years an addition of 1 per cent. was voted to all policies effected before 1795. Marvellous strides did the institution, once so weakly and moribund, now make; and in 1815 the alarm excited was not that of failure or decline of business, but that the accumulated business and profits should become positively unmanageable by reason of their magnitude. About this time was passed the famous law of exclusion, according to a resolution that the participators in the future divisions of additions or bonuses should be limited to the number of five thousand persons. Periodical investigations every ten years were resolved upon, and a most prosperous career was now before the Equitable. There can be no doubt that the late Mr. Morgan was the faithful and able guide of the directors, and brought the society through its actuarial perplexities; for his mathematical attainments were of a high order, and he contributed valuable papers to scientific publications. At the best, however, an actuary is merely a guide and adviser; he does not command business; and therefore we must attribute the success of the society in a great measure to the public appreciation of the benefits of Life Assurance, and to the introduction of a system more enlightened and liberal than prevailed in the contemporaneous offices. The Equitable assured lives for the whole term of life, or for any number of years, receiving the premiums in one sum, or in annual proportions. It granted annuities to survivors, if preferred to a fixed sum; and although its premiums were extravagantly high, this arose from the general ignorance of the value of the risk incurred. Its contemporaries were so far in its rear in this business.

The progress of this once doubtful and weakly society to its recent and present greatness, is the most remarkable proof of the extensive popularity of Life Assurance. It has now in force assurances to about the amount of nine millions and a half pounds (including the guaranteed addition to its policies); its accumulated funds are about six and a half millions sterling, and its gross annual income exceeds four millions. Yet its progress in recent times has not been so rapid as that of another institution constructed on the mutual principle in Scotland; for the Scottish Widows' Fund was founded so lately as 1815, and has nevertheless assurances in force to the amount of about nine millions, and an annual income exceeding four hundred thousand

pounds. Its accumulated funds, however, do not exceed one half of those of the Equitable, on account of the far less favourable circumstances of its course and period. The Scotch Society, too, like the Equitable, commenced in an unpretending manner, and its wonderful growth has been as healthy as its practice is sound and systematic. Another London office, a proprietary company, the Law Life, has made an equally rapid, or even more rapid, advance. This company was established in 1823, and has now assurances in hand for eight and a half millions, with an annual income of four hundred and seventy thousand pounds. This company owes its prosperity to its immediate and extensive connexion with lawyers, who of course have very frequent opportunities of patronizing it, and forwarding its interests. In addition to the above, we can name three other London offices, namely, the London Life, the National Provident, and the Economic, all upon the mutual principle, each of which has policies in force to amounts somewhat exceeding six millions sterling; and the youngest of these was founded so lately as 1835. To those who are unacquainted with these facts, the progress and magnitude of the operations of these principal offices must appear indeed astonishing.

Having thus far noticed their rise, and glanced at their present prosperity, we may proceed to consider the terms upon which the Life Offices offer to transact business, and afterwards the principles of their constitution.

Their terms are governed by their tables of mortality. We have already intimated the origin of the Northampton Table constructed by Dr. Price about 1782. It was the best then known; and the greater part of the assurance business of this country has been transacted upon faith in it. It is, however, now confessed to be very faulty in several respects. It does not represent the true value of human life, and is imperfectly graduated to the several ages. When employed by the mutual offices, it makes a member, according to his age, pay 40 or 30, 25, 20, or 10 per cent. more than the premium which is required to secure a policy of the same value by other tables. The proprietary offices by employing it have exacted large overcharges (perhaps unknowingly in the earlier times) and very unequal premiums from those who have dealt with them. It may be difficult to dispense with a table of mortality once employed in an office; and hence business is still transacted upon this otherwise indefensible table. To adopt it *de novo* would be unpardonable. It is like the bad foundation of a great house, irretrievably bad, and yet now unalterable. When Dr. Price constructed his table, the mean lifetime in Northampton was

about thirty years, whereas it is now thirty-seven years and a half. Unhappily, to substitute a correct life table for the old Northampton in the offices employing it, would create the same kind of disturbance in the value of the shares of the members as a recoinage of clipped money, or a return from a depreciated paper to a metallic currency. Some of the old offices have, however, managed to abandon it.

The Carlisle Table was deduced from two enumerations of the population of two parishes in Carlisle; the first enumeration having been made in 1780, and the second in 1787. It has been extensively employed, and has been the favourite table of actuaries. Upon it, therefore, very much business has been conducted; and as several professional works and tabular computations proceed upon it, it will probably maintain a certain standard position, even though more correct tables have since been constructed. Its weak point is a faulty graduation; but it cannot be regarded as a bad table, though it may be defective in some respects.

With reference to the mortality of assured persons, it is manifest that no better guide can be found than the actual experience of large and sound Life Offices. Accordingly a committee of actuaries directed their attention to the returns of seventeen offices, embracing 83,905 policies, and deduced a carefully framed rate or table of mortality from the combined town and country experience arising from 60,537 assurances. This enables every office to test the adequacy of its premiums. In the same direction we have the lately published brief statement of the experience of the Equitable Society for the seven years ending on the 31st of December, 1856, from which it appears that the society has had to pay during those seven years only half the amount it could have afforded to pay without loss. This result is interesting, as showing the very erroneous character of the old Northampton Table, which has left differences *in favour* of the office, varying, according to age, from 55 to 26 per cent.; so that the office has made charges which its own published and unquestionable experience proves to be, at several ages one half, and at others (from 60 to 70) one quarter, too high; or in the ratios of nearly 2 to 1, 5 to 3, and 9 to 4. Another office, the Economic, has found its experience for thirty-three years to be, as compared with the Equitable experience, 90 per cent.; as compared with the *Northampton table*, to be only 58 per cent.

The latest tables have been given by Dr. Farr, and named by him the English Life Tables, Nos. 1 and 2. They were derived from the returns made to the Registrar-General, and we have quoted a table of premiums for one year founded on these tables in the *London Review*, No. XIX., p. 210.

The following table has been compiled by Dr. Farr, to show the current rate of mortality in Europe:—

ANNUAL RATE OF MORTALITY IN EUROPEAN COUNTRIES.		ANNUAL RATE OF MORTALITY IN EUROPEAN CITIES.	
	Per Cent.		Per Cent.
England	2 · 3	London	2 · 5
Denmark	2 · 3	Berlin.....	2 · 5
Holland	2 · 4	Turin	2 · 6
France	2 · 35	Paris	2 · 8
Sweden	2 · 4	Genoa.....	3 · 1
Prussia	2 · 8	Lyons.....	3 · 3
Sardinia	3	Hamburg	3 · 6
Austria.....	3 · 1	Moscow	3 · 8
Russia	3 · 6	Stockholm	3 · 9
		St. Petersburg ...	4 · 1
		Vienna	4 · 9

To the above we may add, on the authority of a newspaper statement, that 'the mortality of New York exceeds that of London by nearly 100 per cent.'

We may now congratulate ourselves on having obtained a close approximation to the real value of human life as at present existing, at least, in our own country. Previous to the published experience of offices and the establishment of the general registration great difficulties stood in the way of all inquirers into this subject; and the labour they have submitted to in the collection of facts, and the construction of tables, is unknown and unappreciated by all but those who have studied this subject, and traced their footsteps in bygone years. Life Associations are happily now able to proceed with full confidence in their operations, as far as respects the basis of their calculations. Dr. Price's remarks *now* appear curiously cautious, when he said, 'Those persons will be most for flying to these establishments who have feeble constitutions, or are subject to distempers which they know render their lives particularly precarious; and it is to be feared that no caution will be sufficient to prevent all danger from hence.'

When a true, or nearly true, table of mortality has been obtained, a Life Office will found upon it all its expectations having reference to life; and the terms upon which it offers to assure lives will be the rates deduced from the table of mortality it adopts, with an addition to them of from twenty-five to thirty-five per cent. The old Northampton rate, by far too high, requires no addition, but all the truer tables do; and the

amount of the additions will depend upon the views of the framers of the rates of each office. The table of premiums, therefore, which every office issues, is its own view of the proper terms of business; and every premium consists of two parts: one, the amount necessary to cover the actual risk incurred in assuring any life; (and this is indicated by the table of mortality adopted;) and the other, the amount of profit which the particular office may deem necessary to pay its expenses of every kind, and leave a margin for casualties. By professional men, the former part is called the 'net' or 'pure premium,' and the latter, the 'charge' or 'margin;' the whole forming a 'loaded' or 'weighted premium.' In simple commercial phrase, the one is the cost price, the other the profit; and the two united form the selling price. It is better, however, to speak of the net and the gross premiums, as these terms are universally intelligible. The net premium must obviously be invariable in all offices using the same table of mortality; the gross premium is an arbitrary amount. Every man may know the terms of his office by ascertaining the mortality it adopts; and in these days of publicity every assurer may inform himself, with a little trouble, of what he ought to pay for his policy, and whether the annual premium is moderate, or, if very low, whether it is ordinarily safe.

Such being the terms on which this kind of business is conducted, we may proceed to explain more particularly the constitution of the associations transacting it. A Life Assurance Office is a bank (as Dr. Farr defines it) in which deposits are made every year, to be withdrawn at the death of the depositor. It is, therefore, a reversed lottery, as it sells equal prizes for unequal sums; or it is a trading firm, always seeking customers at fixed and published prices, and always looking out for long investments. If it be a proprietary office, its customers are subservient to its shareholders or proprietors; if a mutual office, all its customers are *quasi* partners, and stand, or ought to stand, upon an equal footing in proportion to their length of partnership.

Although the risks are similar in all offices, and the principles upon which they proceed the same, yet their constitution differs; and they may be divided into three classes: 1. The Proprietary; 2. The Mutual; and, 3. The Mixed Offices.

1. The *Proprietary Offices* possess a capital subscribed or promised by persons who undertake to pay the net sum assured by the instruments they issue, viz., policies; but they will pay no more, however long the assured person may survive. They gain by his long life; but he gains nothing from them by it, besides the agreed sum. It matters much to them that he

should live long, and pay numerous premiums; but his longevity brings no addition to his heirs. The ground on which these companies appeal for patronage is the security which their subscribed capital affords against the possible insufficiency of the funds otherwise accumulated. They allege, or assume, that there is always a risk involved in assuring lives, and an uncertainty whether the premiums charged will, in the end, be adequate to the risk incurred, and the discharge of all claims. Hence the supposed necessity for a capital either subscribed or guaranteed, which may be drawn upon in case of need. In their rivalry with the purely mutual offices, they point to the absence of original capital in the latter; and particularly to the liabilities of partnership, which every member of a mutual society, as they affirm, incurs. Although neither of these allegations can now be fully sustained, yet they are continually repeated; and we know a case of an eminent actuary who, having first served a mutual office, was afterwards appointed to a proprietary company, and successively advocated both views. Another ground of appeal of proprietary companies is, that they can assure at the lowest terms, having to distribute no profits to assurers. But it must be remembered, that they have to pay dividends of five per cent. per annum, and upwards, to their shareholders; in other words, they have to pay for the use of their capital. These dividends are calculated from a valuation of the company's liabilities and assets, and are derived from the surplus assets; the receipts of each shareholder being in exact proportion to his number of shares. A reserve is generally deducted from the surplus to enable the directors to equalize the dividends. Thus the shareholders take all the responsibility and the entire profits.

Without in any way attempting to weaken the credit of the proprietary principle, we may nevertheless affirm that it cannot, in the present day, be defended, or claimed as the best. Writers on the subject have spoken strongly against it; and Mr. Bailly remarks, that companies conducted on this principle consist of proprietors and non-proprietors, the latter class being composed of such persons 'as have been induced from ignorance, persuasion, or necessity, to effect assurances at these offices.' Refraining from such strong expressions, and remembering that these companies were, in most instances, founded when the risks of life assurance were imperfectly known, we would merely observe that it is now generally admitted, that a subscribed capital is quite unnecessary where fair rates of premium are charged; and that a long experience has proved the adequacy of such rates to all demands arising out of claims after death.

We might go further, and explain how a subscribed capital is worse than useless, when the annual income from premiums trebles the amount of the largest single risk incurred by the company. After this period the capital becomes a clog and an encumbrance, which a company would gladly get free from, and sometimes does get free from by a new constitution.

The only way in which purely proprietary companies can now flourish is, by adopting the lowest adequate rates of premium; in which case men of business frequently resort to them to obtain assurances as collateral securities, their object, in such instances, being to pay the least possible premiums. Two or three offices do a large business of this kind.

In speaking of capital as being, in reality, unnecessary to the solvency of any well-conducted Life Office, we merely offer our own opinion, based upon the experience of existing offices, and confirmed by the opinions of numerous high authorities,—indeed, the highest and most experienced. Nevertheless, persons unacquainted with this kind of business, however experienced in other affairs, generally lean to the importance of capital. Accordingly we were not much surprised, on looking over the recommendations of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Assurance Associations, as contained in their Report of 16th August, 1853, to find them declaring that there is a necessity for capital, and observing that capital is to be considered in the double light of a test of *bond fide* intentions on the part of the promoters, and of a security for the liabilities of the company at the early stage of existence; combining with this remark a recommendation that the capital should be permanent. Here surely they negative the one remark by the other; for, if capital be only desirable in the early stages of such an association, it is of no importance permanently. But they recommend a minimum sum of £10,000, which 'shall be invested in the public funds, under such regulations as Parliament may deem fit to enact.' Now if there be a permanent necessity for capital at all, any such sum as that just named would be totally inadequate to cover the magnitude of the operations embraced in the ordinary business of flourishing associations.

Again, if required in the course of the operations of the society, the limitations of its investment to the public funds might occasion a considerable loss upon selling out in periods of large fluctuations such as we have recently experienced. And as investments in the funds yield upon an average about one per cent. per annum less than investments in other first-class securities, the difference must be lost by the association, which,

nevertheless, would be expected to pay from four to five per cent. per annum interest to its shareholders.

With reference to the general question of capital employed in Life Assurance business, the Committee do not throw any light upon its real necessity; nor do they afford any information as to the total *nominal* subscribed capitals of the companies, or as to the amounts actually paid up. We cannot ascertain the former, but there are some *data* for conjecturing the latter; and we may observe that the average guaranteeing capital of the proprietary companies, in a paid up form, which existed prior to the Registration Act of 1844, was upwards of one hundred thousand pounds for each company; while, as relates to the proprietary Life Offices established since the Act of 1844, we may assume the paid up capital to be, on the average, below ten thousand pounds for each company. Indeed, even this small sum has, in the case of several companies, ceased to exist, when the proper reserve for liabilities is deducted from the funds in hand.

2. We now turn to the *Mutual Societies*. These consist of any number of members who combine to assure to each other the sums written in the policies issued by the society, in return for stipulated premiums. All the members become partners, and bear the responsibilities as well as reap the advantages of partnership. The principal advantage is, that each member becomes in due time entitled to a share, proportionably allotted, in the entire surplus stock, or profits of the concern, when all claims are discharged. A mutual society, therefore, is clearly a trading co-partnery bound by its original constitution, and the subsequent votes at annual and special meetings of its members. It borrows no capital, and has none besides that which arises from annual premiums. It is founded and conducted upon the conviction that these will be quite sufficient to pay not only the net claims, but also certain additions; and these latter will be proportionate to the scale of premiums charged.

Although it was formerly considered that the purely mutual principle was insecure and open to casualties, yet it is remarkable that the two oldest Life Offices were and are conducted upon it;—the older of the two, the Amicable, having been founded in 1706, and the Equitable in 1762. It has, therefore, been the longest tried and the most successful principle for the assurers, in two important cases. It has been usual, at least in the older mutual societies, to charge a high rate of premium in order to cover the supposed increased risk; but later experience has proved that, in truth, such higher charge is unnecessary, and might be discontinued. The only excuse for continuing it is, that it is returned to the members in additions to

their policies; but this is an invalid plea, inasmuch as a member might more justly be allowed to retain in his own purse what the society has overcharged. We have calculated the sums overcharged in several of the mutual offices, and find that at tolerably high ages, and for large sums, they amount to enough to assure a considerable sum, if all expended at the period when the first assurance is effected. One of the London mutual offices has acted upon reduced premiums, and has obtained a large business and also a high position amongst its rivals. In this office an assurer, aged thirty-one, for £1,000, would save annually £6. 8s. 4d. in premium, as compared with a high-charging office; or he would at once obtain an assurance of £309 for his saving.

3. We now explain what we mean by *Mixed Societies*. To avoid the selfishness and exclusiveness of the proprietary companies on the one hand, and the supposed risks of the purely mutual societies on the other, a middle course has been and now is frequently adopted. The projectors of such a scheme say in effect to those who propose to join the establishment, 'Let us be paid for the use of a certain capital which we will guarantee to you as assurers, in order that the amount you assure shall certainly and duly be paid to your executors upon your death, and which guarantee we affirm to be essential to absolute confidence; then, as surplus will in all probability arise upon the mass of the business we obtain, we will divide this surplus with you, neither taking the whole for ourselves, nor giving the whole to you, but making a fair and stipulated division. If, however, from any cause losses should arise upon the whole business, those losses shall be made good out of our capital until it is exhausted.' While this is the general profession of mixed societies, they differ considerably in the extent of their liberality: one Society will give one-third of its surplus or profits to the holder of its policy, another will give one-half, and others will respectively offer two-thirds, or three-fourths, or nine-tenths of the same to the policy-holders. In the latter cases, the approach to the mutual principle is so near, that the difference is not practically important; nor, in fact, is it appreciable, since the mutual societies, at their commencement, have in private an understanding amongst some of their members or patrons, that a certain guarantee shall be entered into for the early years of the young institution. It will be found that most of the modern offices, not proprietary, have been started as Mixed Offices. The capital sunk in founding them is replaced out of the profits accruing, with an addition as a compensation for the liability incurred by the estates of the founders.

In the management of the funds of a Life Office several important questions must be discussed; and great vigilance is essential to great success. One very important point is the amount of expense which can be properly borne. From a conjectural estimate of the expenses of the present societies, we have reason to believe that they amount to no less than ten per cent. upon their business on the average; and, taking one year with another, it may be supposed that the aggregate expenses of all the Life Offices in the kingdom, including the expenses of capital and of the foundation of new companies, cannot be less than half a million sterling annually. We name the *minimum*; for Dr. Farr has conjectured three quarters of a million. Our elements are these:—there are about 160 Life Offices; and if we assume the annual expense of each one on the average to be £3,000 per annum, (and they are certainly not less,) then their aggregate annual expenditure is £480,000. In years when many new companies are projected and established, the annual expenditure will be just so much the more. Some may be curious to learn the annual expenses of so great a society as the Equitable; and we will therefore state, that it has been conjectured that its present expenses are about £10,000 per annum.

So much has been said in newspapers and in passing paragraphs upon the great and disproportionate expenses of the newer and younger offices, that it will be unnecessary for us to say more upon this topic. Doubtless vast sums have been, and even now are, spent in carrying out plans, procuring business, feeing officers and directors, and in current office expenses. These must for several years cripple a young institution. There are, however, certain items amongst these which must be paid; certain charges, such as commission to agents, which, however unwelcome and undesirable, must be incurred. Hence the fixed expenses of a young Life Office are great, and in these days of keen competition are not likely to diminish. As we have explained, the charge added to the net premium is supposed fully to discharge all these costs; and if it does not, the office is not in a proper condition.

We shall now endeavour to explain a topic very little understood, viz., the so called *profits* of a Life Assurance Society. The way in which this arises may be thus stated:—If a company or society which has been in existence for a certain number of years were to resolve on relinquishing further business and to wind up its affairs, it could only do so by discharging its members from their contracts to pay future premiums, and by obtaining the discharge of the members from the eventual payment of their policies. Thus alone could there be a dissolution

of the contracts. Supposing this to be done, there should always be at such a winding up a balance of money due to the surviving members, because, from the character of the assurance contract, those members will have paid, during the early part of their lives, larger premiums than were really necessary to discharge the annual claims which fell, by deaths, annually on the society's funds. Now if the capital of the society, at this period of conclusion, be unable to discharge this debt to the surviving members, the society will be insolvent. If the capital be just equal, and no more than equal, to the aggregate sum due, the society will be solvent, yet unprofitable. If, however, the residue of capital be more than sufficient to buy off the entire body of members, there will be left in the hands of the society a surplus, which is often termed 'profit.' In brief, then, the surplus or profit is the difference between the actual capital or accumulating fund, and the aggregate of the sums due to the body of the surviving members.

At any time, therefore, when it is desired to know the state of a Life Company's affairs, such an imaginary winding up must be concluded, and the results clearly defined. The surplus will arise out of several sources, and all these must be carefully examined. The five following are the principal sources:—1. The improvement of the funds or premiums at a higher rate of interest than that assumed as the basis by the office. 2. The diminution of mortality amongst the assured below the average calculated upon by the table adopted, —or the difference in favour of the office between its experience and its estimates. 3. The lapse of some policies, by reason of the failure of the holders to continue their premiums. This source is now much less productive than formerly. 4. Surplus arising from assurance for shorter terms than the whole of life, and from policies issued upon scales of premiums not allowing any share in the profits. 5. Part of the margin in addition to the net premiums. The first two sources are the principal ones, and indeed the only ones of much value in these days, although particular offices may have an opportunity of deriving more or less from the others. We must, then, dwell a little on the first two sources.

The rate of interest which a Life Office can command for its investments is a point of great importance; indeed, of more importance and uncertainty than the rate of mortality, the latter being tolerably well ascertained, and nearly uniform over a sufficient number of lives; for on 500 or 1,000 lives (by way of example) the mortality in any one year, in England, will not be greatly above the average, except in extraordinary circum-

stances, as the accidental ravages of a plague. These need not practically be taken into account. But the rate of interest is as uncertain as public events, political changes, and commercial fluctuations. A few years since a particular company, known to us, could obtain ten or twelve per cent. in Australia upon the best security in the colony; whereas at present this could not be done. Most of the older Life Offices have taken as their basis 3 per cent. interest; and it is thought that $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is the highest rate that can prudently be assured as the average for the long run of years; while the utmost that the office can be expected to make upon its actual investments is from 4 to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., always assuming them to be first-class securities.

It is but rarely that we can ascertain the actual experience of a large office in relation to its investments: the evidence, however, of a trustee and director of the Equitable Society enables us to state the experience of that great society to some extent. Some years ago, in every mortgage deed, the interest required was at the rate of five per cent.; but external circumstances subsequently induced the managers to reduce this rate. At that time many thousand pounds of the interest remained unpaid long after it was due. The regular payment of interest in such societies being part of the basis of calculation, it became of importance to obtain it; and for that purpose a scale was drawn up whereby certain reductions were made if the arrears were paid within sixty days; and this brought in all the outstanding arrears, except from one quarter. After another change of a similar kind, a regulation was established, according to which the interest paid by mortgagors was regulated by a scale which varied according to the prices of the public funds, but the average of which was kept up at a rate of interest exceeding by about one quarter what could be obtained in Government stocks. This system was continued for many years, and enabled the Equitable not only to secure the best mortgages, but to obtain the interest with a degree of regularity which is of high importance to any such society. An alteration has been recently made, and money is now only advanced at four per cent. for five years certain, after which it falls within the previous regulation. This society had, a few years ago, £4,200,000 out upon mortgage on purely landed property, with a margin of two and sometimes three times the market value for their security. At the present period Life Offices are glad to obtain four per cent. upon first-class mortgages on an average; while the basis on which they calculate is, as we have said, in many instances only three per cent. All, therefore, that they can safely raise above that rate is so much profit. Thus, if a capital of £1,566,644 at three per cent. will meet the require-

ments of the life table employed, then if that sum can be invested at four per cent., the profits from this source alone will be £15,666 in the course of the year.

The second source of surplus which we have mentioned requires explanation. It is obvious that a careful selection of lives is of the highest importance to a new or recently established office; and such a selection brings to that office a mass of healthy and promising customers, whose mortality will in all probability be considerably less than is assumed in the older tables, and somewhat less than is assumed in the more correct tables. Are the hopes stimulated by the favourable result of the mortality of such a body of persons in the earlier years of a society likely to prove well-founded in the long run, and is this source of surplus to be regarded as permanent? The future alone can decisively determine this point; and in the case of many of the companies their establishment is too recent to allow of an answer being derived from their experience. The 'benefit of selection,' as this advantage is termed, is perhaps more on the side of the elder than the younger offices. The selection of lives is not yet perfectly understood; but it has been stated by Dr. Farr, that twenty-seven in every thousand of the male population, of the age of twenty and under sixty, are suffering from some kind of disease; that several of the diseases are of long duration; that others are recurrent, and that some are hereditary; and that consumption, the most fatal disease, lasts on an average for two years, although it varies in duration considerably. It must be evident, therefore, on all these grounds, that selection will diminish the mortality in the first one, two, three, or four years from its exercise. But the diminution may be small after these few years; and, in fact, Mr. Farren has concluded, from a calculation made by him, that (after eliminating the benefit of selection during the first year) the mortality of assured persons 'would not particularly differ from that prevailing among the male population at large, taken indiscriminately, without regard to health.' Whatever, then, be the caution exercised in choosing only good lives, the effects of that caution soon wear out, at least, as respects those particular lives. But although this is the view of those who have made this topic their study, it must not be forgotten that selection, and careful selection too, is indispensable to at least the younger offices, since a laxity in admitting doubtful or bad lives would soon bring them to an end, or compel them to fall back upon a guaranteed capital, until they could recover themselves by good business. Such societies are apt to say without doors, 'Business, business, we must and will have:—we should rather say to

them, Take this for your motto: 'Better no business than bad business.'

We have already referred to the source of surplus, we now arrive at the consideration of the principle upon which it should be determined and divided.

1. The *determination* of the surplus funds of a Life Office is an actuary's proper duty. A merchant finds no great difficulty in ascertaining his profits or losses; but the investigation of the affairs of a Life Office is by no means so simple, as it often involves the adjustment of numerous contingencies and complicated relations. One of the first points to be settled is the present value of the risks of the company, as if they were all to be discharged on a given day, at the rate to which they would be reduced on that day. It must also be ascertained what part of the premiums charged should be calculated upon as a provision for the sum guaranteed under the policy. This inquiry leads to the further one,—what rate of mortality may be expected to prevail in future, and what rate of interest will be actually realized on the investments of the funds of the company.

An important point is, *the table of mortality by which the risks are to be estimated*. A difference of practice has prevailed, owing to the fact that several of the Life Offices have founded their tables upon the Northampton and other bills, which give too small an expectation of life. These, therefore, if made the bases of calculation, would afford too high a value as to the liabilities of the society, and too low a value to its expectation of premiums. It has been said, that as both of these errors will diminish the presumed profits, so to proceed in this way is quite safe for the assurers. This might be true if the *net* or actual premiums were taken from a true table; but as we are to take the premiums from the Northampton bills, it is at least doubtful whether this would not counteract other advantages. Yet it is believed that this method of valuation has been followed to a considerable extent, and that it is not uncommon at the present period. Although the point is by no means settled amongst professional men, yet we cannot but think that on whatever mortality bill the tables of a society may be founded, the true rate of mortality, as far as now known, is that according to which a valuation of risks should be made. The results of the several plans adopted are so widely different, that it is right that all holders of policies should know them; and as Mr. Sang (in *Essays on Life Assurance*) has worked out some examples under different schemes, we give the issues in the following tabular view, which represents supposed valuations of a society's profits at three different decennial periods of

existence, according to three different plans of estimating the liabilities :—

Periods.	By Scheme 1.	By Scheme 2.	By Scheme 3.
1810	£181,600	£21,390	£150,476
1820	529,360	178,940	498,455
1830	965,845	522,050	906,640

A glance at these tabulated results will render it at once clear that the mode of valuation is of the highest importance, seeing that different modes produce results so widely different. One mode will bring out a surplus, and another a positive deficiency, from the same elementary data.

It is held by many, that in the division of surplus we must value by the same table of mortality as that on which the premiums are based; and we believe that offices using the Northampton Table in the one case, generally employ it in the other. We have heard it stoutly maintained by actuaries, that the Northampton Table, in the end, rights itself, and that compensating adjustments arise out of its continued use.

It was, at one period, almost the universal custom to value by means of tables of annuities involving the rates of premiums charged. How this affects the interests of a society may be seen from a supposed instance. Let us assume that a society puts forth premiums deduced from the Northampton bills of mortality; that it consists of four thousand members, each assured for £1,000, at the age of thirty; and that it has been in operation for forty years. Let the whole body of members be divided into four classes of one thousand each, the duration of whose assurances is respectively ten, twenty, thirty, and forty years. Assume the real rate of interest to be three per cent., and the real mortality that derived from the Experience of Life Offices. Now the following tabular view will exhibit the results of the variations by the Northampton mortality, and by the more correct mortality :—

	By Northampton Table.	By Experience Table.
Value of £1,000,000 assured 10 years	£141,978	£145,947
20 "	276,590	305,089
30 "	425,051	480,059
40 "	594,938	648,611
	£1,438,577	£1,579,706

From this it will be seen, that the Northampton Table not only gives an incorrect value in every instance, but also an inadequate value; and the result of the whole valuation, by the Northampton rate, would be an understatement of the true condition of the society by no less a sum than £141,129.

Having decided upon the true rates to be adopted in the calculation, and being provided with the usual tables of annual and single premiums and annuities answering to such rates, we should proceed to make a classification of all the assurances in accordance with the years in which the lives assured may be severally born. It is also a common practice to estimate the value of each assurance separately, for the purpose of dividing the surplus in proportion to the difference between the amount of premiums at compound interest and the value of each assurance. Such a mode of division is, however, conceived by some experienced actuaries to be erroneous.

2. As to the *distribution*. Before we can justly distribute the profits or surplus of an Assurance Society, we must have determined from whom they have arisen, and to whom, therefore, they properly belong.* Of course, in a Proprietary Society, the shareholders are entitled to their dividends in the first instance, and the surplus remaining after payment of those dividends alone falls to be divided amongst the assured. But in a Mutual Society the whole surplus professedly belongs to the assured; and the question is, How and in what proportions are they to receive it? when the previous question has been answered, viz., How and in what proportions did they contribute it? Although to the unpractised it might appear to be a simple matter enough to give a satisfactory reply to this question, yet in reality the widest differences of opinion and practice exist in relation to it. Some have alleged that the profit on any policy is the excess of premiums paid above the sum assured; and, therefore, no member who has not paid up in premiums, and interest thereon, the full sum assured on his life, can be entitled to share in the profits, since he has contributed nothing to them, and has, in fact, proved a loss to the society, if, by earlier death, his heirs have drawn out of the funds more than the deceased paid into them. This notion

* Dr. Farr observes, (in *Twelfth Report to Registrar-General*, p. lxx.) 'Upon what principle should the ascertained surplus be distributed among the members of a mutual society? At an equal rate on the sums assured? At an equal rate on the paid up premiums at compound interest? At an equal rate on the sums in deposit to the account of each assured person? At an equal rate on the "charge" (i. e., the sum added for profit) of the premium accumulating not simply at compound interest, but as a life annuity forborne? The latter principle appears to me to be the soundest, and to be generally applicable, though not in general use.'

has been set forth with all the speciousness which its advocates could command; but it is generally rejected, and has been roughly and derisively treated by those who are versed in business of this kind. Certainly it is a principle which militates against the very idea of mutual life assurance; for the manifest design of a Life Assurance Society is to provide a sum for the heirs of those who die early out of the contributions of those who are so privileged as to live long. To say, therefore, that the society sustains a loss by those who die early, is simply to say that it does so in fulfilling its original intention. If every one should live during the time averaged for him, then there would be no loss, and likewise no need for assurance. We see the speciousness of the proposition, and how the unreflecting may be for a time caught by it; but we feel sure that after due consideration of the objects contemplated by assurance, it will be admitted that such a plan is utterly erroneous in theory, and quite incapable of being ultimately carried out in the practice of a Life Office; for a community of risk is of the essence of the mutual combination; when this is evaded, the object of the combination is entirely frustrated. It is only because this singular proposition has received the approbation of a certain literary authority that we notice it at all; and that we further remark, that as much unfairness could be shown to lurk in its adoption as its advocates rashly attribute to all other systems of dividing profits. If those who die too soon occasion a loss to the society, surely it will be very unfair to compel others to make good that loss; and, therefore, upon the very principle assumed by the advocates of this practice, the heirs of those who die early ought to receive less than the sum assured,—the premiums actually paid, and the interest made upon them, being all that they can be entitled to. If this plan be worked out by careful consideration of a supposed society, it will be found to be probably more unjust than any other, since it will take all the profits contributed by the many and give them to a few; and those few in no way more entitled to them than the many. If the plan were proposed for a kind of Tontine, or society in which the last survivors should have the sole benefit of the contributions of their less fortunate partners, then no one could complain; but if it be proposed as the accomplishment of the principles of life assurance, then it is, to say the least, a misnomer.

The principle of distributing profits exclusively amongst a small and favoured number, has been adopted by the Equitable, and partially by some other offices. The older members of such a society might be imagined to say to the, as yet, unfavoured expectants of profits, 'We have, by a judi-

cious investment of money, at a considerable risk, obtained an immense profit, with which you younger members have no concern, you having taken no part in the risk. Had we suffered loss, we should not have appealed to you to make it good; and now that we have fortunately gained, you must not appeal to us for a share of our peculiar profits. If you live long enough, and contribute, therefore, enough to the society, you also shall have a proportionate share of these profits.' Although this species of argument has an appearance of fairness, and, to a certain extent, real fairness, yet it is far from unobjectionable; for, suppose the number of the recipients of profit to be fixed at five thousand persons, while there may be ten thousand assurers, then the prospect of the later assurers as to partaking in the profits is that of surviving others until they become part of the five thousand; members who preceded these last, have a prospect of partaking profits, by so much the better as the period of their precedence was earlier than the latest,—on the principle of the old proverb, *First come, first served*. As all, however, contribute *something* to profits, come as late as they may, and as those who are not so late as the latest have a nearer prospect of profits, so *their* contribution to them should be proportionably larger than those of the latest comers, (which it is not, in the case named,) and so likewise all should in some measure enjoy a participation in the profits realized from a common fund. More especially should this be the arrangement where, as in the Equitable Society, the premiums demanded are so much beyond the risk now known to be incurred.

A prevalent custom is to assign a certain profit or bonus to the sum assured, proportioned to that sum, and to the number of years elapsed since the policy was issued. In many respects this system appears to be allowable; nor is it to be proscribed because it gives a moderate advantage to the oldest customers of the office. In truth, most of the plans in use tend to an assignment of a larger proportion of the profits to the older assurers, and to the partial deprivation of the later members. This is a tendency which is defended by actuaries. Those, however, who take the view that the latest assurers have a claim to a portion of profits made by the common fund, will object to disproportionate benefits conferred upon the earliest; and some actuaries will reserve a third or fourth part of the whole profits, and, by postponing the division of the same until a late period, endeavour by so much to equalize the condition of the several claimants. The great convenience of adding a uniform per-centage to all the sums assured,—a plan combining simplicity with economy of time and labour,—renders it the most common,

although it may be shown to be inequitable. Theoretically correct additions would demand calculations detailed and complicated, and therefore unwelcome, in the laborious practice of valuations and appropriations.

There is one important point in practice to which we would draw attention. Actuaries *should never value, in an investigation for profit, any part of the premium to be received under a policy beyond the pure unloaded premium sufficient for the actual risk;—that is, should not anticipate future expected profits.* If a person pays £20 annually of premium, £4 of the amount is probably charged for profit and expenses; and £16, therefore, should be valued at an investigation,—not £20. It will be readily perceived, that if on one side of the account we place the present value of the sums assured, and on the other the presumed value of the premiums we are to receive, the valuing of £20, instead of £16 per annum, will make a great difference, showing a much smaller responsibility if the larger sum be taken, and on recently effected securities no responsibility, with a large unrealized profit dependent upon the policy being kept up. This is a most important point. It affects the old as well as the young offices; and although it has not been brought out in recent discussions, it is in our opinion more vital than many questions which have been more fully handled. If the per-centages for future profits and expenses be not valued, and proper mortality tables and fair rates of interest be assumed, there will be little danger—the rates being sufficient—except from reckless management. There could be no over-dividing of profits, no coloured, exaggerated views of affairs; and the actuary would feel that the ‘lamp of truth’ was in his hand. Directors and all who might be interested could be made to understand distinctly, not only the results, but the *modus operandi*. There should be no mystery in such matters; but there must be mystery so long as actuaries make valuations of the character we have alluded to,—valuing gross, instead of net, premiums. There is no question that the system is both dangerous and improper, even when accompanied by cautions to beware of dealing with the expected surplus, if surplus it can be called; for in it is included not only all future profit, but the fund requisite for the future management of the institution, as far as regards the existing transactions.

It appears to us, then, that they who value gross premiums as above described, commit much such an error as a shopkeeper would be chargeable with, who, in taking stock and striking a balance, should value all his stock, not at its cost price, but at the highest selling price which could be put upon it. Thus he would

be counting profits as assets, and be reckoning himself solvent, or even prosperous, when his condition in reality might be the very reverse. Even though life assurance affairs may be admitted to differ from common mercantile transactions, yet so far the analogy holds good, and no peculiarity of any monetary contract can render it, in our opinion, a sound and salutary course to estimate the sums added for expenses of management as assets for a distributable fund under the name of 'profits,' or 'bonus.'

That after all the puffing and advertising, and active agency, so long employed by Life Offices, so very limited a proportion of the population at large should be assured, as we know to be the case, is surprising at first view. But this surprise will be lessened when we reflect, that to vast numbers the ordinary plan of assurance is unsuitable. Neither an annual premium, nor a single premium paid down at once for a certain assurance, will meet the requirements of the humbler classes; for the younger working men can only save a small sum out of their yearly earnings in the early part of life, and cannot therefore afford a single premium; nor can they pay an annual charge during the whole period of life, since there will be seasons of sickness or infirmity, and therefore of impoverishment. Several plans have been proposed to meet their condition; as payments of quarterly, monthly, or weekly premiums. Dr. Farr proposes and illustrates a scheme whereby every premium is made to purchase a separate annuity, and the subscriber can discontinue the premium at any age previously fixed upon. By a particular combination of the provisions for assurance and annuity, the two operations would be deprived of their chief risks, and no loss of any magnitude would be incurred by the lives being better or worse than the average of the tabular rates were charged. This plan would convert a Life Office into a kind of Assurance Savings' Bank; and although open to criticism, yet it might be tried with great advantage in rural districts. But it is obvious that where there would be so little profit and so much trouble, private accountants would hardly take it up. It might, however, be added to existing Savings' Banks.

We are not now considering the plans of what are called Friendly Societies, which, in every variety of form, profess to afford provisions for sickness and age. These are of sufficient number and importance to merit distinct consideration. It is indeed said, that there are no less than 20,000 or 30,000 such societies, of one name or another, in which more than two millions of members are in one or other way enrolled. Their expenditure has been estimated on all hands to have been extra-

vagant ; their officers have often been free-from supervision, and have frequently defrauded the members ; they have made promises and entered into engagements upon imperfect knowledge, and have too often found themselves unable to adhere to them. A Savings' Insurance Bank would be essentially different from all these societies.

A considerable number of highly interesting pecuniary and social questions may be partly answered and settled by an extension and application of the principles of probabilities or average to annuities and life assurance. Not only is the expectation of human life an ascertained sum, and not only can human mortality be confidently predicted upon a sufficient average of persons, but the passions and affections of men are governed by laws as certain as those of the heavenly bodies. It is not true that the acts of particular individuals can be always predicted ; but it is true that the acts of considerable numbers of individuals can be predicted with sufficient certainty for practical uses.

We shall illustrate this statement by a few ascertained particulars. Out of any given number of the sexes of equal age, in the absence of any accidental and unusual influence, there will be a given number of marriages. These will produce a given number of births : from these (the numbers being large enough for an average) there will result a graduated succession of deaths, extending over a period of not less than one hundred years. From the marriages, also, there will result a certain proportion of widows and widowers. A fixed proportion of these, again, will re-marry ; and that proportion will be far greater amongst the widowers than the widows. Out of the births, the number of males will exceed that of females, whilst of living adults the proportion will be reversed. Having then the marriage returns, in conjunction with a good life table, before us, we have the means of calculating whether a man or woman, young or old, and unmarried, will marry before, on, or after a given year ; and of arriving at the probability of an individual's remaining a spinster or a bachelor, or of his or her being found in the marriage state at any given age ; and the same or similar data will furnish the probabilities of issue or of widowhood.

If, therefore, out of a given number of births, we are enabled to assign the numbers respectively belonging to each of several classes, as wives, widows, or spinsters, at any specified age ; then, with a true life table before us, we possess the elements requisite to calculate the premium necessary at each age to cover the risk of assuring a fixed sum, in the event of the person paying such premium existing in a specified social *status* when

an assigned epoch has arrived. A safe extension of this principle will enable us, when possessed of the necessary elements, to determine the single or annual premiums requisite to assure, to or on behalf of the person paying the premium or premiums, a certain sum of money, on the arrival of a particular physical calamity, such as blindness, deafness, dumbness, paralysis, or lunacy, or other varied infirmity. To secure this benefit, all the data must be properly authenticated; and it should be stated, that some of the physical afflictions named are not characterized by the same uniformity as the operations of the human will in such matters as marriage. Generally, the sickness which befalls individuals varies in time and in intensity; but the proportion of sick and infirm, amongst large numbers of persons, is probably as consistent as the mortality; and assurances and premiums may be arranged accordingly.

With reference to individuals who are diseased, and therefore unfit for an ordinary assurance,—of late years many offices have accepted such persons upon a higher rate of premium. According to the severity or fatal character of the disease or ailment, the proposer is advanced to so many more years of age. Thus, for instance, a proposer afflicted with some disease in a form not the severest, and aged 30 at the time of admission, may perhaps be annually paying the premium of the age of 35, or 38, or 40. But, in addition to the practice of ordinary offices, there are now two or three offices which lay themselves out for this kind of assurance in particular; and, having charged high premiums, it is understood that their practice has hitherto been successful, as far as relates to their experience of mortality. These societies are of great value, in the face of the alleged fact, that nearly twenty per cent. of the persons proposing for assurances at the various offices are declined on account of their imperfect health; and also when we find that about one-sixth of the population die of consumption. The tabular expectation of life to a healthy male aged 20, is 36 years; to a consumptive male aged 20, it is only 22 years. At least one of the societies for assuring diseased lives, viz., the 'Medical and Invalid,' has tables for various diseases, calculated upon satisfactory data; and these are open to inspection.

The peculiar circumstances of clerks, artisans, and the upper classes of labouring men, should be met by convenient plans for *health assurance*, as well as for life assurance. Such persons have an advantage, which they are apt to forget, in the much earlier age at which they commence to earn wages, than is the case with the higher professional classes. Hence they can, by setting aside every year a small sum for eight or ten years after

their earnings commence, assure their lives, or purchase a deferred annuity (equivalent to a pension) for old age, or procure a provision for sickness, even before they are married. If they would do one or more of these things, they would be easy in mind, and leave the whole of their earnings after marriage free to meet the increased expenses of housekeeping. Masters, gentlemen, ministers, and others should indoctrinate them with this truth, and enforce it upon them by all persuasion and encouragement. In health assurance masters and servants should be associated; and the arrangements should be simple and easy. It would be very important to inform the classes above referred to, of such facts as these:—a person aged 17, or any age under 22, could for a payment of 4*d.* a week assure payment in sickness at the rate of £1 for every week it may last, or 3*s.* 4*d.* for every day, except Sunday. Again: a person of any age, from 22 to 35, can assure by a payment of 2*d.* a week sick pay of 7*s.* 6*d.* per week during every week of sickness, or 1*s.* 3*d.* for every day of sickness, except Sunday. The short and simple tables constructed by Dr. Farr, would answer all requirements in such matters. No common or unknown authority should be relied upon for the tables. Doubtless, the management of such business upon a large scale would be best conducted by Government; for Government only can keep vast accounts made up of such savings at call, allow good interest, and afford indisputable guarantees of security.

A common objection against Life Assurance is, that an individual can become his own assurer, and derive more from his own investments and reinvestments of interest, than he could expect to be derived from an office which has its own expenses and casualties to pay for. It is strange that this objection should be repeated at the present day, in forgetfulness of the very liability to sudden or early death, which contingency it is the primary object of a Life Office to meet. If men were sure to live long, there would be no occasion for assurance against premature death; but as nothing is so proverbially uncertain as life, and as few things are proved to be more certain than the continuance of life in the aggregate when a sufficient average is taken, surely the wisest thing a man can do, is to convert the individual contingency into a collective certainty. The question of Life Assurance, then, is not one as to the merits of two modes of investment and accumulation, as so many otherwise sensible people will persist in regarding it, but one as to the chances of life, and the possibility of a premature death. Nor, even on the other ground, that of accumulation, is assurance in a good office less desirable; for an easy calculation will prove to any

man of thirty or fifty years of age, for instance, that should he live to the full term of the expectation of life from either of those ages, and fund his premiums at three per cent. compound interest during the whole of that term, still the result would be a loss as compared with the sum assured, which, *together with bonus additions*, his executors would receive from a good Life Office; the amount of loss depending partly upon the amount of bonus added. In plain words, a man who is his own assurer is not likely to conduct the business so well and profitably as a first-class Life Office.

On the other hand, not less is their error who resort to an Assurance Office principally for the purpose of obtaining large bonuses. One of our chief objects in entering somewhat minutely upon this branch of our subject, was to inform the public of what they might fairly, and what they should not unfairly, expect from these institutions. Attention to what we have explained will convince any reader that the expectation of large and legitimate additions to all policies is unwarrantable. However large the profits made, they ought to be equitably apportioned, and thereby individually moderated. If a few favoured assurers, as in the case of the fortunate five thousand in the Equitable, obtain immense additions, then the many must be the losers. If the longest lived are richly benefitted, the latest comers must be left to their bare assurances,—and it should always be remembered, which it seldom is, that the policies advertised as having received great additions by several Life Offices, must necessarily be in the minority. When policies of a comparatively short endurance are advertised as having benefitted by large bonuses, let that announcement operate strongly as a warning rather than as an inducement. High premiums, of course, allow of much addition to policies, but then the holder has paid it before he receives it.

Moderate premiums and great additions to many short-lived policies are absolutely incompatible. If their plans of determination and division be equitable, and proved upon acknowledged principles of soundness, then no one office can to any extent outbid another for public favour; nor can any one of them augment the sums assured by a monopoly of skill or of enterprise. The principles of all are the same, and variations in practice do not lead to exclusive benefit; like conditions of mortality and interest and investment surround them all. Age is no infallible test of safety and prosperity; for we could show that an office may apparently flourish for half a century, and yet be really insolvent. Youth is no temptation; for it has its profuse expenditure, its inexperience, and its unforeseen difficulties.

To advertise, then, and believe in a general prospect of marvellous *bonuses*,—a word in itself ridiculous as applied to Life Assurance,—is to display unworthy cunning on the one side and unpardonable credulity on the other.

Several plans have been recently adopted, especially by advertising and active institutions, to allure assurers by accommodations in modes of payment of premium. Thus they are offered policies at 'half-credit' premiums, or one half the premium paid down in cash when due, and the other half charged as a debt upon the policy, or to be demanded only after five or seven years. The assurer should know that he gains nothing in the end by such methods; he merely procrastinates full payment, and on all debts he must pay interest. The office can only lose (more than it would ordinarily lose) by the assurer abandoning his policy when the time came for payment of the unpaid halves of the premiums. Even this is scarcely a real loss to the office; for it has had the benefit of an assurance upon a short-term scale.

One of the most advantageous and we think desirable accommodations to the public, is that of loans in connexion with policies. A loan may be effected in two modes:—First, on a policy which has been in force for several years, and therefore has acquired an admitted value proportional to its duration. On such a policy many and even most offices will lend to the extent of one-half or two-thirds of its estimated value. Secondly, on personal security, confirmed by the taking of a policy of whole life assurance for at least double the amount borrowed, and by two or three collateral securities in the names of persons who add their personal guarantee to the borrower's. Thus the lending office has three personal securities at least, the annual payment of premiums on the assurance for the whole term of life, and also the annual payment of instalments of the borrowed sum, together with five per cent. interest on the same. Certainly this is 'making assurance *trebly* sure.' Only certain offices, who addict themselves to this class of business, publicly profess to entertain it, though they find it generally safe and especially lucrative. The older and wealthier offices discard and proscribe loans in this form.

Indisputable assurances have been held out by one or more societies of rather recent date as peculiar public boons. By this term, it is desired to intimate that a policy once granted cannot be afterwards vitiated, and therefore is a marketable security, which, it is affirmed, policies open to dispute or settlement cannot be. The advantage, however, is not clear or exclusive to the advertising office. Practically, if not theoretically, all

offices stand nearly on the same footing in this respect. If an assurance has been contracted by gross concealment, fraud, or untruth, on the part of the holder of the policy, wherever these are discovered the contract becomes void; and even a so-called 'Indisputable' policy must never be enforced in a case such as that supposed. Now for many years the offices in common have almost invariably discharged the claims made upon them by the presentation of policies after death, without dispute or needless delay: had they not done so, they would have declined in public favour. They have found that literally 'honesty is the best policy.' A litigious or hesitating society or company would soon be marked and forsaken. So deeply has this been felt, that the tendency has rather been towards the payment of doubtful cases without dispute, unless the proofs of fraud or falsehood were palpable and capable of legal exhibition. Although we now know one or two instances of meanness and injustice towards persons in their employ, (and these only where there have been prejudices, or partialities in favour of others,) yet we have not yet discovered an instance where an established and reputed office sought to evade a fair claim. On the contrary, we have known offices behave liberally, and arrange to have their liberality made publicly known, as a bait to new assurers.

Of course, Life Offices are exposed to fraud as well as other public institutions; and from the peculiarity of the business, especially where it is conducted through the medium of provincial agents, there is doubtless opportunity for roguery. Men, otherwise considered respectable, will deny their diseases, conceal their tendencies to them, misrepresent their habits, and in every way endeavour to mislead a London office. Can it be wondered at that they sometimes succeed? We have reason to speak with certainty of this; as instances are known to us where such deception has been practised, and afterwards unblushingly confessed. All such cases are sooner or later losses to the office, and the directors must lay their account with great difficulties in evading and discovering proposers with fraudulent intentions.

Could the history and details of life assurance frauds be revealed, a most interesting volume might be constructed out of them. But they have not been preserved, or perhaps largely discovered. The most gross instances do sometimes come before the public in the records of our law courts, and a few of these have excited attention of late years, particularly in the case of the famous or infamous Jodrell policies, where intemperance of the most aggravated character had been concealed while obtaining several policies for large amounts, and applying for loans,

from Life Offices. This case was tried in the Court of Queen's Bench in December, 1856, when the jury found that misrepresentation and concealment had been used by Jodrell and his agents, and that disease did exist.

Gross frauds were more common, and perhaps more capable of being employed, in the earlier stages of Life Assurance. Offices are now more wary, and have at their command better means of investigating circumstances, and making themselves acquainted with persons who propose. In illustration of frauds of this kind we shall select two instances, and with them conclude this article.

It is singular that the first known fraud in Life Assurance should be one of the most romantic of them all. In 1730 there were two residents in St. Giles's, then an obscure suburb. One of these was a woman of twenty; the other, a man of years enough to pass for her father. They interfered with no one, and encouraged no interference with them. Suddenly the woman was seized with serious illness in the night-time. The man besought the wife of his nearest neighbour for assistance, declaring that his daughter had been attacked with severe pains at her heart. Both repaired to the patient, who was apparently in the greatest agony. Before a doctor who had been sent for could arrive, she became insensible, and apparently expired as he entered the room. Placing his hand on her heart, and shaking his head, he received his fee, and departed. The body was interred; and almost immediately after the bereaved father claimed from the underwriters money which was assured upon his daughter's life, and left the locality, seemingly bowed down with sorrow.

Shortly after, the then fashionable neighbourhood of Queen Square was favoured with the residence of an unknown but stylish couple, indefinitely related. The gentleman was military; called himself captain; wore large moustaches, frequented Lloyd's in the Alley, lounged at Garraway's, and particularly chose the society of those who dealt in Life Assurances. His house was open to cardplayers and the 'fast' young men of those days, who always lost their money, and often their hearts, in the hospitable house over which the young lady presided with so much grace. The fair lady was taken suddenly ill; spasms at the heart convulsed her frame, and terminated her life, according to the captain's sobbing announcement to inquiring friends. Many thousands, it is said, were soon claimed and received by the heart-broken captain from various underwriters, merchants, and companies with whom he had assured the life of

the lady. The mourner quitted his house, and declared that he should travel abroad.

A few years later, a mercantile man, of age and experience, appeared daily in the commercial haunts of Liverpool. He speculated in corn and cotton; he was a constant attendant at church, a subscriber to charitable institutions, a giver of good dinners, and most kind and liberal to his niece, a lady not exactly young, but graceful and attractive. His speculations, unhappily, were not successful. He confessed to some friends his misfortune; proposed and was enabled to borrow money on the security of assurances effected on his niece's life. A certain amount of secrecy was essential for this transaction, and thus he managed to secure on the lady's life £2,000, with at any rate ten different merchants and underwriters in London, Liverpool, and elsewhere. It was a sudden and severe affliction for the unfortunate merchant that his beloved niece should be in the night attacked with fearful convulsions; and numerous families in Liverpool sincerely mourned to hear the next day that the niece was no more. A physician had been summoned, but could do nothing for her, and declared that he was not sent for in time. So numerous were the calls and condolences, that the bereaved uncle was almost overwhelmed. The funeral was largely attended by sympathizing friends. All was over: the solitary man still retained his mercantile position, comported himself with melancholy dignity, and after a time claimed and quietly received all the assurances he had effected on the life of his late niece. His health, however, soon began to decline; he loathed the house where he had suffered so great a loss; he communicated his feelings to his friends, and his intention to travel abroad, in order to mitigate his grief. He soon bade them farewell, and was heard of no more. It is scarcely necessary to add, that circumstances led to the suspicion and discovery that the Liverpool merchant, the London captain, and the St. Giles's tenant were one and the same person; and it was surmised that his beloved niece or daughter was still with him, travelling for the benefit of her health. She probably had the ability to simulate death, which some have been known to possess in a remarkable degree.

Passing down through long intervals in which several, but no very startling, cases of assurance fraud were detected and made known, we come to that one which of all is the most remarkable in the character of its perpetrator, the affecting circumstances of the catastrophe, and the large amount attempted to be obtained. The contriver and criminal was a Mr. Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, who mixed in literary and fashionable society, and

who before the discovery of his crimes had met such men as Lamb and De Quincey, at the house of Taylor and Hessey, the publishers. While he was a contributor of light articles to the *London Magazine*, he was in all probability revolving in his mind the terrible crime which he thus put in execution:—Two young ladies, near relations of his wife, were on a visit at his own house. Both of these young ladies were accomplished, and one at least distinguished by personal attractions. Wainwright prevailed upon his visitors to allow him to insure their lives for the short period of two years. The insurance was repeated in several different offices, until a sum of £18,000 had been secured in the event of their deaths within that period. That they *did die* within that period, and suddenly, too, is very certain.

It afterwards appeared, that in the middle of the day which Wainwright had fixed for the murder, he drew his wife out of doors on some pretence, and engaged her in a very long walk. He feared that *she* might have penetration enough to notice and report the agonizing spasms caused by the poison which Wainwright had secretly administered. The two young servant girls left in the house were easily persuaded to believe the case one of cholera. On returning after a three hours' walk, Wainwright and his wife found the two young ladies *dead*. He had previously secured an assignment to himself of the policies. When presented to the offices, their suspicions were fully awakened, especially as one office had recently experienced a fraud of the same kind. Refusal of payment was therefore made. In the midst of the embarrassments which followed upon this refusal, the murderer committed forgery, and was transported. The career of Wainwright has found an incidental record among many sketches of a very different kind, in that noble sequel to one of the most charming biographies of modern times, the *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb*.

It is not probable that a fraud like that which we have just related would have now the slightest chance of success. An Act of Parliament since passed requires that the assurer of another person's life shall be able to show a beneficial interest in the life assured.

ART. VII.—*Ten Years of Preacher Life: Chapters from an Autobiography.* By WILLIAM HENRY MILBURN. London: Sampson Low and Son; Edinburgh: Alexander Strahan and Co.

If they have prejudged this book by its title, one class of readers will be disappointed, and another agreeably surprised. Under the head of Preacher Life many will expect to find a record of the cares and joys of a Christian labourer, in his conflict with a sinful world; of the struggles of his faith, of the religious condition of those among whom his lot was cast, and the progress or decay of real piety. This was what Methodists—the body of Christians to which our author is attached—were taught of old to expect from the lives of their preachers. John Wesley here, and Francis Asbury in Mr. Milburn's country, would have thought any other style of autobiography a defection from the mission of their lives. So would that band of men whose memories are enshrined in one of the most extraordinary collections of biography in the English tongue,—*Jackson's Lives of the Early Methodist Preachers.*

But Mr. Milburn's book is formed on a different model. It is not Preacher Life, in any other sense than this,—that, the writer being a preacher, his views of society, his spheres of observation, and his relations with men, were those of a preacher. It might very properly be called, *A Preacher's Wayside Notes and Fireside Stories for Ten Years.* It is not a book written for religious profit, but for literary gratification and social entertainment, with no higher moral aim than one which probably the author, in common with many others, thinks is too often underrated,—that of affording pleasant reading and lively pictures of life, in combination with healthy moral feeling and hearty respect for good men and genuine religion. Those, therefore, who wish a book upon Preacher Life to be about a preacher's spiritual work, will be disappointed; and those who, taking it for granted that it will be so, yet prefer something more general, will find themselves charmingly surprised with bundles of racy stories, passages of vivid description, occasional flights of decided eloquence, graphic sketches of manners, both in the outskirt regions of American society, and at its very centre in Washington, finished with elaborate portraits of public men, all delicately connected by a slender thread of personal history.

When the poet Longfellow, walking with the blind preacher, said to him, 'Why do you not write the story of your life?' he

expressed a natural wish. It is not a common story. One summer afternoon two boys of five years old were playing in a garden in Philadelphia. The one, unconscious that the other was behind him, cast his hand backward, in throwing a piece of glass or oyster shell, which he struck into his comrade's eye. A doctor, irritated by the little fellow's opposition to caustic, violently drew it across the injured eye, 'and the light went out of it for ever.' The other was in great danger. For two long years the child was shut up in a dark room; and the whole tale is told very exquisitely. At the end poor Milburn 'stood once more in the breezy air, beneath the sunny sky.' But flowers, stars, and 'that diviner light which shines through the human face, had faded into nothingness.'

How much and in what way I could see: I never have been able accurately to describe. The left eye was gone altogether! and after the ravages of the inflammation, the right retained the smallest possible transparent spot, not much larger than a pin's point, in the cornea and the pupil, through which the light might enter. To make this fraction of an eye available, it was necessary to use a shade above the eye, and place the middle finger of the right hand beneath it; thus forming a sort of artificial pupil allowing only the due quantity of light to enter. By this means I was enabled to read a little for fifteen or twenty years, in strong daylight, holding the book very close to the eye, and bringing every letter to the precise spot on which the sight was fixed.

The home of the blind yet reading boy, in Philadelphia, was a resort of Methodist preachers; and, in their tales of their own life and conflicts, his imagination had its first store of heroic images. He felt how grand was the war they waged; how pure, and warm, and strong the spirit they displayed. Commercial disaster drove his family from the enclosure of the Quaker city out to the wilds of the great West. No picture we have before read gives one so clear an idea of the fine illusions which settlers allow to be practised upon them, or contrive to play upon themselves, regarding the Goshen to which they steer from a hunger-stricken Canaan, or the Canaan to which they turn from an oppressive Egypt. The Milburn family, reaching a land where they were 'to find Paradise and Peru combined,' and to view splendid cities by the names of Athens, Goleonda, Ophir, Cairo, Rome, Bethel, Warsaw, Naples, and many such, found in one short drive that Naples, Exeter, and Geneva 'consisted of about a dozen log cabins each, with a frame house or two.'

In a pretty village, 'in the middle of high rolling prairie,' the blind boy again found a home. His picture of the place, its population, and their pursuits, is very striking, if not over re-

finer. Here he pursued his eager reading, attended college, and studied himself into miserable health. When about twenty years of age, one day he was driving over a prairie covered with snow, on one of those mornings when American woods look like nothing ever witnessed on this side of the water,—look as if some celestial charm had converted all vegetable forms into crystals, emeralds, sapphires, and diamonds. On such days the branches, twigs, and trunks of trees, the spray of bushes, the stem of herbs, the blade of grass, are all coated with ice, and wave and rustle in the breeze, and glisten in the thrice brilliant sun, in a fashion which not only justifies but enfeebles Mr. Milburn's words,—‘The woods seemed one vast palace almost too dazzling to behold, the work of an enchanter's spell.’ Beside him, wrapped in buffalo robes, sat a venerable and grave man, renowned as a theologian, and looked up to by William with awe. This was a leader among the men who had been the heroes of his young imagination in rich and polished Philadelphia, and whom he had found again, in a new type, but with identical spirit, in the wild world of the West. Here also his happiest hours had been spent in their society; and the proudest office of hospitality he ever performed in his boyhood was ‘to act the part of an hostler’ to the preacher. ‘William,’ said the noble old man, breaking in upon a poetic ecstasy, caused by the joy of the glorious morning, ‘William, did you ever feel that you were called to preach?’

In a few months he was mounted on a coal-black horse, beside the same venerable companion, (Dr. Akers,) setting out on his first experimental journey as a preacher. The all but sightless youth had been furnished with an umbrella by his mother, which he hoisted at the sound of rain. His companion laughed; his horse bolted; ‘Let him go,’ shouted the practised frontier itinerant; and, after a five miles’ gallop on the wide prairie, horse and rider came to a tacit understanding, that the one would not willingly offend, nor the other be easily offended.

In those parts it was, indeed, the life of a *travelling* preacher on which he now entered. ‘A ride of *two days and a half* brought us to our first appointment.’ A congregation, gathered from a circle of fifteen or twenty miles, met in a log house of two rooms. Here the Saturday afternoon and evening were spent in religious services. At night, the men in one room, and the women in another, slept as they could. At sunrise they breakfasted. The devotions of the Lord's Day began by a Love-feast, that social interchange of religious feelings and experience, that fraternal opening of heart, and relation of ‘the Lord's dealings with the soul,’ which has long been so prized among the

Methodists, and now, under the influence of a similar revival of religion to that in which their Societies originated, is becoming common, in some parts of the United Kingdom, among other denominations, especially the Presbyterian, though not under the name of the primitive *Agape*. This was a meeting only for members of the Church. At eleven o'clock the public services began; baptisms, preaching, the Lord's Supper, and other exercises filled up the day; and, by the first light of the Monday morning, the flock were wending their way to their widely scattered homes, till another quarterly summons should call them to a similar religious repast. It was in this cabin that young Milburn first attempted the solemn but glorious work of speaking in the name of God to his fellow men. 'William, exhort,' said the voice that had first put the inquiry, whether he ever felt called to preach.

'I had no resource but to stand up, frightened as I was almost to death, behind my split-bottom chair, in lieu of a pulpit, in front of the huge fire-place, and attempt to speak, by the light of the smouldering embers and one or two candles fast sinking to their sockets, to the crowd of hunters and farmers filling the cabin, who gaped and stared at a pallid beardless boy. Of course, words were few, and ideas fewer; and, on resuming my seat, I had the uncomfortable impression, that the congregation had listened to about as poor a discourse as ever was delivered. Such was my first attempt at preaching.'

This, however, he does not reckon as his first sermon. The awful hour of taking a text and formally preaching had yet to come. One day, in full route, a companion preacher told him that at four o'clock they would reach a place where he must preach. He does not name the spot; probably it had no name; some lone hut at a wood-side, or on a prairie, was the scene of his sermon:—

'It was delivered to half a dozen men in their shirt sleeves, with the sweat of the plough on their brows, their teams left standing in the fields the while, and to as many women in sun-bonnets, whose knitting and pipes were laid aside when the hymn was given out. The rustle of the green leaves, stirred by the pleasant wind, the song of the birds, and the golden sunshine as it lay upon the puncheon floor on that cheerful summer afternoon, are remembered yet, and also that my first sermon was but fifteen minutes long.'

The mention of a sermon fifteen minutes long, in these days of endless discourses, seems fabulous. Mr. Milburn preaches longer now; but we hope that, even with the temptation of popularity, he has sufficient regard to usefulness to avoid the excessive length by which so many preachers, in our country, ruin their influence. Of his friend, Dr. Akers, he tells an arch

tale. In fact, if there is an arch tale about his friends, he is sure to give it. It is not the religious effects or the social reforms resulting from the labours of himself or his colleagues which are narrated, but the quaint incidents and sparkling stories. The noble old doctor had the weakness of being an insufferably long preacher. In one of his cabin congregations he saw a man going away. He said to him, 'Do not leave; I am not through,'—the American way of saying, 'I have not done.' 'Go on, doctor,' said the worthy hearer, 'I am only going to dinner; I shall be back long before you are through.' Both Mrs. Trollope and Mrs. Stowe have brought the camp-meeting to the knowledge of the British as an American institution. The former sets it up only to be ridiculed; the latter points out the evils which, in a slave state, cling to all assemblies; not, however, as growing out of the camp-meeting. Mr. Milburn's picture is that of one who knows and feels all he describes, in its motives and its process. He appears to confine his admiration of the institution to new and thinly-peopled countries; but, for such, he says, 'No one can fully estimate the beneficent influences of these "feasts of tabernacles."' His description will leave a good outline of the scene upon the mind of any careful reader. The ranged tents, the echoing horn, the crossing and commingling voices of praise and prayer from within each 'family' shrine; the general gathering, the shooting pillars, the endless arches, the quivering tracery, the long and mobile aisles of the forest cathedral; the blaze of the pine fires at night, from stands and forks of trees, reddening the earnest faces of a multitude, and leaving in shade 'the dim, whispering vaults overhead,' and the pure stars looking down from afar,—conspire to make the camp-meeting, at night, in a pictorial point of view, the most sublime of religious assemblies. The most gorgeous of cathedrals, St. Peter's, the more touching, yet simpler, solemnities of the mosque, the glitter and multitude of the eastern procession,—all have in some respects their special grandeur: but, for the combination of human and Divine elements of impression, nothing equals the singing multitude in the woods, under starlight and pine torch, with the silent tear of penitence, the joyful beam of holy hope, or the wayward struggle of a self-hardening offender discovered on some half-hidden countenance by a fitful gust, that throws the light now where a moment ago it was deep shade. Yet we can scarcely discover any reason but a poetic one for these gatherings, when the primitive state of the country has passed away, and Churches are planted within reach of every man's home. If Milburn, when a boy, admired the preachers as the heroes

of a grand battle going on in a field beyond his sphere; now that he was in their ranks, his love to them grew warm and warmer. This feeling glows through the book. How he tells of chats on horseback; of those stories which enliven long journeys; of the joy of meeting in Conference, after a year of toil, some having departed, but in that peace which makes their death such an encouragement to their comrades, as goes far to balance the loss! 'They delight,' he says, 'to describe life as a warfare, death as the last conflict, wherein the Christian places his foot on the neck of his last adversary, and with a shout of victory rises to the scene of a triumphant coronation.' Such is the spirit in which Methodist preachers annually meet, from the old Moorfields, in City Road, to California on one hand, and Africa and Fiji on the other; bands of brothers fighting and falling; marching with songs from the graves of the departed to new conflicts. The following sketch of a Conference on the frontier will raise recollections of many a meeting of brethren in West India isles, or Asiatic cities, or South Sea outposts, each differing greatly from the others, all having common characteristics.

"The coming together of the preachers at Conference is, therefore, much like the gathering of an army after a campaign. Old friendships are strengthened, old associations vivified. Trials and triumphs are recounted, and messages are brought from one and another brother who has died during the year, or, as they are accustomed to say, "fallen in the field with his face Zionward." "Tell my brethren at the Conference," said one of these saintly warriors, "that I died at my post." The Conference, which lasts about a week, is, in truth, a feast of reason and a flow of soul. The preachers are billeted upon the members of the Church and other citizens who are willing to entertain them. And the season is ever one of open-handed hospitality. And, outside of business hours, the order of the day is good cheer, story-telling, friendly chat—in a word, the comfort and delight of body and soul. Here they are, a band of toil-worn veterans and eager young soldiers, marshalling for review, and the enjoyment of the one week's holiday for the year. Their salary is a hundred dollars per annum, and many of them have received not more than one-third or one-half that sum; but from the manner and amount of their offerings to the various benevolent institutions of the Church, you would suppose them wealthy men. Let a story be told of a brother having lost his horse, and having no money to buy another, many a man will instantly surrender his last cent to purchase a new one. The widows and orphans of deceased brethren are ever remembered out of the scanty stock. The *esprit de corps* could not be stronger, yet personal independence and self-respect are defended as sacred rights."

Mr. Milburn promises that he will never forget a piece of advice given to him by one of the veterans: 'Billy, my son,

never miss an appointment. Ride all day in any storm, or all night, if necessary; ford creeks, swim rivers, run the risk of breaking your neck or getting drowned; but never miss an appointment, and never be behind the time.' This was one of the lessons, in a great west-country university, which our author calls Brush College, wherein men like the one who gave this advice were the fellows, youths like Milburn the undergraduates, the professor's chair the saddle, and the lecture halls prairie and forest. There is something exhilarating in his way of describing his life of study in this college; how the mind was stored, trained, and exercised, all at the same time. Its graduates, who stand in all the cities of America, prepared to do battle with any opponents, offer no mean credentials to the quality of Mr. Milburn's favourite college. However, the day has long since passed when one of his stories would be timely; for now the Methodist Church in America has more colleges and universities than, we suppose, any Church in the world, except that of Rome, albeit many of them are very young and frail, and none are yet old. His own West especially has made incredible strides, much owing to the noble lead of Dr. Charles Elliott, a worthy and a prodigy. One of the author's chief heroes is Peter Cartwright, an old pioneer, whose renown spreads all over the West, for eloquence, wit, courage, and all the rough qualities necessary to bring superior minds fully to bear on a population continually wrestling with the powers of nature. 'A prominent divine of another denomination, meaning to be slightly sarcastic, once said to my old friend Mr. Cartwright, "How is it that you have no doctors of divinity in your denomination?" "Our divinity is not sick, and don't need doctoring," said the sturdy backwoodsman.' If the divinity was in good health, the divines were sometimes tried; for in the curriculum of Brush College, Mr. Milburn says, 'not the least difficult of the lessons was to learn to eat anything, everything, and sometimes to do without eating at all; to learn to sleep in any place or every place, with or without beds and covering; and to ride all day wet to the skin, and then get up in the evening and preach, without changing my clothes.' And this in a country where a wetting is not a simple affair, as in England, but may be followed by those horrid 'chills' which fill so many western graves. Among the rogueries in which he indulges at the expense of his friends, is one story of a prodigy of grandiloquence, who thus said the thing which we express by the word 'tear': 'The small particle of the aqueous fluid which trickles from the visual organ over the lineaments of the countenance, befokening grief.' This is feeble compared with some longer specimens of the same eloquence.

Besides ordinary studies, Milbarn's infirmity imposed special ones upon him. The hymns and Scriptures for public service must all be recited from memory. On horseback, he would check the steed till he had, in his own way, 'spelled out a verse;' and then, trotting along, fixed this in his memory by repetition. When wearied of this, he would cultivate speaking by 'exploding the radical sounds of speech,' and then by carefully articulating the most difficult words. 'Then all the faculties would be summoned up for the composition and delivery of a discourse in hearing of my faithful charger.' In addition to all this, came that 'education of the senses' necessary to make up for the lost one. The account is of sufficient interest to warrant a long extract.

'I therefore set to work to educate my senses, thinking that if an Arab, an Indian, or a half-savage backwoodsman, could bring his perceptions to such precision, keenness, and delicacy, why might not I? It became a matter of pride to conceal my defective vision, to make up for the want of eyesight by the superior activity of the other faculties. The foot became almost as delicate as the hand, and the cheek well-nigh as sensitive to atmospheric impressions as the ear is to acoustic vibrations. By reason of the difficulties which encompassed it, travelling became an art, involving in its practice many elements of science. If I preserved the air and seeming of a man with two good eyes, my step had to be as cautious and well-considered as an Indian's on the war-path; and my dislike of being recognised by strangers as partially blind, was almost as great as his dread of detection by an enemy. Self-dependence delighted in obstacles. There was a pleasure in scouring strange regions alone; and, although I have often had my face severely cut by thorny branches while riding through the woods, and was frequently obliged to hold my right hand in front of my face, the elbow extended to the right and the riding-whip to the left, for hours together, as a protection to the upper part of the person, fatigue and wounds were alike accepted as a part of the salutary discipline. Boarding a steamer in the middle of the river, after night, by means of a yawl, after having descended a steep slippery bank, with no assistance but from a cane, gave me quiet satisfaction. To roam about a strange city, and make myself master of its side-walks, gutters, and crossings, and become familiar with all its localities, thus qualifying myself to become a guide to others, was a favourite pastime. There was hardly a large town of the country in which I did not know the shortest way between any two given points. Self-conceit was gratified when, on being introduced to people who had heard of me, they exclaimed, "Why, I thought you could not see very well!" Mere walking was an intellectual exercise, and the mind found constant amusement in solving the physical problems which were ever demanding instant settlement; as, for example, given the sound of a footfall, to find the nature and distance of the object from which it is reverber-

rated; or the space betwixt yourself and the gutter you are approaching; or, amid the Babel of a crowded thoroughfare, to ascertain by your ear when it will be safe for you to cross, and how long a time the rush of hurrying vehicles will allow you.

Many a man has found to his cost that necessity is a stern old pedagogue, intolerant of dulness and negligence, administering severe buffets to the slothful and the incorrigible. I bear about on my body many a mark of his heavy rod. My forehead still carries the trace of an iron pillar, standing at the corner of Gravier and St. Charles Streets, in New Orleans, which laid me senseless on the sidewalk, for stupidly rushing against it, to avoid being run over by a drunken driver, the first night I spent in the Crescent City. My nose carries the remembrance of a huge ladder, which careless workmen had allowed to remain standing over night across the pavement in St. Francis Street, Mobile. An occasional twinge in my neck serves to remind me of a dive which I once made head foremost over an embankment into a trench ten feet deep, in Decatur Street, Boston. I found it impossible to run away from my old preceptor; and thus, while almost every part of my person bears tokens of nearly every section of our wide-spread country, an enumeration of which might almost form a chronicle of my journey, they serve to remind me that the one lesson which my schoolmaster tried to teach me was, "Keep your wits about you."

I am sorry to confess, however, that I have sadly degenerated since the period which the narrative has now reached, namely, March, 1848. Wife, children, and an increasing number of friends, have combined to render me less self-helpful; and I am afraid that I should cut a sorry figure enough if I were now turned out into the Rocky Mountains, or on the western prairies, and forced to shift for myself. Loneliness is the condition of self-reliance. Society weakens the instincts and the senses. Love softens while it blesses. The eagle's eye and wing are not found in the dove-cot. Home enlarges the sphere of the sympathies, but limits the arena of self-trust. I have relinquished my pride about dependence, exchanged the delicacy of hand, foot, ear, and cheek for the offices of those who love me, and move about the streets with scarce a pause to regret my privation, when my hand clasps the hand of either of my children, who are as watchful and tender toward me as if they were parent and I the child.

The comforts of which the blind man thus prettily complains are not confined to wife and children. A circle of young ladies and gentlemen are happy to take turns in reading and writing for him; and to their hands we owe, as to his mind, the present book. But his education of the senses is nothing short of marvellous, especially in one who was not born blind. In Margate lives a gentleman who never saw the day; but who can guide one anywhere within his own range, describe anything *well*, and who has acted as architect, not only for private buildings, but for at least one public edifice. Milburn can steer as straight as

an arrow through any city he has an opportunity of knowing; and, provided some one is with him to assure him of safety, his walk is as confident as that of one with full vision. He can throw off a sketch of a man's build, age, and character, on hearing his voice, with wonderful approaches to accuracy.

After a while, medical advice became indispensable to save his remnant of an eye. He spent ten months in the city of St. Louis, undergoing treatment, walking the hospitals, coming to his last dollar, and finding a delightful home in a most unexpected way. Indeed, in America, the frequency with which persons of wealth befriend men of talent, in ways involving large outlay, is very striking to us, who are accustomed to nothing of the kind. To entertain a youthful stranger, in an elegant house, for nine months, without other reason than that he is a poor and gifted preacher, is not much in our way; though such things may be. To say to a man, 'You must have a change, (and my grandson wants one too.)—take this and him, and run over to Europe,' and to put £400 into a man's hand, is nothing so wonderful in America.

We have heard a tale of a friend of our author, writing to New York, and saying, 'In my will I have made some provision for Milburn and his family; but that may not take effect for some time. Meanwhile, the house he lives in is not such as pleases me. Seek out such a one as his friends would like to see him in; buy it, and send me the bill.' And a house, costing, if we recollect rightly, between £2,000 and £3,000, was bought, and cheerfully paid for. Such peaches may be picked up every now and then in the orchards of the New World; but they are not wont to grow on the English oak.

Now came a crisis in the life of the blind preacher. He was appointed to visit the old and settled regions, to collect funds for a college in the West. On the river Ohio he had the opportunity of travelling in the same steamer with a number of members of Congress, going to their legislative duties at Washington. The river voyage occupied some days; and his own hand must tell the result.

As several of them were men known to fame, whose names I had been familiar with for years, I took great interest in observing them, and in listening to their conversation; when, as is often their manner in such environment, they talked for the benefit of the company. I cannot say how much I was shocked, nor how indignant I became, at discovering that not a few of these representatives of the sovereign people of the United States swore outrageously, played cards day and night, and drank villanous whisky to excess. I expressed my surprise and chagrin to my friend; but the only comfort that I re-

ceived was, that this was the fashion in which many of our politicians acted.

The river was low—fogs came on. Sunday morning arrived: we were yet eighty miles below Wheeling, and there was no place where we could land to spend the Sabbath. At breakfast time, a committee of the passengers waited upon me to know if I would preach to them. Never did I say yes more gladly; for never had I been so anxious to speak my mind. A congregation of nearly three hundred persons assembled at half-past ten o'clock, and I took my stand between the ladies' and gentlemen's cabins: seated in the places of honour upon my right and left hand, were most of my late objects of interest—the members of Congress. I had never before spoken under such circumstances; but, nevertheless, preached as well as I could, which is not saying much. At the close of the discourse proper, however, I could not resist the impulse to speak a straightforward word to the men on my right and left; turning to them, therefore, I said something to the following effect: "I understand that you are members of the Congress of the United States, and as such you are or should be the representatives, not only of the political opinions, but also of the intellectual, moral, and religious condition of the people of this country. As I had rarely seen men of your class, I felt on coming aboard this boat a natural interest to hear your conversation and to observe your habits. If I am to judge the nation by you, I can come to no other conclusion, than that it is composed of profane swearers, card-players, and drunkards. Suppose there should be an intelligent foreigner on this boat, travelling through the country with the intent of forming a well-considered and unbiassed opinion as to the practical working of our free institutions—seeing you and learning your position, what would be his conclusion?—Inevitably, that our experiment is a failure, and our country is hastening to destruction. Consider the influence of your example upon the young men of the nation—what a school of vice are you establishing! If you insist upon the right of ruining yourselves, do not by your example corrupt and debauch those who are the hope of the land. I must tell you that, as an American citizen, I feel disgraced by your behaviour; as a preacher of the Gospel, I am commissioned to tell you, that unless you renounce your evil courses, repent of your sins, and believe upon the Lord Jesus Christ with hearts unto righteousness, you will certainly be damned."

'At the close of the services I retired to my state-room, to consider my impromptu address word by word, and whether, if I were called to a reckoning for it, I should be willing to abide by it and its consequence. Plain speaking and stern acting are common things among the men of the West and the South-west; and whosoever starts to run a race of this kind should be prepared to go unflinchingly to the goal. I came to the conclusion that nothing had been said of which I ought to be ashamed, and that I would stand by every word of it, let the issue be what it might. While cogitating, there was a tap at the door. A gentleman entered, who said, "I have been requested to wait upon you by the members of Congress on board, who have had

a meeting since the close of the religious exercises. They desire me to present you with this purse of money" (handing me between fifty and a hundred dollars) "as a token of their appreciation of your sincerity and fearlessness in reproving them for their misconduct. They have also desired me to ask, if you will allow your name to be used at the coming election of chaplain for Congress. If you will consent to this, they are ready to assure you an honourable election." Quite stunned with this double message, I asked time for quiet reflection, and for consulting with my friend. He warmly urged my acceptance of the offer. As the boat neared Wheeling, my decision was asked. I assented to their proposal. They went forward to the capital; I tarried in Wheeling to preach. But the sermon on the boat was far more remunerative than all the labours at Cincinnati and Wheeling united. By the agency of my new friends, I was in due time elected. Their money paid my expenses to Washington, and so I entered upon my duties as chaplain to Congress.

The new chaplain was twenty-two years of age, a preacher of two years' standing, fresh from backwoods audiences, and the training of Brush College. In America, the chaplains have not only to open the houses by daily prayer, but also to preach in the Congress hall each on alternate Sundays. 'I was to occupy a desk,' says Milburn, very naturally, 'which had been filled by many of the most eminent divines in the country, and to address an audience familiar with the eloquence of our greatest statesmen and orators.' What was he to do? Hitherto he had premeditated his discourses as carefully as he could, but trusted 'for the words and illustrations, and the living presentation of the subject, to the impulse and power of the occasion.' Could he stand before his metropolitan auditory on this footing, and risk failure before senators and celebrities? His account of the inward struggle is instructive. The difficulty was heightened by his blindness; and no public speaker will read without emotion the plaint of the sightless orator at the loss to him, as a speaker, of the light of his auditors' countenances. 'What orator could electrify an audience speaking to them from behind a screen? What would Whitefield have done, if he had been blindfolded before ascending the pulpit?' He saw the advantages he might gain by adopting a *memoriter* style. 'I might be able to speak with less discredit to myself and friends, and possibly produce something worth their hearing; but, after all, is not this the substitution of a vigorous recollection for a vigorous mind,—the cultivation of one power at the expense of many?' He further considered, that this would engross all his time in making and learning sermons, leaving 'little for liberal study and general improvement;' and not the least weighty consideration was this: 'By rendering myself dependent upon it, should I not

mortgage my future, and bind myself as the slave of a bad habit?' He decided against it, but with his eyes open. 'I was laying up in store for myself many an hour of bitter mortification and chagrin, when, crushed by the weight of gathered crowds, I stood before them almost as a paralysed imbecile.' This is the humbling price every man, but one blinded by self-conceit, must pay for the power of extemporaneous speaking. But, adds our author, 'I had given two years toward acquiring the use of my voice, and learning to speak in such a way as not only not to injure the throat and lungs, but to conserve the welfare of a fragile and delicate frame. Could I not pay four years, if necessary, of discomfort, annoyance, and failure, to insure a natural connexion between the tongue and the brain, and to gain for the brain itself the healthful and natural play of its faculties, when the body was erect upon its legs in the midst of an assembly however large, or upon an occasion however momentous?' He evidently includes all this when he says, 'I was a preacher six years before I gained the power and habit of extempore speech.'

Speaking, as a science, is more studied in America than amongst us. Men are not ashamed to own that they are not born perfect speakers; and that they may be improved by culture, may, indeed, learn the art alluded to above, of using speech as a helper to health, instead of a waster of throat and lungs. Englishmen generally think American speakers stilted and formal. They think us intolerably full of mannerisms. It is a great proof of power for a man to be thoroughly appreciated in both countries, unless, indeed, where so high a reputation has been already gained, that not to admire is to be out of fashion. The oratory of Washington and that of St. Stephen's contrast in almost every particular in which it is possible for the same tongue, spoken by the same race, and on kindred subjects, to offer a variety. To an English ear, the first impression at Washington is of eloquence a hundred degrees below provincial. To an American ear in Westminster the first impression is that of mumbling feebleness. But the Englishman soon discovers that under the uncouth outside a power of speech, both as to command of language and management of voice, is common to almost every man in the House, such as with us only celebrities display. And we fancy, that when an American hears one of our first men, it offers an example of speaking which, in point of balanced power and perfect taste in enunciation and style, is not to be heard in the Capitol. Both Houses have the great superiority over continental assemblies that written speeches are unknown; and that the speaking, though often thoroughly prepared, is seldom *memoriter*.

Mr. Milburn gives sketches of some of the greatest speakers and statesmen of the Congress. Among the men now prominent, the two he selects are Stephens, an effeminate-looking stripe of a man, with a boy's piping voice, who even in a few sentences shoots through one's marrow the consciousness of electric fires, concealed under that coppery exterior; and Douglas, Judge Douglas, who is talked of for the next president, whom Mr. Milburn admires, though admitting that a little of the rowdy (a word which is the American of 'blackguard,' considerably intensified) still adheres to his improved character. We hope he did not select these two men for want of better; if so, the prospects of America in the way of statesmen are poor. Among the dead he gives numerous anecdotes of those who were most illustrious in his earliest days at Washington,—men whose fame makes all such contributions to their history welcome. Besides, Mr. Milburn's sketches all give a clearly traced impression of the man. The oddest story of a ruling passion strong in death which we can recall, is not equal to the following, of Randolph, the great old Virginian senator.

'Imperious in his friendship as in his disdain, he would require the attendance of his friends at his bedside, that they might see him breathe his last. On one of these occasions, his servants went flying through the town, bearing messages to various persons for whom he felt esteem, desiring them to hasten to him immediately, if they would see him die. Most of them were dressed or dressing for parties; but, obedient to the mandate, came in hot haste to his lodgings. The emaciated invalid, apparently at the last pulse, surveyed his guests, and saw officers of both arms of the service in full uniform, and a group of gentlemen, old and young, in full evening dress. Scanning them narrowly, he asked, in a faint, husky whisper, "Are there any but Virginians here?" Some one answering, "No;" he said, "Turn the key in the door, I wish none but my compatriots to see me die. Gentlemen," he continued, "I want you to promise me, that as soon as the breath leaves my body, you will carry me across the Potomac, into the Old Dominion. Bury me like a gentleman, at my own expense, and not like pauper Dawson," a member of Congress who had died a few days before, and had been buried, after congressional usage, at the public cost. The excitement attendant upon the delivery of these remarks seemed to give him strength, and he proceeded: "I find that I have a few minutes more to live, and I should like to spend them in asking you some questions." Addressing an officer of the army who stood near him: "Colonel T—, where were you educated?" "At Yale College, Sir." "At Yale College," he repeated in contemptuous tones, "among the Yankees? Was your father such a fool, Sir, as to suppose that the Yankees could teach a gentleman anything?" Turning to another, he said, "And where were you educated, Mr. P—?" "At South Carolina College, Sir." "In South Carolina!"

and then with increasing warmth and deepening scorn, "and your father sent you to the State which produced John C. Calhoun, and that for an education!" As he continued his questioning, he found that every man present had been educated out of Virginia, and at last became so furious, that, springing from his bed, he determined not to die at that time, and so dismissed those who had come to be mourners at a funeral.'—Pp. 173, 174.

We do not believe that biography supplies a more remarkable example of the power of a great leader over the members of a party who have long been used to look up to him as their guide and champion, than the following anecdote of Clay. This very power often leads to the undoing of such men. We do not mean to the loss of their leadership, for that may never come; but to the adoption of measures which, if fully and fairly discussed by their adherents, without the pressure of one commanding will, would never be sanctioned; and are not by those outside, or by the result. But it is not a fair specimen, as our author seems to think, of 'ascendancy in social life.' The social charms of talk and table were here backed by the long habits and the strong ties of party discipline.

'I can give no better illustration of Mr. Clay's ascendancy in social life than the following incident, which took place during the session of Congress in the winter of 1840-41. The Whigs had elected General Harrison by an overwhelming vote, and toward the end of the session, which was to be closed by his inauguration, a meeting of the leaders of the party was held, to form a programme for the new administration, and especially to determine whether an extra session of Congress should be called. The caucus was held at a famous restaurant, and was composed of twenty-three gentlemen, Whig chieftains from every section of the Republic. Mr. Clay was resolved to have the extra session; Colonel Wm. C. Preston, of South Carolina, felt that to call it would be hazardous in the extreme, and might be ruinous to the party, which in truth it was. Knowing Mr. Clay's immense power over men, Colonel Preston had visited every gentleman invited to the meeting, exchanged views with them, and found that his opinion in regard to the bad policy of the proposed measure was confirmed by every one of them except the great Kentuckian. Still, dreading Mr. Clay's authority, he pledged them to a manly support of these views in the forthcoming council. The meeting was initiated by an ample repast. When supper was announced, Mr. Clay led the way and took the head of the table, presiding with his accustomed grace and dignity, charming every one at table by his fine spirits and admirable talk. After the servants had retired and the doors were locked, he called the meeting to order, announced the purpose for which they were assembled, and in his masterly way unfolded his views upon the necessity of a called session. He then asked the opinions of the various gentlemen at the table, calling them, one after

another, by name, not in the order of their seats, but of their attachment to himself and their known submission to his leadership, so that Mr. Preston came last. This gentleman had entered the room the file-leader of twenty-two men bound to uphold his views, and now found himself in a minority of one, for every man of them had deserted him.—Pp. 181, 182.

The following anecdote of the social abilities of one of Mr. Clay's admirers is in a different vein, but also a rich one.

'If any of my readers were ever fortunate enough to hear Mr. Clay tell the following story, they can never forget the inimitable grace and humour with which it was done. "While I was abroad, labouring to arrange the terms of the Treaty of Ghent, there appeared a report of the negotiations or letters relative thereto, and several quotations from my remarks or letters, touching certain stipulations in the Treaty, reached Kentucky, and were read by my constituents. Among them, was an old fellow who went by the nickname of 'Old Sandusky.' He was reading one of these letters one evening, at a near resort, to a small collection of the neighbours. As he read on, he came across the sentence, 'This must be deemed a *sine quâ non*.' 'What's a *sine quâ non*?' said a half-dozen bystanders. 'Old Sandusky' was a little bothered at first, but his good sense and natural shrewdness was fully equal to a mastery of the Latin. 'Sine—qua—non?' said 'old Sandusky,' repeating the question very slowly; 'why, sine qua non is three islands in Passamaquoddy Bay, and Harry Clay is the last man to give them up! No sine qua non, no treaty, he says; and he'll stick to it!' " You should have seen the laughing eye, the change in the speaker's voice and manner, to understand the electric effect the story had upon his hearers.'—Pp. 183, 184.

From Congress Mr. Milburn went to be married, and from the wedding started for the West to see his friends. The account of this tour is without parallel, so far as our reading goes, among authentic records of wedding trips. In passing Chicago the bridegroom opens a tremendous battery against that new and incredible town. 'All the talk you heard in the streets was of cent. per cent., corner lots, shaving paper, land warrants, pre-emption claims, new locations, and a chance to make a fortune.' For the benefit of unlearned readers, we may explain that 'shaving paper' is a discount operation, wherein the man of money uses, with the softest possible lather, the keen edge of the shaver. Beyond Chicago came the adventures; and brides who rejoice on the slopes of Windermere, or the banks of the Rhine, will follow Mrs. Milburn wondering how she looked. One conclusion she came to was that her husband had the advantage of her, in not seeing what he was eating. 'Eyes, she thought, were very much in the way of people who proposed to travel out West;' a feeling which sojourners in ancient and classic

lands often feel, when compelled to see a little too much into culinary secrets. At a place called Bloomington they 'had to lie over till two the next morning, in order to make connexion with another stage line.' This is one of the most perfectly Americanized sentences in the book; for in style, as in speech, Mr. Milburn is remarkably free from the peculiarities of the country. It means, that they had to wait till another conveyance came up. The following story shows how free are manners out in that region of young communities and youthful temper.

'I inquired of our driver, what sort of accommodations we should find at the hotel in town. He assured us that we should get nothing fit to eat, and that if we attempted to sleep, the bed-bugs would eat us up. Not disposed to run this gauntlet, I asked him to drive me to the door of the Methodist that lived in the largest and most comfortable house. As we stopped at the gate, the clatter of knives, forks, and plates within, and the sound of merry voices, announced that the family were at supper. "Halloo, the house!" cried I. "Halloo, yourself; what do you want?" was the reply. "I am travelling with my wife, and, learning that the quarters at the hotel are bad, have come to get some supper and spend a part of the night with you." As I said this, I was making the word good by getting out of the waggon. The man of the house came striding toward the gate, saying, in an angry tone, "Look here, stranger, we don't keep a tavern, and if you're a traveller, you must put up with traveller's fare and go to the hotel." "Don't be so savage," said I, "have you never heard the saying, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for some have thereby entertained angels unawares?'" "O, ho," said he, "that sounds like preaching: you ain't a preacher, are you?" I intimated that I was, and mentioned my name. Eyeing me from head to foot, he exclaimed, "Well, I never! Who would have taken such a poor little dried up specimen as you for that man? Why, we've thought of trying to get you here as our preacher."—Pp. 183, 184.

Every inch of the way is full of adventures, some of them very mournful; the western fever, in its worst form, 'congestive chills,' was then raging, and the log huts were full of dying men and desolate hearts. Escapes, absurdities, and death-bed scenes came in succession, till they reached Paris, where the Conference of the brethren he loved was in session. The author's peculiarity is shown in the fact, that not a word is said of them or their work, or religious affairs, any more than if he did not care for them; but a droll passage between Peter Cartwright and the bishop who presided, which does little credit to either, is told with gusto. The following, however, indicates that admiration of his fellow-labourers which their toils merited, and his heart was ever ready to cherish. From the Conference he started for his father's house:—

'The first evening, we reached the edge of the grand prairie, where stood a single cabin, consisting of two rooms. About twenty-five preachers were in our company, and this was the only house at which we could put up. The people received us gladly, notwithstanding the disparity between our numbers and their accommodations, and said they would do their best for us. The horses were cared for, and active preparations made for supper. One party filed in to the supper table as another left it; in due time we all ate and were filled; then, gathering around the huge fireplace in the other room, our venerable friend Dr. Akers, occupying the seat of Gamaliel, expounded such knotty points in divinity as were proposed by the juniors. It was a picturesque scene, as the ruddy glare of the pine-knots, shining from the chimney corner, lit up the eager, generous faces of a score of devoted itinerants, to whom hardship and privations were as nothing, and unrewarded toil a pleasure. It would have done your heart good, in the pauses of graver discourse, to listen to their good stories, followed by the peals of hearty laughter; then, as bed-time drew near, and the lesson had been read, to hear their full voices join in the evening hymn, followed by fervent responses to the prayer which commended them and all they loved to the care of Him who never slumbers.'—Pp. 205, 206.

Re-appointed to travel and collect in the old States, (having declined to be again nominated chaplain to Congress,) our author soon brought his feeble health to a complete break-down. With plenty of air and exercise, public speakers in delicate health may do much. Without them, they may bear great public exertions, if coming seldom; but the wear of constantly meeting large audiences, without the restoration of prairie, or hill-side, or moor, or saddle, is too much for any but the robust; and for them often prepares speedy decay. In four years he had preached fifteen hundred times, or on an average seven times a week.

He was ordered to the South. We get in his first stage southward the first taste of the charms of that southern society which, in common with most men susceptible of the fascination of easy manners and elegant dwellings, he deeply feels, and loudly applauds. A woman of colour was to go in the coach. A man from Missouri 'swore loudly that he would not ride with a nigger, and that she shouldn't go;' a conclusion which the courage of the Blind Preacher overcame. The passage down the Mississippi, which all the world has made with dear old Uncle Tom, gives our author an occasion for a sheaf of anecdotes of the former boatmen of that river. Rank stories and astonishing they are, enough for the appetite of men of the fancy; but what connexion they have with preacher life, or W. H. Milburn, it is impossible to see,—beyond this, that they interested him, and he retails them to his friends.

Fairly entered upon the South, the author paints its society, and some of its celebrities. The former completely won him. Eminently sociable himself, by circumstance more than usually dependent on those gentle attentions which good breeding suggests, and prepared by the double experience of frontier roughness and Washington refinements to feel the charm of elegant manners, he is carried away, as are so many others, by the superior polish and social graces of the planters' families. We are ashamed to say it, but it must be said, that throughout the book not a line indicates a qualm as to whether their bountiful tables and luxurious rooms were covered with delicacies bought by money honestly gained. There might be no poor men labouring without pay, to support this easy hospitality; no black laws, blacker than are acknowledged by Mohammedan states, or Asiatic hordes, to uphold by organized violence these castles of rapacious plenty. The planter has a fine library; and no advertisement of legalized bloodhounds, for hunting the honest poor, who flee from the dishonest oppressor, might stain the journal which lies on the table. He has accomplished sisters and daughters; and no thought intrudes of other sisters, sold like sheep, or other daughters growing up, both his children and his slaves. His servants are well fed and merry; and no hint is thrown out that the *servant* is a slave, whose mother may be auctioned. He is tolerant of opinions, even upon slavery, advanced in private circles, with gentlemanly delicacy; and we might not know that, if such opinions are to be drowned in public places, blood is readily shed.

From among the celebrities of the south he selects one, Mr. S. S. Prentiss, who must have been a popular orator of prodigious power, in his line. We cannot form an idea of the impression which this picture will make upon people in the Slave States:—probably, that Prentiss has found a writer capable of appreciating, fit to describe him, and nothing more. But in England it will stand as one of the most tremendous exposures ever made, of the violence which rankles in the joints and marrow of a slave-holding community. This exposure derives its strongest effect from being intended for no such purpose, but simply as an admiring sketch of the qualities, conflicts, and services of a splendid orator. But every descriptive scene is tinged with the complexion of a sanguinary society; shooting, challenging, corruption on the bench, causeless imprisonment, all sorts of wild and lawless sport with life, are the elements of the social condition brought to light. An English critic, quietly taking Mr. Milburn's facts, and pushing them to their legitimate conclusions, would form a darker idea of the effect of slavery

upon the dominant class, than from Mrs. Stowe's fiction. It is perfectly of a piece with the scenes of riot in Congress, with tarring and feathering, or now and then shooting inoffensive preachers or Quakers, which come to light occasionally through the papers. And it must be so: civilization must be shallow, in any community where the ordinary mode of living is by violence. When legal forms and high political organization give to violence itself a certain equanimity; when its fruits are affluence, station, and the embellishing arts of life; then the manners, as in many an Arab chief or Hindu rajah, many a marauding baron of old days, may be fascinating, and are likely to be bold and easy; but under this surface the spirit of brute force, ready to lift the hand and shed blood, is scarcely ever laid to sleep, and always easy to be roused. The vaunted polish of the South is strictly of this kind. The men that praise it take a miserably narrow view of human history, or of the stamp and style of manners now existing in the different countries of the world. Its chivalry smacks of whips and cudgels, of tar, and coffles, and auctions of women; and all over the earth the slave-holder carries the manner, when his mode of living is touched, of a man who holds his goods by violence, and is prepared to defend them by violence. *Gentlemen!* who live upon the wages of their own labourers, kept back by force! Meet them on their own terms, and very gentlemanly they will be: take them across the grain, and what a strong vein of the half-civilized bully is displayed!

Of the Negroes, as slaves, Mr. Milburn says next to nothing. As Christians, he brings them to view in pathetic and winning postures. He gives some wise and good advice as to the spirit that ought to be cherished towards them, which, however, loses much of its effect, from being so judiciously distributed between North and South, that the latter cannot feel itself specially pointed at. He relates a case of Church inquiry, in which a fellow brought a charge of ill-conduct against a young woman, because, being rejected by her, he was resolved to ruin her character. She and her mother were members of the Church; he was not. All were people of colour. When the fellow had finished his accusation, the mother appealed to him; and even he was affected, so as to confess his baseness. This is the mother's speech:—

“Have you anything to say?” I asked. “Not much,” replied the infirm old woman, as she rose and stood, one hand leaning on her staff, the other on the shoulder of her child. “All you brevren know me, and have knowed me for many a year, and ye know that I would not lie. Now listen to what I’m gwine to say—Dis is my dorter, de only child left out ov ten; de rest, bless de Lord, is safe in de king-

dom, whar dey shall go out no more for ever! Most of you are fathers, and you know what it is to love a child; that is, you know all that men can know. But you can't begin to know what a woman feels for her darling. This is my child, and she has slept in my bosom every night since she was born; she is eighteen now. She joined the Church several years ago. She's a consistent Christian, and is walking hand in hand with me on the road that leads to the land of everlasting rest. I've watched her as an old hen, tied to a stake, watches her only chicken. I know her through and through, and I know that these things that Jim has brought against her are mean, dirty lies. Jim's smart, but not as smart as he thinks he is; for the liar will be caught in his own trap, and 'the wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God.' Yes, Jim, you've lied, and done the dirtiest thing that ever a man could try to do,—tried to take away the character of one that you knew was an innocent and virtuous girl. You haven't proved a single thing against my child, and you couldn't. The devil put you up to this revenge; and if you don't look out, he'll get you for your pains. But, Jim, I won't curse you, though you've tried to break my heart. I forgive you, you poor miserable sinner, because the Bible says, 'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.' I'll pray for you, Jim; but I never want to see you again in this world, for you've done my child a great wrong. A lie travels faster and further than the truth, and many a one will hear of your charge that won't hear that it wasn't sustained. A good reputation is more precious to a woman than diamonds. 'Though I don't want to see you again in this world, Jim, I hope we'll meet in heaven.' Jim couldn't stand this; and, as the old woman sat down, burst into tears, fell upon his knees, and confessed that the whole story was an infamous slander, vowing that from that time forth he would try to be a Christian.'

And these are the sort of women that are bought and sold; and the people who make them saleable goods, and live in splendour upon the profits, are Mr. Milburn's favourites! O that the eloquent voice of the Blind Preacher would tell them, and tell them again, how their course of life is regarded by all Christians under heaven, whose views are not affected by local interests or social ties!

One of the most eloquent and serious parts of the book, albeit the author's deep feeling is often half concealed by playful and sarcastic hits, is where he describes a passage of his interior life,—absolutely the only one he does describe; for (to adopt for once a jargon we hate) he is the least subjective, the most exclusively and uniformly objective, autobiographer that ever wrote. The force of a great heart crisis, wherein his faith and peace were all but wrecked, and his ministry engulfed in a chaos of Rationalism, drives him, for once, from the outward to

the inward world. The passage will be a blessing to many a young minister. He read Carlyle, then 'caught the Teutonic fever,' and devoured German works till he became 'a transcendentalist of the supranebulous school.' The utter estrangement from the real life of human beings and the ever-blessed business of doing good, produced by this state of mind, is admirably given. He was saved from the pit of unbelief by the living proofs he had seen of Christianity; and by God's blessing on the influence of two preachers, whom he gratefully and splendidly commemorates. Professor Lipscombe, whose preaching seems first to have pierced the mist wherein he was enveloped, is certainly a man worthy of his pen; grave, gentle, and nobly proportioned; a man whom one may meet in company without hearing him converse, but whom no one hears and forgets. Much as we admire and value this part of Mr. Milburn's book, we do wish it had been graver, more simple, more religious. A man's own escape from mental and spiritual shipwreck is an event of infinite importance; and that message sent to Carlyle, whose wild-boy lights first led Milburn among the quagmires, while kindly and manly, has neither a prayer nor an invitation in it. Surely the man who had so nearly led him to misery might be invited to try the Christian's way of finding peace!

The book must be a favourite, by force of its talent, its stories, and its amazing variety. It is not without serious drawbacks as to its moral effects, in the zest with which coarse, and wild, and bad actions are sometimes told. It will, however, breathe a manly respect for preachers of the Gospel, and for a working style of piety, free from moroseness and cant, into many a youth and man of the world. It is a remarkably good transcript of W. H. Milburn, not by any description it gives of him; but because it is the exact representation, as a whole, of his mind and character, as shown in what things he loves to dwell upon, and how he views and depicts them. We ought to add, that, after six years spent in the South, ill health drove him back to the North; that he has since been chaplain to Congress again; has narrowly escaped being secularized into a mere lecturer, a regular and lucrative profession in America, and is now pastor of a flourishing Church in Brooklyn. This statement brings us far beyond the ten years with which the book closes. Let us hope that his next ten will not end without as completely blowing away his Southern dazzle, as the last did his metaphysical mists; and that his preacher life will mature in its progress, and leave at its end good seed, to be reaped with gratitude hereafter by the generations that are warning us of the present day, with the shadowy but retributive hand of the future.

ART. VIII.—*The Works of WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER, M.A., late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin.* Five Volumes.

[*Letters on Romanism, in Reply to Dr. Newman's Essay on Development.* By the REV. WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER, M.A. Second Edition, revised by the REV. CHARLES HARDWICK, M.A., Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge. Macmillan. 1858.]

THIS is not the first time that the attention of our readers has been directed to the writings of the gifted and lamented author of these volumes. Two or three years ago, in an article on the Modern Pulpit, we took occasion to review some of his published sermons; and the progress of time has strengthened the conviction then expressed,—a conviction shared, as we are not surprised to find, by several of our contemporaries,—that they are destined to occupy an enduring place in the highest ranks of our national literature. It is not merely as a preacher, however, that Professor Butler has claims upon our attention. It is true that he has left us no formal treatise in any branch of theology; but no one who reads and understands his sermons, however decidedly he may dissent from some of the views which they propound, can for a moment doubt that their author was not an eloquent preacher only, but a profound and accomplished theologian. The *Letters on Romanism* exhibit him to us as a controversialist, upon that great question which, in its several forms and disguises, stirs more deeply and widely than any other the intellect and heart of the educated part of the community at the present day. The *Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy* conduct us far away from the strife and excitement of the busy and agitated Present, to survey the intellectual struggles and contending philosophies of the distant Past:—systems which the unreflecting may suppose are lying in the unbroken stillness of death, but which the touch of this magician arouses to at least a spectre-life, and presents before us, if not living and breathing in all their original vigour, at least with a life-like vividness and truthfulness which irresistibly enchains the attention. We propose to devote a few pages to the further consideration of these interesting writings, and more especially of the letters upon the Romish development controversy.

In some respects, a greater contrast can scarcely be imagined than that which exists between the style of the author of these volumes, and that of his great namesake, the author of the

Analogy; 'to whose deep sayings' (we are quoting our Professor's words, *Letters on Romanism*, p. 76) 'no thoughtful mind was ever yet introduced, for the first time, without acknowledging the period an epoch in its intellectual history.' The one, appealing solely to the reason, resolutely suppresses every outburst of emotion, and balances the great probabilities of reason and revelation with as much exactness, and apparently as little passion, as an algebraist comparing the two sides of an equation: the other pours forth the treasures of a well-stored intellect, and the feelings of a full heart, with resistless fervour; passing rapidly from one thought to another, and from one subject to another, with a brilliant bird-like ease, which reminds one of the best letters of Montaigne, and with an intensity and depth both of thought and feeling with which the rapid Frenchman has nothing that can for an instant be compared. In some passages there is a wonderful depth of passion and earnestness; and the combination of fervour with the highest intellectual culture is further heightened in its effect by an extraordinary variety, aptitude, and freshness of language, which it is impossible to illustrate by any one extract, or justly to appreciate without a thorough perusal of the volumes themselves.

It is a much vexed question, whether the usual method of dividing sermons, and of announcing the order of treatment beforehand, is a good one. Robert Hall said that it was foolish to blunt the edge of curiosity by always telling the congregation beforehand what the order of discourse was to be; but there are also obvious arguments on the other side, and the worst evil of all would be to require every man, whatever the bent of his genius, to conform to the same method. Variety here, as elsewhere, is God's order, and is pleasantest and best. The sermons before us are altogether free from any slavish subjection to artificial method, such as, perhaps it is not too much to say, encumbers the form and cramps the energy of too many of our modern discourses; while, on the other hand, it is certain that a little more attention to obvious method would have rendered them easier for the audience to follow, and therefore more useful. The preacher begins—in disregard of those proper conventionalities which require a suitable exordium—with the outpouring of an overflowing heart; appealing to his hearers, arousing them, entreating them, in the very first paragraph;—giving one the idea of an eagle who, its chain being unfastened, soars away at once toward the skies. This freedom from artificial restraint is also apparent in the facility with which he touches upon current topics of the day, rendering them subservient to the highest objects of preaching; a habit of which we have the chief example

in the Divine Teacher Himself, and which, when chastened by habitual seriousness, is invaluable as a means of awakening and of sustaining the attention of the ignorant and the apathetic. He is not a preacher who is satisfied with giving statements of Christian doctrine, or interesting pictures of Scripture characters: he enters into your very heart, probes it, discloses its hidden secrets, with a skill to which none but a diligent student of his own heart could attain, and in a manner pre-eminently courageous, searching, and faithful.

The sermons of Professor Butler are unusually elaborate and condensed. No doubt this characteristic feature may be partly explained by the fact of their having been read, not spoken; a circumstance which will go far with many persons to invalidate their claim to excellence, until they learn that the lamented preacher of them usually adopted the extempore method. We have already, on more than one occasion, maintained the superiority of extempore speaking over reading in the pulpit; but we can hardly endorse the assertion that 'reading is not preaching;' and while we are most anxious to see pedantry and frigidity banished from the pulpit, we are not insensible to the fact, that an evil threatens from the other side;—an empty, vulgar volubility, which is but too ready to encourage its indolence by the fulminations which, perhaps too magisterially sometimes, are hurled against the men who first prepare their sermons, and then read them. It is an interesting task to compare the discourses of two great men upon the same subject. The sermon by Mr. Butler on the Nativity—a poem of exquisite beauty and tenderness—may be advantageously compared with the great masterpiece of Barrow on the same subject. In the one we have copious, even luxuriant, amplification; in the other, subdued expression, and hints of thoughts which the reader may amplify: in the one, masculine energy; in the other, almost feminine tenderness: the one views the event historically, afar off; the other connects it with the cares and duties of our every-day life: the one inspires you to strike the drum and blow the trumpet loud and long, because the Prince is born; the other (like St. John) leads you to gaze reverently on the manifested God, to weep with the Mother in her poverty, for whom there was no room in the inn; to retire full of silent adoration, stretching out the hand of charity to those who, like their Lord, are poor and needy.

The *Letters on Romanism* present their author to us as an antagonist of Romanism, in its latest and most refined form. He was himself baptized and educated in the Romish Church; his mother, to whom he was ardently attached, being a zealous

Roman Catholic. The following extract is from a brief memoir by the Dean of Down:—

'It was during his pupilage at Clonmel, about two years before his entrance into college, that the important change took place in Butler's religious views, by which he passed from the straitest sect of Roman Catholicism into a faithful son and champion of the Church of Ireland. He had been from the cradle deeply impressed with a sense of religion, and conscientious in the observance of the rites and ceremonies of his creed. His moral feelings were extraordinarily sensitive. For long hours of night he would lie prostrate on the ground, filled with remorse for offences which would not for one moment have disturbed the self-complacency of even well-educated youths. Upon one occasion, when his heart was oppressed with a sense of sinfulness, he attended confession, and hoped to find relief for his burdened spirit. The unsympathizing confessor received the secrets of his soul as if they were but morbid and distempered imaginations, and threw all his poignant emotions back upon himself. A shock was given to the moral nature of the ardent, earnest youth; he that day began to doubt; he examined the controversy for himself, and his powerful mind was not long before it found and rested in the truth.'

Thus it was no flippant, undevout spirit, incapable of awe, which first left, and afterwards opposed, the ancient communion of Rome. No one could be more free from—more utterly averse to—that superficial self-confidence which gazes impertinently upon the profoundest mysteries, and sets up itself as the ultimate judge in every inquiry, than was the author of the *Letters on Romanism*. Like every profound thinker, he contemplates with awe the mysteries which environ us upon every side, and meet us at every new turn of inquiry; feels that it would be madness to deny that our position is a very mysterious one; learns, from the struggles and errors of those Greeks, into whose inmost thoughts he so fully entered, with what unsatisfied wonder and curiosity man without revelation must contemplate himself; and confesses that our highest exercise of philosophy goes to the full reason of nothing, but only to superficial analogies, and resemblances, and consequences. Carlyle himself cannot feel more profoundly the weight of that dread silence which is all around us:—a silence, *to him*, alas! unbroken by the Great Father's voice! In numerous passages throughout Professor Butler's writings, we meet with indications of the views which he entertained of life as a brief and disturbed dream, a vanishing shadow, possessing little that is desirable apart from the manifestation of God in Christ. Indeed, we feel bound to take exception to the conclusions of his natural theology, as, for instance, when he says that—

'The terrible prominence of evil around us, the afflictions that encompass and harass even the best, the facility of ruin, the difficulty of recovery, the uncertainty of all,—these are the signs and tokens of (as it would appear) a government of terror and vengeance; a government in which severity is the rule, and mercy the exception. To those who patiently regard the scene around them it must always, indeed, be evident that the Ruler of the world *might* have made all mankind far more unhappy than He *has* made any of them; but yet it must also be quite as evident that it was in His power—as mere power—to have made them far *more happy* likewise.'—*Sermons, Second Series*, p. 219.

Such views as these are, to say the least, one-sided; they are, in this instance, tinged with the pensive melancholy peculiar to the man; they suggest to us how uncertain, after all, are the conclusions of natural theology in matters connected with the moral government of God; (compare, for example, the expressions just quoted with the views of Chalmers in his chapter on 'The Capacity of this World for making a virtuous Species happy;') and they lead us to turn with increasing confidence and gratitude to that 'sure word,' which, though it comes to us through human channels, is tinged with no human errors.

A favourite accusation of modern Romanism against its opponents is, that they are destitute of that feeling of awe which lies at the foundation of true religion; that they have no reverence for mystery; that their exercise of private judgment is incompatible with submissive faith; that, like Uzzah, they are unmindful of the dignity and majesty of the ark of the Lord. How entirely inapplicable are these complaints to the author of the *Letters* before us, the preceding remarks will show. No man ever bowed the knee with a more reverential spirit. No man of modern times is more free from the modern danger which he so truthfully portrays in the following passage:—

'If there be anything more than another in which the religious habits of our age are peculiarly defective, it is in the feeling of *awe*. We are not satisfied unless we have measured with the foot-rule of our understanding every side of every truth we profess; unless our "hands have handled of the Word of Life." The finger must have been in the print of the nails, and the hand in the side, or we will not believe. We have (I fear it) too much of the spirit of the heathen victor, who rushed into the Holy of Holies to discover *what was there*; too often (I fear yet more) like him we return from our scrutiny, contemptuously assuming that there *is* nothing when we have *seen* nothing. How in our times the rapid progress of natural knowledge may, and does, assist this spirit of proud discontent, it is unnecessary to insist. But, for the tendency in all its degrees, the revelation of mysterious truths is the trial, and, duly received, the remedy.'—Page 61.

We can imagine a Romish theologian exulting over such language:—surely, he who can speak thus, will soon bow to the mystic authority of the Church! But no: the man who spoke thus, profoundly awed as he was with the mystery of our being, the defectiveness of our judgment, and the majesty of the Eternal, learned also that there exists a ‘mystery of iniquity,’ as well as a ‘mystery of godliness;’ that there exists a mighty human scheme for enslaving men’s souls into abject prostration before a human authority, as well as a glorious Divine scheme for leading them forth from the haze of incertitude into the sunlit heaven of truth: and, being led through Divine grace to embrace the one, he must of necessity pity the victims, and withstand the champions, of the other.

Perhaps, indeed, the hue of sadness which tinges his compositions, however it may to some extent be accounted for by constitutional temperament, and by the presentiment which was ever with him of an early death, may also be owing in part to the distressing circumstances of Ireland during the whole brief period—not more than fourteen years—of his public life. The remembrance of pain (so our merciful Creator has provided) quickly fades away, and past miseries are soon forgotten in the midst of present felicity. And though scarcely twenty years have passed away since Ireland appeared on the verge of rebellion, her Protestant Church doomed to dismemberment, and her people to anarchy; so that our author, true-hearted son of Erin as he was, viewing her fierce factions, her daily murders, the exquisite hatred of parties, was constrained to speak of her in anguish as ‘the anathema of the civilized universe:’—though scarcely a dozen years have passed away since every household in England was aroused to commiseration and beneficence by the agonizing accounts of that famine to the horrors of which, notwithstanding the prodigious efforts both of the Government and of private individuals, uncounted thousands fell victims:—these events are so completely forgotten in the present prosperity of Ireland, that it is with difficulty we recall them. Few things in contemporary history are more wonderful than this rapid and most beneficent change. Butler, however, did not live to see it. He only saw the raging tempest; lives of crime, and deaths by legal punishment, polluting the records of his unhappy country, and cursing its beauty as with a pestilence. In every nation there are some souls so peculiarly susceptible as to reflect the circumstances around them, as in the still lake we see reflected the surrounding scenery and the sky; nor can we be astonished that in the writings, in the sermons and theological speculations, of one who was so true a poet, so exquisitely sensitive a soul, and

so ardent a lover of his country, we should discern the images of that portentous darkness which threatened, and of the terrific storm clouds which burst over, his country, during those years of tempestuous agony.

It is not to be denied, that some of the brightest instances of ardent devotion are to be found in the records of the Romish Church, nor that some Romanist books of devotion breathe a pure and lofty spirit, which thousands of those who bear the name of Protestant would do well to emulate. We doubt not that it is the contemplation of such models as these, forgetful of their exceptional character, and of the gross errors with which their devotion has been mingled, which has led some earnestly devotional persons (especially those of a contemplative temper) out of Protestantism into Popery. Such, indeed, as Mr. Butler appears to believe, was the first step of the process by which Mr. Newman himself, that arch-pervert, was led towards the mystic Babylon. We know not whether to take exactly this view of Mr. Newman's individual case,—there are other explanations which suggest themselves as equally probable; but undoubtedly the secret history of many a recent pervert is truthfully told in the following sentences:—

‘If I may without presumption venture to sketch what I have little doubt is nearly the true history of this case, and of many others,—his *imagination* and *feelings* were irreparably engaged; and reason, as usual, was soon busily active in devising subtle argumentative grounds to justify his choice. He had before his fancy a bright ideal of Unity, Perpetuity, Holiness, Self-denial, Majesty,—in short, that “glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing,” which the Lord of the whole Church is *yet* to present to Himself “holy and without blemish;” in the impatience of desire he had come to identify his ideal with the actual Church of history; by constantly dwelling among the highly-wrought devotional works of holy men in the Roman communion,—works which utterly spoil the taste for the calmer and more intellectualized piety of our divines, (very much as romances debase the taste for solid reading.)—his heart was seduced into forgetting the vices of thousands in the heroic virtues of comparatively few, and (what is much worse) the gross doctrinal errors of those few for the sake of the ardent piety their effusions seemed to embody; until at length the errors became tolerable, became acceptable, became welcome, were received as truths; and then the work was accomplished.’—*Letters on Romanism*, p. 34.

Where there is one person, however, who is enticed through admiration of its ardent devotional writings into the Roman or pseudo-Roman fold, there are, we will venture to say, at least ten who are enticed otherwise. Their ‘*imagination and feelings*’ become ‘*irreparably engaged*,’ but it is chiefly through the

medium of the senses. Gorgeous ceremonial, picturesque performance, ecclesiastical spectacle, choir and nave, and painted window, and swelling organ, and tuneful chorister boys in white surplices,—all this magic combination of the solemn and grand associations of religion with the potent spell of architecture and of music, does its work effectually upon minds not sufficiently spiritual to be attracted by the manuals of an absorbing devotion; and it is resorted to by the Romanizing party within the Established Church, as every one knows, with great success. Attracted by the spectacle, and charmed with the external fascinations of a symbolic, ritual, sensuous worship, people's hearts are seduced first into toleration, then into acceptance, then into admiration of the errors of the system. In what language are we to speak of the gradual disappearance from the face of our country, one by one, of the plain, unpretending places of worship of the past generation? Where now is plain, sturdy Dissent, with its whitewashed walls and plaster front? Who, at least at first sight, can recognise the sons of the Puritans in their magnificent modern cathedrals? The late Bishop of London, not long before he retired from office, in going to the consecration of a church, passed by a beautiful edifice not quite finished, and remarked, 'I suppose I shall soon have to come to consecrate that too.' 'No, my Lord,' said his attendant; 'that is not a church, it is a Methodist chapel.' Much, no doubt, must be yielded to the demands of a generally improved taste; and it would be absurd to point to rude erections of a century ago as models for the present age; nor can we refrain from unfeigned rejoicing at the rapid increase of places of worship. Still, our rejoicing is chastened with—it may be a homœopathic quantity, but it is an appreciable quantity—of apprehension, lest those to whom it seems especially committed to guard the *simplicity* and *spirituality* of Christ's worship should in any degree forget their trust. We had rather (to adopt an expression of the Earl of Shaftesbury's) worship with Lydia upon the banks of the river, than with a hundred surpliced priests in the church of St. Barnabas.

But we must turn from these discursive remarks to examine more particularly the volume before us, the recent re-issue of which, under a new title and with much additional matter, gives it a claim upon our attention. It can scarcely be necessary to state at any length the theory of 'development,' as applied to Roman Catholic belief, which, as all our readers know, was first fully propounded by Mr. Newman, and warmly supported by Dr. Wiseman and *The Dublin Review*. 'The development of an idea,' says Mr. Newman, 'is the germination, growth, and per-

section of some living, that is, influential, truth, or apparent truth, in the mind of men, during a sufficient period.' The original doctrines of the Christian Church were intended by its Founder to be subsequently 'developed' into a variety of new forms and aspects; such a development was antecedently natural and necessary; the process was conducted under infallible guidance; and the existing belief of the Roman communion is the mature result. It was the intention of the Almighty, that truth should be revealed to His Church only by degrees; in such a sense as that later centuries, by the mere process of dwelling on the primitive creed, and the insensible operation of moral feeling, were to find their way to a large body of most momentous speculative and practical doctrine, of which the faithful of the first ages were wholly, or almost wholly, ignorant; for 'to be perfect is to have changed often.' This process is not solely, or even chiefly, ratiocinative, but is in a great degree emotional; men were to 'feel' what was 'congruous, desirable, decorous,' in order to the perfecting of Christian faith and practice. Thus the doctrine of the Incarnation has been 'developed' into the 'deification of St. Mary;' the doctrine of the blessedness of the saints has been developed into their *cultus*; of the Real Presence, into adoration of the Host: the command to 'praise the Lord in His saints,' developes into an injunction to worship men; and, 'Worship at His footstool,' (*Adorate scabellum Ejus*, in the Vulgate,) into a command to fall down and literally worship in His honour the lifeless matter He has made. In like manner, the whole existing belief and practice of the Romish Church has been developed, under infallible guidance, from the germinal and imperfect truths first conveyed by Scripture and patristic tradition, as the oak developes from the acorn.

It becomes more and more obvious that the exigencies of Roman theology require some theory which may account satisfactorily for the variations of mediæval from primitive Christianity. Divines born in Romish countries, and trained in Romish seminaries, may not so keenly perceive this necessity; but to inquirers not trained within the Papal Church, and to dignitaries of that Church living in the midst of a Protestant people, the necessity of some such theory is obvious and urgent: nor can it be doubted that any one who should construct a satisfactory philosophical theory, accounting for these variations and innovations, without surrendering the Romish claim to unity, apostolicity, and infallibility, would be esteemed as a great benefactor by that communion. How far the theory of 'development' is successful in this attempt, it is the object of the *Letters* before us to examine.

We may as well say at once that this theory exhibits all the subtle ingenuity, the tortuousness, and the consummate mastery of self-deception, which had been previously displayed by its author in those memorable Tracts in which he contrived to satisfy himself (for a while) of the essentially Popish character of the Thirty-nine Articles. In its *results*, it tends to the most pitiable superstition; while its spirit and method are very much those of rationalism, the formal nature of which is, the undue employment of mere human reason (in the case of Mr. Newman it is rather the emotions than the reason) in the things of religion, with a view to evade in some way the simplicity of the obedience of faith. With such principles and such a method, it is just as easy, and just as logical, to land in infidelity as it is to land in mediaevalism. That the modern Romish doctrines and worship differ greatly from the primitive, is notoriously and undeniably a matter of fact. That the apostolic writings contain no allusion, however distant, to the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome, or to the mass, or to indulgences, or to Mariolatry, or to invocations of saints, or prayers for the departed, is too obvious to be for an instant denied. But the Romish Church has its own way of getting over these difficulties. Unwritten tradition comes in to her aid; the unanimous consent of the Fathers decides the interpretation of Scripture; to perpetual tradition the General Councils, and, above all, the Council of Trent, invariably appeal; and nothing is to be received as an article of faith which is not contained *either* in the Scriptures, *or* in the '*traditiones continuâ successionis conservatæ*.' And the Church, by its infallible and divinely inspired Council, boldly declares that the several doctrines and practices in question *are* thus set forth,—either in the written or unwritten traditions. This is intelligible; it is, as Luther said, 'taking the goose by the throat.' To be sure, you may not be able, after all your inquiries, to discover any trace of certain doctrines or practices, such as the worship of Mary and of the saints, in the apostolic times; but what then? The Church infallibly assures you that these things have always been so, and it is your duty to believe, and be silent. Thus the great claim of apostolicity rests upon her own infallible assertion.

But modern Romanists of education are very well aware that the Apostles and the apostolic Church knew nothing of those articles of faith, or of those novelties in worship, which gradually meet us in the history of the Middle Ages, and which now form a received part of 'Catholic' doctrine. Mr. Newman acknowledges, and it is evident has deeply felt, that these discrepancies are a 'difficulty.' The theory of development may seem to

remove this difficulty; but, on the acknowledged principles of Romanism, it creates new difficulties vastly greater than that which it labours to remove, inasmuch as it surrenders the authority of antiquity. An idea not dissimilar may be discerned in the writings of earlier Romanists,—as Salmeron, Petavius, and Lamennais; but, either they were inferior to Mr. Newman in the ability requisite for the full amplification of the idea, or, which is probable, they perceived more clearly than he has done (so possible is it for even the most accomplished mind to make an idol of cherished anticipations) its self-contradictory and destructive character.

The author of the *Letters* has conclusively shown—our limits will not allow us to indulge in extensive quotations—that in this hypothesis the claim of antiquity, the great stronghold of Romanism, is fairly given up. Mr. Newman at the outside meets and rejects the time-honoured canon of Vincentius, that that is to be held as an article of faith which has been believed *everywhere, always, and by all*; it is, he says, 'hardly available now, or effective of any satisfactory result.' The Fathers, it seems, (although every convert must swear that he will never take and interpret Scripture otherwise than according to their unanimous consent,) had no definite consciousness at all on many most important points of Christian doctrine; nay, the theology of Aquinas, which he regards as an immense improvement upon that of the second and third centuries, 'is built on that very Aristotelism which the early Fathers denounce as the source of all misbelief.' How this later theology can be a 'development' of the earlier it is not easy to conjecture, unless an idea can be developed into its contradictory. This, however, presents no difficulty to our ingenious theorist. It is true that the Church may contradict in the twelfth century what it affirmed in the third; but, as Professor Butler observes,—

'Mr. Newman seems to consider it a sort of proof of the vitality of (what he calls) Catholicism, that it can survive incessant self-contradictions. And he exults that the Roman Church can achieve these mysterious transmutations of belief with a dignity, grace, and security the various sects would emulate in vain: an argument of Divine protection which can only be compared with its *moral* counterpart, the celebrated inference of Baronius from the wickedness of the Popes of the tenth century, that the See of Peter *must* be the object of special favour from Heaven, to have outlived such unparalleled monsters.'—Page 19.

Many of the doctrines and practices of the Church of Rome are not merely unsanctioned, but discountenanced and con-

demned by those ancient testimonies to which she so continually refers. Relying on the ignorance of her disciples, the Councils, especially that of Trent, are mute with regard to this opposition, while they loudly and plainly affirm the perpetual infallibility of the Church, and that these things are sanctioned by unwavering and perpetual tradition. Educated, as Mr. Newman and other more recent converts have been, in an English University, where every facility is offered for patristic studies, they could not be unaware of the serious variations,—nay, the total difference, as it regards many most important points,—between mediæval and primitive Christianity. This ‘difficulty’ he gets over, partly by reducing the ancient testimonies which impracticably oppose him into ‘the peculiarities of a school,’ and partly by admitting (which is a fatal surrender of an essential principle of Romish theology) that the earlier writers were ‘left in ignorance,’ that the Apostles themselves and their early successors were but children in knowledge, and that subsequent teachers ‘completed their work.’

We have mentioned the ignorance of the Apostles. As might be expected, the ‘development’ theorists tread cautiously upon this ground. Yet Cardinal Wiseman and *The Dublin Review* have not hesitated strenuously to assert the incompleteness of the apostolic revelation. Indeed, on Romish principles, they are consistent enough. For, the authority of tradition being co-ordinate with that of the written Scriptures, and the Church herself being equally infallible and equally the organ of the Holy Spirit with the writers of the New Testament,—if the teaching of the one is imperfect, the teaching of the other may be equally so; if Clement, and Ignatius, and Cyril were ‘left in ignorance,’ if the ecumenical Councils have perceived the truth but imperfectly, so may Peter, and Paul, and John; and if it is given to the Latin Church to improve upon the worship and develop the doctrine of the primitive Church into something of which the members of that Church never dreamed, there is no reason why the same process should not be effected in regard to the inspired writings of the Evangelists and Apostles, since the authority and infallibility of the Church is co-ordinate with that of the Evangelists and Apostles. This point is forcibly stated by Professor Butler:—

‘But now, is this inference capable of no *further* application? Have we yet seen the termination of the prospect it opens? An Object stands at the end of this long vista of the past history of the Church’s dogmatical and devotional literature,—an Object venerable, indeed, yet scarcely more venerable than the Church’s own conscious belief at any epoch, if *both* be alike inspired. What can subtract the Bible itself

from the grasp of this argument? If the developed organism should fitly supersede the elementary germ, to no book does this latter character (according to the very spirit of this theory) more perfectly apply than to the Holy Scriptures themselves. If the Athanasian Creed, authenticated by an infallible Church, was, as Mr. Newman observes, in a place already alluded to, susceptible of alteration, on what conceivable principle should the Bible be respected? Can one infallibly authorized document rank higher than another? or is the Bible, consisting chiefly of insinuations and hints of doctrine, rather than express enunciations, as we are perpetually told, clearer, plainer, more distinct, as an expression of truth, than the Athanasian Creed? Why, indeed, should the *verba Scripturæ sacræ* be treated with more ceremony than the words of any received doctor in a Church under guidance as constant and unfailing as the Scriptures themselves could claim, and perpetually, as the new theory would maintain, growing in *fuller* and yet fuller knowledge?—*Letters on Romanism*, pp. 26, 27.

If, then, neither the Bible, nor the early Church, nor both united, constitute a fixed and final standard in matters of doctrine and worship;—if these are to be regarded, not as a test by which existing beliefs and practices are to be tried, but only as the Church's starting-point in her journey of exploration after the full truth, which starting-point, in her progress through the ages, she may be expected to leave far behind;—by what means is she to be assured, as one discovery after another presents itself, that still she is not deceived, but is in the right way of truth? If, by his virtual surrender of the authority of antiquity, the Oxford convert exposes himself to suspicion on the part of Romanists, at this stage he redeems his character, and vindicates his claim to be considered a true son of the Church. There is, he contends, within the Church, a *developing authority*. This is just a modern phrase for the old dogma of the Church's infallibility. The mere historical fact, that certain dogmas have been received by the Roman Church, is in itself sufficient evidence of their truth, and a sufficient ground for the absolute authority of those dogmas over the hearts and consciences of all mankind; for the Church cannot err!

At this point, how many questions of momentous import crowd upon the mind! Is it not true that the Church cannot err, at least in matters vital and essential? Is the promise withdrawn, 'I am with you alway?'—or was the promise, 'He shall guide you into all truth,' absolutely confined to the Apostles? The whole answer to these questions lies in the definition of the term, 'the Church;' a name which, like the name of Him who is one with His Church, is full of mystery. This mighty subject we cannot now approach; but can only indicate in a word

our dissent from the views expressed (not in the *Letters on Romanism*, but in his Sermons) by Mr. Butler upon this subject. It is true, that the use of the phrases, 'the visible Church,' and 'the invisible Church,' may occasion frequent confusion of ideas; but we cannot accept his statements to the effect that the New Testament speaks of only one Church upon the earth, and that a visible Church,—at least without such further guards and explanations as we doubt not he would have himself assented to. The Church as seen by men is one thing; the Church as *known* (in the deep and full significance of that Scripture term) by Christ its Head is another; and a prolific source of Romish error lies in the assumption that the Church *as they view it* is identical with the Church as its Lord views it. There is a deep and hidden sense in which the Church, viewed and known as such by Christ, does not err *in matters vital*; 'for we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones;' but this cannot be affirmed either of the Roman or any other society, viewed in their external corporate capacity. The same line of thought may be pursued with regard to the other characteristics—unity, apostolicity, catholicity, &c.—of the Church, as explained by Rome; which all are true, as applied to the Church as known by Christ, but not true, as applied (at present) to any visible society or association upon earth. At the 'manifestation of the sons of God,' the real Church, separated from unbelievers and from formalists, will become visible as a distinct body.

We have said that in making the infallibility of the Church fundamental to their theory, the development school vindicate their claim—notwithstanding that surrender of antiquity which has been so severely censured by Romish critics—to be considered as true sons of the Church. They bow with all due submission to her authority, and receive her teachings as Divine. At the same time, the laborious ingenuity with which this theory has been propounded and defended, betrays a half-uneasy consciousness of the amazing difference between their modern and the ancient belief. This uneasiness is by no means new. It was felt at the Council of Trent, which had been preceded by fierce Protestant discussions of the Rule of Faith. Bishop Stillingfleet, in his *Grounds of the Protestant Faith*, has convincingly shown that the distinct and formal assertion of Unbroken Apostolic Tradition, *as a separate source of articles of belief*; is comparatively modern. The flagrant innovations which the Middle Ages saw introduced, needed some show of authority; in proportion as they grew more and more irreconcilable with Holy Scripture, a vague undefined tradition was gradually elevated to a sort of co-ordinate authority with the word of

God; until at length, at the Council of Trent, it was expressly decreed that the Decretals and Canons should be received equally, *pari pietatis affectu et reverentiâ*, with the Scriptures. This expedient could only succeed through the public ignorance; a just criticism has, in more modern days, so convincingly demonstrated these documents to be interpolations and forgeries, that, as Butler says, 'Even the most reckless controversialist is now ashamed to recall them.' So long as these worthless writings lay unchallenged in dusty libraries, the dogma of Unbroken Tradition might be advanced with due effrontery; but its day is past, at least where, as in England, free and honest inquiry has demonstrated the worthlessness of the foundation on which it stands; and some other ground of support must be found for transubstantiation, indulgences, the worship of images, and the like. For a time, these things were propped up by forged histories; a new support is now brought to them, in the philosophical theory of Mediæval Development;—a theory which, to a true son of Rome, must be altogether unnecessary, except as a matter of speculative curiosity, since the Church's infallibility must be a sufficient guarantee for the truth of any dogma which it may adopt; this taper cannot intensify the brilliant sunlight in which all her decisions shine; nor can we conceive that so great an expense of labour and research would have been bestowed upon its manufacture, if those who have constructed it, and who appear to rejoice in its dim light, had previously felt themselves to be illumined with the light of day.

For what, after all, does the 'developing authority' in the Church really signify? What does her infallibility amount to?

'All the developments by which the mediæval theology is distinguished from that of Ignatius and Cyprian grew up through the gradual expansion of tendencies in individual minds, and were only at length stamped by the seal of ecclesiastical authority. The verdict of Rome is the consummation, not the outset, of development. The chosen instrument of a new development must prepare for struggle and conflict; storms and tempests must precede the sacred calm; the protracted warfare of intellects is indispensable to win for the Church these new territories in theology..... Rome is not the moving power, but the criterion, of development; the candidate must strive *before* the judge can decide.'—Pp. 122, 123.

The various rites and dogmas which, during the Middle Ages, received the inspired sanction of successive Councils, were not originated by—they did not proceed from—those inspired bodies. They originated with private individuals, or with particular societies of men, who, adopting some new opinion, or some hitherto unpractised rite, succeeded, often after long and fierce opposition,

in obtaining for it the authorization of the Church. What is this, after all, but the much-abused principle of *private judgment*, only that in Rome it is made subject to a human authority,—an authority which, as history shows, usually arrives at its decisions upon grounds of policy and expediency only,—instead of being (as with Protestants) ever controlled and limited by the acknowledged authority of God's Holy Word? And what was the prevailing tone and conduct of the Church of the Middle Ages, to which, according to this theory, new and loftier views of Christianity are to be attributed,—views and developments far transcending any which had appeared to the glimmering intellects of Augustine or of Chrysostom; nay, far exceeding even what Paul and John and the blessed Peter himself had been able to express? 'If any man *will do His will*,' says our Lord, 'he shall know of the doctrine.' It is in sorrow and shame for a Christianity corrupt, ignorant, and debased, that we feel it unnecessary further to allude to a state of things, amongst both priests and people, upon which, for the honour of our common faith, it were better that the dark shadow of oblivion should rest, but from which it were strange indeed if nobler, purer, juster views of the religion of the Holy Saviour could spring.

Apart from all consideration of the purity or impurity of the *source* whence new doctrines may have arisen, the very idea of 'development' (in the sense here assigned to that ambiguous word) is contrary to the spirit of Christianity. The faith was once for all 'delivered to the saints;' nothing that is profitable has been 'kept back;' 'all the counsel of God' has been declared to us, and that with 'great plainness of speech, not as Moses, which put a vail over his face.' The 'form of sound words,' which has been 'committed unto us by the Holy Ghost,' is to be 'held fast,'—not merely the substance or the essence of the truth, retained amidst a diversity of novelties; and if an angel from heaven were to preach any other Gospel, he is accursed. In opposition to the theories alike of superstition and of rationalism, (which, as this case illustrates, are in their inmost essence one,) we place, first, the absolute sufficiency of the Scriptures; and, secondly, their designed and professed limitation. They are so sufficient, that nothing is to be 'added to them.' It is obvious that plain logical deductions from the Scriptures are not additions to them; but the great theological problem in all ages has been, and is, to keep to 'what is contained in, or may be proved by,' the words of the Bible; the substitution of vague impulse for intelligible deduction being the very basis of all fanaticism. The word of God may and ought to be so far 'developed' as to deduce therefrom gene-

ral propositions,—a system of theology, and a mode of worship; but then all our inferences are to be perpetually tested and checked by that one authoritative standard, which is for all ages of the Church sufficient. On the other hand, there are many things which Christ did not intend us to know, and on which the Scriptures are intentionally silent; and when the Romish Church proceeds to define the state of departed souls,—to fix the temperature of the flames of purgatory, and the duration of its torments,—to define, as it does, the nature of the ineffable communion of the body of Christ,—to enumerate the orders of the heavenly hosts, and to prescribe the worship due to (supposed) beatified spirits,—to pronounce, by the lips of its priest, a Divine absolution upon particular individuals,—these, and kindred things, so far from being ‘developments,’ are perversions of Christianity, furnishing a melancholy instance, upon a vast scale, of forgetfulness of St. Paul’s solemn admonition against ‘intruding into those things which we have not seen, being vainly puffed up in our fleshly mind.’

Mr. Newman, naturally enough, reclaims against what he calls ‘the severity of the Baconian method.’ In the letters before us (which we would recommend all our readers to study, scarcely more for their admirable statement of the subject, than for the most felicitous example which they supply of a model style in controversial theology) Professor Butler supplies some choice examples, which we regret we cannot transfer to these pages, of a style of deductive argument which may prove anything from anything; and nothing could be more delightfully entertaining (were it not for the serious importance of the whole case) than his ingenious and successful attempt to prove, after Mr. Newman’s own fashion, that the worship of the sun and the heavenly bodies is a true ‘development’ of Christianity. The keen relish with which we read so exquisite a piece of irony is, however, instantly modified, not only by the spectacle of a cultured and accomplished mind like that of Mr. Newman so pitiaibly deluded and (it is scarcely too much to say) befooled, but by the yet more melancholy consideration of the injury which is done by such productions as his to the cause of Christian truth. What can be a more deplorable illustration of this than the late assertion, that the liquefaction of Januarius’s blood is a fact attested by evidence as adequate as is the fact of the resurrection of Lazarus? A composition which (like the sensuous, spectacular worship of Rome) produces a strong general impression without leaving anything very definite, either in fact or reasoning, to which the impression can be distinctly traced,—which employs all the legerdemain of learned ingenuity to arrive, by an apparently

fair process, at a hopelessly illogical conclusion,—which, so far from elevating, debases and crowds with puerilities the insulted system of Christianity,—which exalts these miserable inventions as Nebuchadnezzar did his golden image, and claims for them the homage which belongs to God's word alone,—which, by its 'horrible confusion of all the standards of true and false, valuable and worthless, yea, even of right and wrong,' tends to neutralize the force of the genuine evidences of Christianity, and to destroy all confidence in its truth,—is at once the champion of superstition and the pander of infidelity; the tendency of which is to involve all the evidences of all religion in perplexity; to sink the whole to the level of these fallacious demonstrations; to reduce the Church to a state of abject decrepitude; and to make the Christian name a synonym in the estimation of free and thoughtful men for trickery, credulity, and intellectual degradation.

We are familiar with the spectacle of a cultured intellect conceiving, in the dreary solitude of its thought, and at length ushering into the world, a brood of extravagant and pestilent fancies; nor ought we hastily to impute to an entire Church or system the mischievous tendencies of an individual adherent, even although that adherent should advance as a prominent defender of his cause. But the theory before us,—countenanced, and even espoused, as it has been, by those who are high in authority and influence,—is no mere monogram of a singular writer; it is significantly characteristic of the present times. In the progress of general enlightenment, Romanists cannot avoid becoming more and more conscious that their present doctrines and practices differ widely from those of the apostolic Church. If, acknowledging this, they would agree upon a candid and scriptural inquiry, which might possibly issue in many alterations, this is all that could be desired; but it is impossible. The Church is irrevocably committed (unfortunately committed, as we believe many of her theologians feel) to her ever-repeated assumption of perpetual infallibility, and the only thing that can be done is to justify the existing state of things. However desirable it may be to evade too close an inquiry,—however convenient to 'reserve' certain features of the system,—men will appear, from time to time, possessed of a fearless candour which prompts them to state the whole claims of Rome, of tenacity to hold them, and of vigour and ingenuity to support them. In the present age, it is impossible to do this upon the old principle of absolute authority. Mr. Newman attempts to do it by reason; and in so doing he becomes, as we have stated, not in his conclusions, but in his method and in his tendencies, a rationalist and a sceptic. Nor can we conceive

anything more welcome than his book to the easy latitudinarians of our day, of whom Lord Stanley appears to be an example, who esteem all forms of the Christian, and almost of any other, religion as alike acceptable to God. They may not shelter themselves in the same place of safety to which Mr. Newman has repaired; nevertheless they will flatter themselves that, climbing after his fashion, they may reach some equally convenient retreat of their own constructing, or of their own finding, where they will be secure from the impending blast,—if, indeed, any such thing is to be dreaded.

The system is based upon a fundamental error in theology;—the adoption, as the prime Rule of Faith, of the historical succession of doctrines, practices, feelings, and fashions, of the Latin Church. But why the Latin Church exclusively? If the principle of development, as thus expounded, is true,—if Christianity is to be studied 'in the world,' in its actual phases of appearance, rather than in the New Testament,—why is, for example, the Greek Church excluded from the idea of development? Tracing its origin to the same Apostles, reverencing the writings of the same Fathers, acknowledging the decrees of the same Councils for eight or nine centuries, agreeing in many of the same modes of worship,—venerable, influential, vast,—upon what principle can the Eastern half of what was then Christendom be excluded, and the Western half retained? On the principle of Roman infallibility, indeed, the answer is easy; but the framer of a philosophic theory finds it convenient to maintain upon this point a discreet silence. Why may it not have been the Divine Will, and antecedently necessary and probable, (as he contends 'development' in its general idea to have been,) that Christianity should temporarily evolve itself in this particular way, like a river parting for a certain distance into two streams, and then (such an event may transpire in the future) uniting again?

The same reasoning will apply to the Reformation. If we are to look at Christianity as 'a fact,' and to 'study it in its history,' as we would 'the Spartan institutions or the religion of Mahomet,' why may we not study it here also? 'On what principle,' asks Mr. Butler, 'are you *now* to stop the successive evolution of providential purposes? What provision is contained in *the theory itself*—in the notion of a developing Christianity, that should oblige it to pause at this stage rather than any other?' (Page 163.) If Providence developed Gregory VII. and Boniface VIII. out of one element of the Christian polity, why may it not have developed the Reformation leaders and their views out of another element of that polity? If the Roman

system is the slow growth of events, and if several of its peculiarities are but little earlier than the Reformation itself, why may not that Reformation be also a part of the Great Scheme? Why may not Cranmer and Ridley have been as truly agents in the great development as Gregory and Augustine of Canterbury? On what grounds can it be proved that Pope Alexander VI., the poisoner of his cardinals, was a man beloved and inspired of God, while Martin Luther was a child of the devil? And if, as Mr. Newman admits, 'Christianity was first Catholic, then Papal,' on what grounds, according to the development view, can it be shown to be impossible that a further process may now be taking place;—some other system, say the Protestant, succeeding and contradicting Popery, as Popery succeeded and obscured Primitive Christianity? If 'Christianity is to be read in its facts,' surely we Protestants may after all have some claim for consideration; but, on the other hand, we have no great reason for rejoicing; for the same kind of argumentation would admit every heretic of every kind, and might (as we have already hinted) be easily carried out to a demonstration of the Christianity of sun-worship.

Fruitful and suggestive indeed is the subject. The dishonour which this mediævalism does to Christ, by its canonization of departed persons, worthy and unworthy, raising them above the rank of human saints, elevating them into the dim obscurity of demigods, and virtually defrauding the Lord of Glory of all the homage which is paid to these His servants, if indeed they ever served Him, if indeed some of them ever existed;—the contemptible and childish view of the Christian life which is given in many of the legendary biographies which are now revived in Romish oratories and in Tractarian drawing-rooms;—the confusion of all historic truth, and the suspicion and uncertainty thus engendered;—these are among the many evils of the system. Less obvious to the multitude, but equally perilous to the intellectual, is its tendency (not formally, but virtually) to debase Christianity from its true position as an infallible, and sufficient, and unimprovable manifestation of God's truth and will, and to rank it among the many systems of speculative philosophy which have had their rise and fall, their truth and error, their development, efflorescence, and decay. Nor let us be bewitched with the fascination of 'Unity,' which he is so skilled to employ. There are worse evils than the absence of a visible Unity. Of this, Church history supplies demonstration only too abundant. 'The wisdom that is from above is *first pure*, then peaceable.' Unity must develop itself and be maintained from within; it can never be produced by

external authority, whether civil or ecclesiastical; and it is worthless if unaccompanied with purity.

We need hardly point out how firm and strong is the Protestant position of religion in this country. Developments of Christian doctrine, in the legitimate sense, it does not prohibit, but encourage; for he that is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven will bring out of his treasury things new and old. New views and illustrations of Scripture,—new elucidations from history and science,—new theological generalizations or combinations, the precious fruits of mature intellect,—new modes of operation, new associations for the prevention of evil and for the dissemination of the incorruptible seed,—these will ever be characteristic of a living Christianity. Reason is not chained, but its bounds are defined, in matters of faith: we neither widen them beyond the limits of revelation, nor narrow them by sacerdotal prescription. To try all conclusions, whether of individual thinkers or of ecclesiastical bodies,—whether in matters of doctrine, of practice, or of Church order,—we apply the one infallible and authoritative Word; from which the instant we depart, we shall find ourselves perplexed in evidence, bewildered in speculation, irresolute in action. And though we cannot be insensible of the force of the two currents, of Rationalism and Romanism, which alternately rush past our well-anchored vessel,—currents which appear to flow in opposite directions, but which meet, not far off, in the eddying whirlpool of infidelity,—we have a good ground to hope that, by God's blessing, we shall not, as a nation, be drifted from our anchorage.

ART. IX.—1. *How to Farm profitably: or, the Sayings and Doings of Mr. Alderman Mechi. With Illustrations.* London: Routledge and Co. 1859.

2. *Our Farm of Four Acres, and the Money we made by it.* London: Chapman and Hall. 1859.

3. *My Farm of Two Acres.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU. Series of Papers in *Once a Week*. London: Bradbury and Evans.

A CELEBRATED philosopher has asserted that 'the man who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, deserves to be ranked amongst the greatest benefactors of mankind.' We adopt this sentiment in its broadest signification, and therefore, with pleasure, undertake the task of examining and commenting upon the tracts named at the head of our

paper. And here we would make the prefatory remark, that it is not a little singular or significant that some of the greatest improvements in modern husbandry are the work of amateur or non-practical farmers; men who cultivate the earth by 'book learning,' as the old agriculturist would say, or, more properly speaking, on scientific principles; and their success has had a material effect upon the entire system of husbandry, making converts of those practical men who have come within their sphere of action. Of this class of farmers is Mr. Alderman Mechi, the well-known proprietor and cultivator of Tiptree-Hall Farm, at Kelvedon, in Essex, a few miles from Colchester, and who has acquired a world-wide reputation by the extraordinary boldness with which, launching out of the old routine of farming, he has expended large sums on experiments pronounced by 'practical men' delusive, but which an acute genius, unfettered by traditionary knowledge, led him to believe to be reproductive in the highest degree. We do not wonder that the older race of agriculturists should be startled by the new theories broached by this amateur farmer, or that, finding them opposed to all the prejudices which they inherit from their forefathers, they should pronounce him a visionary. But we *do* wonder at the ill-blood which some of his agrarian opponents have displayed, who, say what they may of his 'schemes,' as they call them, are under infinite obligations to him. If Alderman Mechi expends money in experiments, it cannot possibly injure the practical man. On the contrary, if the experiment succeeds, the latter reaps the benefit of his outlay, by copying it on, probably, a more economic scale. If it fails, it serves as a beacon to warn him against a similar error. In this respect, Mr. Mechi has one great merit, that he has no secrets to conceal; for nothing can be more free or open than the manner in which he speaks of the success or the failure of his experiments and investigations.

The work before us, which is a *résumé* of all his proceedings since he purchased Tiptree-Hall Farm, is a proof of his desire to benefit his contemporaries, at the same time that he gratifies his own tastes and inclinations for rural occupations and agricultural improvements. His re-unions also at the farm, where he annually entertains agriculturists from all parts of Europe, who are invited to inspect and criticize his proceedings, are proofs of his wish that everything connected with his system of farming should be made the subject of public discussion. It was, we have understood, on two of these occasions that the steam plough and the American reaper, two of the most important applications of machinery to agri-

cultural purposes, were first formally and practically introduced to the British husbandman.

'How to farm profitably, particularly on heavy clays!' This important question has been replied to by two 'book farmers,'—Mr. Mechi in the work before us, and by Talpa (Mr. C. W. Hoskins) in *Chronicles of a Clay Farm*. Eschewing 'routine' and 'the wisdom of our ancestors,' and diving at once into the *terre incognite* of nature, for the purpose of discovering the secret treasures lying concealed in her bosom, they have established axioms, exploded errors, and brought up many pearls. Amongst other things, they have proved that bad farming—which is the *rule*—can never pay, whilst good farming—the *exception*—will never fail to pay; that undrained, half-tilled clay land is the worst upon which a farmer can bestow his labour and capital; but that with draining, deep culture, and proper manure, it is the most productive of any.

The history of Mr. Mechi's agricultural life, as given in his book, is very instructive. In the year 1843, he purchased with his spare capital two farms of 260 acres, at Kelvedon; but finding that, to render the land profitable, it would be necessary to expend a further considerable sum, he prudently sold half the land, retaining the Tiptree-Hall farm of 130 acres, which he had purchased for £3,200, or £25 per acre. The soil of two-thirds of the land was an adhesive clay; so much so, that, in draining, the workmen were compelled constantly to have their spades wet to keep them clear. The slight intervals of 'silt,' or patches of gravel, are exceptional, rather than characteristic of the quality of the soil. The cultivated earth did not exceed nine or ten inches, under which was a hard pan formed by the plough sole, and carefully preserved by the former occupants of the farm from inroads of the plough, from fear of bringing up portions of the subsoil, which was as much deprecated as blast or mildew. The consequence of retaining this 'pan,' or flooring, was, that in a dry summer the crops were burnt up; whilst, in a wet one, the roots of the plants rotted from the excess of moisture. It was an established maxim with the old farmers, that it is of no use draining a stiff clay; for the water can never percolate into the drains. Mr. Mechi considered this subject, and came to a different conclusion; for in 1844, in writing to a friend, after stating the condition in which he found the land, he says,—

'Now, however, after draining, in the short space of a few months, we are subsoiling to the depth of fourteen or sixteen inches, and

working it like a garden: the water having left it, and the frosty air following the water, it is as mellow and friable as can be desired. In fact, while our neighbours, during the last month, were unable to move, we were harrowing in our wheat and beans in a rich garden, the earth crumbling after the drill like sand,—very much to the astonishment of the tenant and labourers; and this, after so much carting and disturbance, and so much of the subsoil thrown up, that two months previously it was thought a whole summer would hardly suffice to get the soil into condition,' &c.

The depth of drains is thirty-two inches, and they are laid in at twelve feet apart.

The third portion of the land is 'a black sandy and boggy soil, with numerous springs rising at various points, which were obstructed by perpendicular walls or veins of dense clay or hard gravel.' The whole of the bog, which covered four acres, was laid completely dry by one drain, which carried off 30,000 gallons of water every twenty-four hours, and laid dry (also) all the wells in the neighbourhood. He then double-spitted the land, which was afterwards always dry, 'although previously dangerous for cattle, and perfectly worthless.'

Such are the unpromising soils on which Mr. Mechi commenced operations as an amateur farmer. After acquiring a fortune by that persevering and intelligent application to business which characterizes the true London citizen, he purchased, as we have stated, the property of Tiptree-Hall Farm, and at once proceeded to make those alterations and improvements which have converted that formerly intractable spot into a perfect garden; profitable to the owner, and an example to other proprietors of what may be done with such land by a judicious outlay of capital. But few, however, have the courage or skill to expend money in such undertakings. They want *confidence* in the good effect, and are afraid to risk their money in an unpromising speculation, as they consider it. Now, Mr. Mechi has expended nearly £50 per acre upon his farm, exclusive of the purchase money; the interest upon the whole, at four per cent., making up a rental of £3 per acre. The following was the application of this money:—

Drainage, ditching, fencing, walling, and roadmaking ...	2,200
Barns, stabling, tanks, sheds, yards, &c.	2,000
House and offices.....	1,000
Machinery, implements, cooking apparatus	500
Manures, marl, &c.	500
	<hr/>
	£6,200

Ten pounds per acre, or £1,800 of the first item of the above, was expended upon draining; but at a subsequent period he abandoned the plan of filling in ten inches of the drain with stones, upon which the draining tiles were then laid, as a useless expense. In pursuing that plan he had followed the advice of his neighbours in regard to using the stones, but had deviated from it in placing the tiles *upon*, instead of *under*, the stones. Having made acquaintance with Mr. Parkes's plan of draining with tiles only, he at once adopted it. This is an instance in which Mr. Mechi's experiments must be beneficial to the farmer, who, by the publication of an error of this kind, may avoid falling into the like. Mr. Mechi had to purchase all his stones at one penny per bushel, which accounts for the heavy expense of his drains. With tiles only it would have cost him not more than between three and four pounds per acre. The subject of draining occupies a considerable portion of the book; being one to which he justly attaches very great importance. Situated as he was in the first instance, without practical experience, and puzzled by the conflicting opinions of his neighbours, it is no wonder he fell into this expensive error. But in less than two seasons his own judgment, assisted by the experience of an enlightened man, enabled him to form more correct opinions on the subject; and he at once avowed his conviction, and the mistake he had been led into. It is much to Mr. Mechi's credit that he speaks of his operations as they occurred, without concealment, or painting everything *couleur de rose*. The errors he committed are frankly acknowledged, and his experience given with an openness that carries conviction of his truthfulness. And thus it was, in the outset of his agricultural career, that having purchased two farms of 260 acres, and finding that the bad condition of the land would render necessary a larger outlay of money than he could well spare from his business in London, he at once rectified his error of laying fast his capital, by re-selling one of the farms, and investing the proceeds in improvements upon that which he retained, and which he has so successfully completed.

On the subject of 'Possible Produce,' Mr. Mechi draws a contrast between Professor Playfair's statement that a market gardener can derive £250 per acre per annum from his land, and the fact that the average produce of the arable land of England does not return the farmer much more than £5. 10s. per acre. This he ascribes to the small amount of labour bestowed upon the latter, and the large amount upon the former. To this must be added the greater quantity of manure expended upon the market gardens, and the quick succession of crops, by

which three, or even four, are taken from the land in one season ; a second being planted in the intervals of the rows of growing plants. Considerable light has been thrown upon the subject of the productive powers of the soil the last fifty years, but it is far from being generally and fully understood. We believe that there is no assignable limit to production ; and that fifty years hence, the present average yield of land of this country will be much more below the then existing produce, than that of fifty years since is below the present. The increasing use of steam culture, and of condensed manures, will in part effect this change ; whilst the diffusion of scientific knowledge, and thereby a more extended acquaintance with the laws of vegetation, and the relation between the three grand elements of production,—soil, seed, and manure,—will prepare the practical man to apply those elements in the most efficient and profitable proportions, so as to produce the largest results.

The prejudice of the strong-land farmers against deep tillage is unaccountable, in the face of their own practice in other cases. ‘O,’ said a farmer to Mr. Mechi, ‘we always plough shallow for beans!’ ‘Do you ever double-spit your gardens?’ was his reply: ‘O, certainly we do.’ ‘Do you ever grow beans in your garden?’ ‘To be sure, capital ones.’ ‘What! and that on double-dug ground! Impossible, surely.’ ‘It would puzzle a conjurer to tell why a farmer always digs his garden twenty inches, and ploughs his land only five inches,’ &c., &c. We have ourselves heard clay-land farmers advocate shallow ploughing, whilst with the next breath they have admitted that both corn of all kinds, and roots especially, are always the finest on those spots of their fields where the land has been dug deep for draining purposes.

In draining, Mr. Mechi advocates deep cutting, both on account of the more effectual removal of the spring water, and to avoid the injury arising from the roots of plants, which are apt to get into and choke the drain-pipes, when laid too shallow. Those drains, for instance, which he had laid in only two feet six inches deep, were found on examination to be thus affected; and it was probable that in a few more years the tiles would have been completely choked and inoperative. He gives an instance of the depth to which the roots of annual plants will penetrate in search of moisture. On a farm occupied by Mr. H. Dixon, of Witham, a parsnip root was traced *thirteen feet six inches*, and broken off at that depth, by the side of a pit. The perennial roots of thistles, coltsfoot, bineweed, and other deep-rooted plants, are still more to be dreaded, as dangerous to the tiles; and we question whether four or six feet of depth will protect them.

from their intrusion. In other respects, it is remarkable that deep drains discharge water earlier after heavy rain than shallow ones. The cause of this Mr. Mechi assumes to be, that the gravity or weight of the rain water absorbed by the sponginess of the soil counteracts the capillary attraction by which the water of the springs below is drawn upwards to the surface; and when this is arrested, it finds vent in the pipes, which at once begin to work; the water, as the heavier body, replacing the air they contain.

The practice of burning clay is referred to in various parts of the work, and our author's remarks upon it are very interesting. It has only recently come into general use, but is now adopted on strong lands to a great extent, and with very beneficial results. It imparts warmth, and opens the soil to the admission of the air, stimulates vegetation, affords nourishment to the plants, and powerfully assists the soil to attract the atmospheric salts. In 1844, Mr. Mechi burned 400 yards per acre of a field, the soil of which was a yellow plastic clay. Two hundred and fifty yards of this were taken to other fields, and the remaining 150 yards per acre were spread over its own ground. His neighbours told him he had ruined the field by removing so much of the burned clay: but having left half an acre of it unburned and undressed, he found, after seven years, that this half acre was the worst portion of the field, although treated in other respects exactly the same as the other part. 'In every case,' he writes in 1853, 'in which I have used burned earth, (I mean poor cold argillaceous subsoil clay, free from organic matter,) I have, during the last seven years, had reason to be satisfied with its advantages, which are still obvious.' And at a later period he says,—

'I am highly surprised with the value and profit of burned clay. Every farmer knows that the yellow ochrey subsoil of stiff unburned clay, free from calcareous matter, but full of iron rust, is, when exhausted, poisonous to plants. Burn it into brickdust, and it at once becomes food, instead of poison: you entirely change its chemical and physical conditions. I look upon our clay subsoil as a doctor's shop, full of chemicals. If you doubt it, dig up some subsoil yellow clay, and shut it up in a drawer for a few months; and when you open that drawer, it will remind you of Apothecaries' Hall, by the various smells of its chemical compounds. We are too apt to forget that for thousands of years millions of reptiles, worms, and insects, have lived, and died, and decomposed in our soils. For thousands of years our feathered tribes, carnivorous and omnivorous, have used our earth as their feeding-ground, their dung-heap, and their grave. Time has dissolved their elements, and the elements of their food; and the inorganics have been washed deep into the subsoil. The same may

be said of our primeval vegetation..... The cost of a ton of Peruvian guano, £12, would produce you 480 loads or cubic yards of burned clay-ashes; a permanent improvement for four acres of land.'—See pp. 72, 269.

This system is perhaps the cheapest and most ready method a farmer can pursue, of permanently improving a cold clay soil; and, in connexion with draining, produces a beneficial effect.

On the disputable question of thick and thin sowing, after fifteen years' experience,—and the experience of such a man ought to have some weight,—our author gives the following rules as the result of his convictions:—

'That the quantity of seed must be diminished in proportion as the natural or artificial fertility of the soil is increased.

'That in such soils the sowing of too much seed produces a rank and close vegetation, prematurely developed, laid early, apt to be mildewed, and ruinously unproductive in quality and quantity. The extreme illustration of this is afforded by the bunches grown from masses of seed dropped from the drill, or accumulated by mice.

'That time is gained or early harvest promoted by two causes,—a highly manured, drained, and fertile soil, or by a large quantity of seed. In the latter case prematurity is attained at a sacrifice of quantity. If I were asked if I would sow thick to produce an early harvest, or whether I would sow thin and earlier, to produce the same result, I would most certainly prefer the latter mode.'

The *tillering* or branching of the cereal plants is always in proportion to the richness of the soil: therefore it stands to reason that where the land is in high condition, the quantity of seed should be reduced. We have seen single stubs of wheat, barley, and oats, with from forty to eighty ears to the stub, and have read credible accounts of a much greater quantity. In the *Philosophical Transactions* of the last century, there is an account from Mr. Miller, the conservator of the Botanical Gardens at Cambridge, of an experiment he made on the productiveness of wheat. On the 2nd of June, 1766, he planted some grains of wheat in the garden, and on the 8th of August he selected the strongest plant, which he divided into eighteen plants. These he re-planted; and in September and October took them up again, and obtained by division sixty-seven plants, which he put in again for the winter. In March and April he repeated the subdivision and found that he had five hundred plants. These produced 21,109 ears, or an average of 42 ears to each plant. The number of grains he estimated by weight at 576,840 or 27 to each ear. It measured three pecks and three quarters, and weighed 47 lbs. 7 oz. All this from a single grain of wheat.*

* See *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. lviii. p. 203.

Such a result contains a world of instruction to a practical man on the question of production, and of thick or thin sowing. The produce of this single grain would suffice to plant more than three acres on the Lois Weedon system.

Mr. Mechi's own experience of production is very satisfactory. He says,—

'Thick sowing and poor farming; national loss caused thereby. Taking Mr. Caird's statistics for our authority, one ninth of the produce of our grain crops is used for seed; thus proving that our seed only multiplies nine times. Now, on my farm, the increase is forty for one in wheat and oats, and proportionately in other things. Surely this is a strong evidence of the necessity for improvement. The economy would be, in seed alone, (supposing my quantity was used and my produce obtained,) nearly two million quarters. I fear that much seed is wasted by continuing the old broad-cast system, instead of using the drill and horse hoe. There can be no doubt that we sow too much seed.'—Page 274.

On the subject of cattle-feeding Mr. Mechi has adopted the modern practice of box-feeding for his fattening cattle, and all are kept under shelter, at least during winter. This applies as well to sheep as to bullocks and cows. The floors of the cattle-houses are boarded, and have tanks under them to receive the droppings of dung and urine. The boards are, of course, left apart from each other to the extent of $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch for bullocks, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch for sheep. The bullocks are all groomed daily, and the temperature of the stalls is a constant object of attention, under the conviction that the well-doing of the stock mainly depends upon it. On the question of purchased or artificial food, he very decidedly states that it will never pay, even under the best management, if the manure produced by it is left out of the calculation. At the same time it is the cheapest and best method of raising manure, and of course of restoring or increasing the fertility of a soil. In fact, without keeping a good head of cattle, it would be impossible, on most soils, to keep a farm in good condition. Mr. Mechi's calculation of the value and quantity of food required to produce a pound of beef or mutton, is as follows:—

	Price.		Meat, average cost.
	s. d.	s. d.	
8 or 9lbs. of linseed cake @ 1d. P lb.	0 8	0 9	} 4½d. to 6d.
45lbs. of Hay @ £3. 15s. P ton ...	1 0	1 3	
160lbs. of swedes @ 10s. P ton	0 8	0 9	
8 or 9lbs. of beans, barley, &c. @ 30s. P qr.	0 6	0 7	
8 or 9lbs. of rape cake @ £5. P ton.		0 4½	

The policy of keeping sheep,—and still more, pigs,—instead of bullocks, is strongly advocated. He mentions a farmer cultivating 1,500 acres of land, who says, 'Those who keep many bullocks will never want to make a will;' and he backs this opinion by not having a single bullock on his farm. Mr. Mechi's own experience, as exhibited in his balance-sheet, goes to prove that his expenditure for artificial food for cattle is attended with a dead loss of from £500 to £600 a year; but this loss being carried to the corn account, the tables are turned, and a handsome profit is the result. The following is the general balance-sheet for the year 1853-4.

DR.				CR.			
To valuation, October 31st, 1853.				By valuation, October 31st, 1854.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Horses	74	0	0	Horses	140	0	0
Pigs	255	6	0	Pigs, &c.	131	14	0
Sheep	448	0	0	Sheep	555	2	0
Cattle and Cows ..	239	10	0	Cattle and Cows ..	189	10	0
Implements	390	12	0	Implements	390	12	0
Tillages and Hay ..	471	18	9	Tillage, Hay, &c.	542	6	7
Rent of Chapel				Wheat, 4 qrs. 6			
Land	45	0	0	bush. per acre,			
Tithes, Rates ...	75	0	0	50 acres, 70s...	831	5	0
Labour, including	450	0	0	Barley, 7 qrs., 35s.	196	0	0
Engineer, Bailiff,				Beans, 5 qrs. ...	100	16	0
&c.	100	0	0	Oats, 13 qrs., 28s.	218	8	0
Artificial Manure	50	0	0	Produce of Cows			
Seed Corn, and				and Poultry ...	50	0	0
Seeds	1,619	0	6	Hay sold	0	0	0
Corn and Cake for				Horse-work, La-			
Stock, Horse-				bour, Manure,			
keep, &c.	1,021	10	9	&c., for Private			
Coals for Engine,				Establishment.	90	0	0
Tradesmen's				Live Stock and			
Bills, &c.	160	0	0	Wool sold	2,576	19	5
Interest on Irriga-				200 tons of Man-			
tion Pipes,				gold Wurtzel,			
7½ per cent. ...	55	0	0	to be sold in			
				London, at 20s.	200	0	0
	5,454	18	0				
Improved Rail, 36s.							
per Acre	240	0	0				
Profit	517	15	0				
	£6,212	13	0		£6,212	13	0

LIVE STOCK ACCOUNT.

Dr. £ s. d.		Cr. £ s. d.	
To valuation, 1853.	1,016 16 0	By valuation, 1854.	1,016 6 0
Feeding Stuff		Live Stock and	
bought	1,021 10 9	Wool sold	2,576 19 5
Live Stock bought,		Loss, independent	
including two		of Rent and	
Horses	1,619 0 6	Green Crops	
		consumed	64 11 10
	<u>£3,657 7 3</u>		<u>£3,657 7 3</u>

The quantity of green and root food, consumed by the stock is estimated as follows: (this includes the keep of six farm horses):—12 acres of mangold wurtzel: 6 acres of Italian rye grass, well irrigated, and five times cut or fed (a very heavy crop): a good second crop of clover, irrigated, about 9 acres: a first growth on 8 acres: 20 acres of tares and winter oats: 16 acres of good white turnips and swedes: the straw of the farm: 5 acres of pasture. Grinding meal, attendance, interest for shelter, &c., may be considered a set-off against the horse-keep.

We have given the last balance-sheet in the book; but it is right to state that a storm of ridicule and obloquy had been heaped upon Mr. Mechi by the 'practical men,' many of whom carried their opposition to the most virulent animosity; charging him even with intentional deception, as well as with egregious folly in spending his money in so lavish a manner. It is to his credit that he bore all this with the greatest equanimity and good humour. Hear the playful way in which he replies to one of his detractors.

'A personal discussion.—Mr. Cunningham should consider that Tiptree Heath has never boasted of prize ploughmen or prize cattle. My feelings will not allow me to send adrift old servants. They are willing to learn and improve; and the greater will be my merit should I succeed in carrying out my views with the resident labourers, rather than introducing fresh faces, from more highly cultivated districts. Tiptree has charms for me, and happy shall I be to see the whole of that neighbourhood take a foremost rank in agriculture. A critic should be just, if he means to be *respected*; but Mr. Cunningham is like Sterne's critic, "all find-fault;" no redeeming merit to save my reputation in his jaundiced eye. All vile, wrong, and ridiculous. Profit attracts him like a talisman, excluding all philanthropic or patriotic views. Now, really this Mr. Cunningham is not a very cunning man, or he would hesitate as to alarming metropolitan gentlemen, who know nothing about land, but who come to spend their

money foolishly in Essex. The money does good, if even the owner loses it. Mr. Cunningham might have said, "Mr. Mechi, you are a great fool for spending your money so lavishly; but, at all events, we in the neighbourhood have derived considerable benefit therefrom. It has given employment to many a poor man who sadly wanted it. You have stimulated others to follow your example in drainage and the removal of timber," &c. But no, in Mr. Cunningham's eye, it is a crime to erect good buildings, to drain the land, to save the manure, to give warmth, dryness, and employment to human beings, and to shelter your cattle from the cutting blast; with him the rotten thatch and dripping eaves are the very beau ideal of rustic landscape. O, how he will miss the brown and trickling stream of liquid dung! No idle labourers now to watch the pitiless storm as it rushes past the shivering steer.

Pity he had not visited the farm in its original condition. He might then have felt keenly for the misfortune of the honest and worthy steward, who still remains with me; he who, in his old wretched house, lost by fever, in one short month, his affectionate wife and two daughters. He might have seen in those rooms peas in a corner growing from moisture. He would have walked across the land, on a wet September day, up to his knees in bog, (serve him right too,) or be struggling in the stiffer soil with solid encrustments of bird-lime-like clay.

'Some insinuation is made as to the operations being connected with my trade. I scorn the imputation. It was worthy the narrow minds of those who made it. They cannot see it possible for a man to have his heart in the right place; to feel that he is but a steward in trust of his own wealth; that it is his duty to look around, and benefit, so far as lies in his power, his fellow creatures.'—Page 226.

We have given the whole of the passage, as both showing what stupid and ignorant prejudice a man of Mr. Mechi's stamp has to encounter and contend against, when departing from the beaten path of routine and prescription, and also the excellent spirit with which he met the bitter opposition. He has now, if not entirely silenced his vindictive opponents, done what is far more to his credit,—gained the approbation and friendship of men of the first character for talent, integrity, and discernment in the profession he has adopted; and he can well afford to hear the bickerings and revilings of the Cunningtons, and others of similar calibre of mind and temper, without being ruffled.

But we cannot follow Mr. Mechi further, having to occupy our remaining space with a notice of the other works mentioned at the head of our paper. That his proceedings have been narrowly watched by 'practical men,' is rather an advantage than otherwise; for not only has it induced vigilance and caution on his part, but many of the more rational and reflecting have taken lessons from him, and adopted his practice, because con-

vinced that he is right by the beneficial effect of his plans. We conclude by recommending his work to all practical men, as containing more information in a small compass than many works on agriculture of much greater pretensions. It may be placed side by side with the *Chronicles of a Clay Farm*, which it resembles in the unceremonious manner in which the 'wisdom of our ancestors' and the 'let-well-alone men' are handled.

We must now turn to our fair authoresses, and we feel that an apology is due for not giving them the precedence in our review. We assure them that it was not from any want of gallantry, but from a sense of duty. Mr. Mechi's work having reference to farming on a large scale, a much greater importance attaches to it than to those, the range of which is limited to the furnishing information whereby a private family may, under peculiar circumstances, obtain comforts and enjoyments from a small spot of land, which their situation in life would otherwise debar them from.

A good deal of fine writing and much philanthropic sympathy have been thrown away in endeavours to prove, according to Goldsmith's sapient standard, that 'every rood of land' is capable of 'maintaining its man,' and therefore, that such a sub-division of the land ought to take place. This is one of those theoretic fallacies which has been exploded wherever it has been attempted to reduce it to practice,—at least, so far as this country is concerned. We have known many instances of small occupations, but we have never known one holder of a small quantity of land—say from two to ten acres—who was able to support a family in comfort by it alone. Their poverty kept them poor, and prevented them from making the most of the land they held. And this is the case even in France, where the small peasant proprietors are far worse off than our English labourers. In Ireland the system of subdivision broke down after creating a famine which decimated the population. The 'freehold land' scheme of Feargus O'Connor, in Hertfordshire, was, by its signal failure, the means of disabusing people's minds on the subject. What his ultimate intentions were, it is impossible now to tell, as his insanity and death prevented all explanation. But the fact of the land being invested in *his* name only leads to a suspicion of his design of personal aggrandizement, had he lived to carry out his schemes. His antecedents certainly do not lead to a favourable construction of his conduct. Be this, however, as it will, it was found that it was impossible that the plan could ever prove beneficial to those whose interests it was proposed to serve. What money they had was paid for the land, and they had still a heavy rent to make up; so that they possessed neither the

means of cultivating their farms to advantage, nor the opportunity of obtaining them.

But the unknown authoress of *Our Farm of Four Acres*, and the well known writer of *My Farm of Two Acres*, are farmers of a different class. They do not profess to cultivate their land for the purpose of making a living by it, or even of deriving a profit from it beyond that of obtaining the various products of their farms at the cheapest rate, and enjoying the comforts which an abundant supply of pure and unadulterated provisions, with many luxuries, will afford. Nor do they profess to write for the instruction of the cottier farmer, or advocate the principle of a subdivision of the land; but for those persons who, like themselves, having a limited income, retire to the country, in order to make the most of it, and take a few acres of land, both for their amusement, and to add to their comforts and enjoyments. To such amateur farmers these books are invaluable, by the clear and simple information they impart on those subjects, upon the proper understanding of which depends the value of the land to the occupier. That this view of the case is correct, is shown by the fact, that in the balance-sheet we find no account of house rent, which must therefore be considered by them as an outlay they would have had to incur to an equal amount had they remained in London or any other large town. If the average rent of an ordinary house had been added to the debit side of the account, it would have turned the scale against the farm. We shall now refer to the books themselves.

"Where shall we live?" That was a question asked by the sister of the writer when it became necessary to leave London, and break up a happy home rendered desolate by a sudden bereavement.

"Ah! where indeed?" was the answer. "Where can we hope to find a house which will be suitable for ourselves, six children, and a small income?"

Such is the opening dialogue of *Our Farm of Four Acres*, and these two short sentences explain at once the painful and difficult position of the parties. They did not, however, sit down to indulge their sorrow, and thereby unfit themselves for action, but at once set to work to solve the important question by examining the columns of the *Times* newspaper. An amusing account follows of house-hunting in the country, the vexations and disappointments of which cannot be fully conceived by those who have only tried the pleasant amusement of the same kind in a town. After many fruitless and expensive journeys, our heroines at last found one to their mind, which had long been unlet, owing to its being 'in a bad neighbourhood,' as their guide informed them. The 'badness' consisted in a row of new brick

cottages just outside the gates, but of which nothing was seen within. The premises consisted of an old-fashioned but very convenient house, with plenty of good-sized rooms, in excellent repair; a very pretty flower garden with green-house; a good kitchen garden of one acre; an orchard of the same extent, well stocked with fine fruit trees; three acres of good meadow land; a coach-house, stable, cow-house, piggery, fowl-house, all in good order; only two miles from a station of the South Western Railway, and twelve miles from London; the rent for the whole being £70 per annum.

'This will do,' exclaimed the ladies simultaneously, like strong-minded women as they are, and they hired it forthwith, and a fortnight afterwards took possession of *Our Farm of Four Acres*.

Well might these lone London ladies wonder, upon taking possession of their hiring, 'what they were to do with the land.' The first idea was, to keep a cow; and forthwith a cow was purchased, with a calf by her side. She proved spiteful, kicked over the pail of milk, and sent the milkman spinning heels over head. This was trouble the first: then the house-maid complained that the milk was not at all 'like the London milk,' and it must be skimmed for the children. This afforded a delicious supply of cream for their tea and coffee; but they soon found it too rich for them, as the milk was for the children; they therefore resolved to have their own butter, and purchased a churn. But now, who was to make the butter? Both the servants declared that they could not do it; and their old cook gave her opinion in the most decided manner, that 'there was quite "muck" enough in the house already, without making more work with butter-making.' What could two born ladies do in such a case but give up their scheme in despair? Not a bit of it. A few minutes brought them to the conclusion that they would make it themselves, and show themselves independent of the 'strike.' "'But," said I dolefully, "we don't in the least know how to set about it." "What of that?" replied H.: "Where was the use of expending so much money in books relative to a country life, as you did before we left town, if they are not to enlighten our ignorance on country matters?"' They now set to work to consult the books, and found—as is usually the case—that they told them every thing about butter, except how to make it; and, after all, they were compelled to learn it by experience. The first time they churned, the butter would not come; but the lucky thought of putting a quart of spring water into the churn, enabled them to overcome the difficulty. In short, after a few trials and experiments, they turned out first-

class dairywomen, and we have no doubt might have obtained the highest wages, as such, at any 'statute' in the kingdom.

A second cow was soon purchased, but she soon brought them fresh grief. A week after, their factotum came in with the news that the 'new cow' was very bad. He didn't know what was the matter with her, but he had sent for a man, 'very clever in cows.' This clever man pronounced her at the point of death, with the lung disease, but undertook to sell her for two pounds. "But," said H., "if she has the lung disease you talk of, you tell us she must die."

"Yes; she'll die sure enough."

"Well, then, who will buy a cow that is sure to be dead to-morrow or next day?"

"O, that's no concern of yours! You can get rid of her, that's all."

Our heroines were rash enough to demur to this logic of the Clever-in-Cows, and sent for a regular practitioner in Cattle, and the cow soon recovered.

Whilst the 'books' threw no light upon the subject of butter-making, it is not to be supposed that these ladies learned the whole art at once, or by intuition. Their experiments extended over several weeks, nor could they get any definite information from the neighbouring farmers' wives. By degrees they discovered *of themselves* the precise conditions under which the process can alone be successfully executed; and from what we know of the subject, we are confident that any persons following the directions the author has given, may make butter without any difficulty, the system being founded on strictly scientific principles.

Chapter V. professes to give a balance-sheet of the profit and loss attached to the dairy; but we fear, if it was laid before the 'practical men' who scrutinized Mr. Alderman Mechi's document, our amateur farmers would not meet with much applause. The account is for the first half-year; and the rent is put down at £5 per acre, which is stated to be the average rent of the pasture land in the neighbourhood. One acre is considered by the writer as sufficient for a cow the year round; but we doubt the correctness of the calculation, if no other food is provided. The account is thus stated in the book, all the produce of the cow being consumed in the family.

EXPENSES.

	£	s.	d.
Land at £5 per acre, two acres for a half year ...	5	0	0
Oil cake	0	18	0
Half the expense of getting up hay	1	10	0
	<hr/> £7 8 0 <hr/>		

PRODUCE.		£	s.	d.
Milk for the family from July 14th to January 24th, at the rate of four quarts per day ...say	}	9	3	4
Butter for the same period, at the rate of 1½lbs. per day, at 1s. 3d. per lb.		14	3	0
		<hr/>		
		23	6	4
Expenses brought forward		7	8	0
		<hr/>		
Assured profit in half-year		£15	18	4

We feel very reluctant to criticize unfavourably in a case of this kind, in which there is so much to praise, and in which the authoress does not profess to farm expressly for profit. But under a conviction that so very flattering an account as the above may mislead some persons less favourably circumstanced than those ladies, on seeing in it a profit which, in reality, exists only on paper, we feel bound to correct the amount by stating what are the real facts of the case according to the common mode of calculation.

The rent of the two acres of pasture we admit to be quite correct, so far as it goes; presuming that the third acre is placed to the account of the pony. But, in addition to the two acres specially charged to the cow account, we read, further on, that not only is a large proportion of the garden ground devoted to the cow's food, but that the orchard also is cultivated between the trees for the same purpose; and that there are 'common rights' attached to the occupation which 'supported the cows during the spring,' and thus enabled our amateur farmers to mow the whole of the three acres of grass. There are also poor's-rates, taxes, tithes, church-rates, county-rates, &c., which, as inhabitants of a town, would be tolerably high upon premises the rent of which was £70 a year. The only fair way, therefore, to draw up an account, would be to fix upon the house a certain rent, attaching to it a portion—say, half an acre—of the garden ground, and reserving one acre for the support of the pony. This would leave three acres and a half for the keeping of the cows, &c., instead of two acres. To this must be added the proportion of the taxes belonging to the whole, half the expense of the gardener, who, we presume, managed the whole of the land and the cows, interest upon the capital, medical attendance on account of 'lung disease,' &c., with a variety of other little matters, which, if our authoress were farming for profit, she would be compelled to charge to the account; but which, with plenty of money in her pocket, were placed amongst incidental expenses of housekeeping, if

kept account of at all. These additions would put a very different face on the account. It appears to us, that if £40 of the rent were charged to the account of the house and half an acre of garden, and the remaining £80 to the rest of the land and the 'common rights,' which latter, for three cows and a pony, are worth at least £7. 10s. per annum, this would make the account stand thus :—

DOMESTIC ACCOUNT.		£.	s.	d.
House, garden, greenhouse, &c.....		40	0	0
Pony, one acre, £5, common right, 30s.		6	10	0

GENERAL STOCK ACCOUNT.		£.	s.	d.
Cows, &c., 3½ acres, £17. 10s., common rights, £6		23	10	0
Half expense of gardener, say 6s. per week		15	12	0
Poor's-rates,* taxes, tithes, &c., 2s. 6d. in the } pound, say		3	0	0
Interest on capital, say £40, at five per cent. ...		2	0	0
Medical attendance, &c., say		1	0	0

Expense of land, one year	£45	2	0
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The last three items we have of course guessed at; but the actual amount is of little consequence, the principle of admitting or omitting them in the account being the question; and this no person conversant with rural affairs will for a moment dispute. In every other respect, the management of these amateur farmers is beyond all praise; and we only fear that many persons may be induced to follow in their steps so far as to take land under similar circumstances; but who, for want of the same energy, perseverance, talent, and self-reliance, will find the land rather a heavy encumbrance than the source of pleasure and advantage. Of the superior comfort and luxury of such a situation as compared with a town life, there can be no question; and we are sure that our authoress was perfectly correct in stating to a cavilling friend, that she and her family were much happier than they would have been in London; and that in every point of view, as regards expenditure, they were gainers; and that the closing sentence of that (XIV.) Chapter is a true exposition of their condition :—'Give the fruit and flowers to Mrs. N., with our love; and tell her that, with God's blessing, we have improved in mind, body, and estate, by occupying ourselves with "our farm of four acres."'

We ought, in conclusion, to say, that against the expenses

* We have ourselves occupied land (350 acres) on which the poor's-rate alone was equal to the rent.

we have put down, the amount must be credited for the profit on *all* the stock,—cows, pigs, chickens, ducks, pigeons, &c., as they all derive, at least, the greater portion of their living out of the land. With this remark we take leave of these agricultural amateurs, and beg to introduce another of the same class, celebrated for her literary attainments in other departments,—Miss Harriet Martineau,—but who announces herself, in a new periodical, as the conductor of a ‘farm of two acres.’

Miss Martineau is not only known as an authoress, but as a writer on political economy, and, as such, we may expect to find that she conducts her farm upon strictly economic principles; by which, we beg to observe, we do not mean on a frugal plan, but on that which will produce the largest and most profitable result; and this can only be effected by a large and judicious outlay, which is sure to pay in the end. But we must let Miss M. speak for herself.

‘The case is this:—I bought a field, in order to build myself a house, in a beautiful valley in the north of England. The quantity of land was something less than two acres and a quarter, of which more than half an acre was rock. On the rocky portion stands the house, with its terrace and the drive up to it, and little oak and sycamore and ash copses behind and flanking it. An acre and quarter was left in grass, which I let for grazing, for £4. 10s. a year. Enough ground was left for a few vegetables and flower beds, which the women of the household took such care of as they could. At the end of a year, from our entrance upon our pretty house in the field, the state of things was this. The meadow was a constant eye-sore; for the tenant took no sort of care of it. His cow was there, rain or shine, without shelter or shade, and usually ill one way or another. The grass was lumpy and weedy. Sheep burst through the hedge on the south boundary, that hedge being no business of mine, but belonging to the tenant on the other side. It was a broad, straggling, weedy hedge, which harboured vermin, and sent showers of seeds of pestilent weeds into my garden ground; and as sure as my cabbages began to grow, the hungry sheep—sharp set as they are in March—made their way in, and ate off a whole crop in a night. It cost me from six to ten pounds a year to hire an occasional gardener, by whom the aspect of the place was barely kept decent.’—Page 38.

With such discomforts, our amateur began upon her new occupation; nor was this the only source of perplexity. Such was the difficulty of obtaining a regular supply of provisions, partly from the influx of travellers in the season, and partly from the want of a regular demand at other times, that housekeeping, as she says, ‘was, in the guest season, a real anxiety.’ She therefore determined at once to cultivate the land herself; and, without any idea of ‘*making money*,’ try if she could not manage to

supply herself with the necessities of life out of her own resources, without *losing money*.

The plan she adopted was that of John Sillett, the Suffolk shopkeeper, who, some years ago, wrote an interesting book on 'Fork and Spade Husbandry,' as exemplified on his own two acres of land, out of which he supported himself and family with comfort. Miss Martineau hired a labourer, for whom she built a cottage adjoining the cowhouse, both constructed of stone. She paid him at first 12*s.* and afterwards 14*s.* per week, with the cottage rent-free. She then had prepared two tanks for receiving the drainings from the house and cottage, and a large one for the sweepings of the stable and sty and other manure. She also built a boiling-house, hay-house, root-house, pigsty, &c. Her implements were spades, a steel fork, hoes, rakes, a scythe, shears and clippers, a heavy roller, a chaff-cutter, a curry-comb and brushes for the cows' coats, troughs, milk pails, &c.

She began with one cow; but, finding that she could keep two with very little more trouble, she hired half an acre more land, at £1. 15*s.* a year, and kept two cows, by which she secured a supply of milk the whole year. When she first commenced, she had only an acre and a quarter to work upon; of which, on account of the view from the windows, she was obliged to have three-quarters of an acre in grass. By high farming and good management she obtains at the rate of three tons per acre of hay, after feeding the grass off in the spring. Her main dependence, however, for feeding her cows was the crop of roots and vegetables, consisting of mangold wurtzel and cabbages, with sometimes carrots. The details of her farming it is unnecessary to go further into; but they will be found in accordance with the most approved modern system of husbandry. By this means she obtained the best roots in the neighbourhood, and her cabbages sometimes weighed twelve pounds. And after twelve years' farming, she is able to write as follows:—having described the condition of the land when she let it off, she goes on to say,—

'The state of things now is wonderfully different. The whole place is in the neatest order conceivable; the slopes are mown, and the shrubs trimmed, and the paths clean, and the parterres gay, almost all the year round. With only three-quarters of an acre of grass, we have about £12 worth of hay, and part grazing for two cows for six months of the year. We have roots to the value of £8 a year, exclusive of the benefit of their green part, which affords several cwt. of food. Then there are the cabbages for the cows, which, in favourable seasons, have afforded the staple of their food for three or four months.Then, for the house, we have an over-supply of vegetables, (except winter potatoes,) the surplus going to the pig.All the com-

mon fruits follow of course.....All these things have been created,—called out of the ground, where they lay hid, as it were. This creation of subsistence is a good thing in itself; it remains to be seen whether it is justified by paying its own cost, &c.

We ought to state that Miss Martineau kept her cows in the house on the stabulation principle, as the French call it, which will in some measure account for the ability to support two cows on so small a portion of land. The following is the account for each cow, as stated in the papers.

COST OF EACH COW.

	£	s.	d.
Food bought	10	0	0
Attendance	11	0	0
Tillage	1	10	0
Manure	1	5	0
Utensils and repairs	1	5	0
Interest on capital	1	10	0
Prime cost and Interest (or rather depreciation in value of cow)	1	18	0
	£28	8	0

PRODUCE OF EACH COW.

Milk	30	8	4
Calf (average)	0	13	0
	31	1	4
Cost	28	8	0
	£2	13	4

Here we must beg leave to suggest that the rent and taxes ought to be added to the cost of the cow, unless it is considered to be included in the cost of the food, which perhaps accounts for the omission. At any rate the account is put in a more business-like form than that of our other fair amateurs, and comes much nearer to what would be predicated of a dairy on a large scale. It is only, however, by the most judicious management that so large a produce could be obtained from a cow, especially at the low price at which it is estimated in the account. There is not a doubt but that the yield of milk was larger from the cow being kept within doors, and supplied plentifully with food and water; but still thirty pounds is a *very* large produce for a cow, with milk at 2*d.* per quart and butter at 11*d.* per pound. Had the rent and taxes of the land been added, it would still throw the balance against the cow; but as we remarked in the previous case, Miss Martineau's object was fully attained, namely, that of securing a regular supply of the necessaries, and many of the luxuries, of life, in a neighbourhood where

it would otherwise have been difficult, if not impossible, to do so at all times; and that at a very small cost, whilst the employment of mind and body were the means of promoting health and cheerfulness. The enervated and listless fashionables of the metropolis know not what pleasures they deprive themselves of, by avoiding employment of mind and body in rural pursuits, independent of the good they might do and the social happiness they would diffuse in the neighbourhood around them, by their presence and the benefits they might impart. On this subject Miss M. says:—

'It should not be omitted that our keeping cows is a social benefit. The troop of children coming for milk, morning and evening, is a pretty sight. I have added to the advantage of the supply, that of requiring ready money for it..... Before we learned the ways of the place, customers who could afford strong drink and fine clothes went into debt with us for milk up to nearly £1, and then went to another dairy. It was no better kindness to them than to ourselves to allow this; and now that our rule is inflexible as to paying and being paid, we have no difficulty, except when our cows are to calve at too short an interval, and the supply runs short, and the customers are fit to tear us to pieces, as Cook says, for what we have to sell.'

The management of the pigs and poultry is equally good and successful.—We would give extracts, but find that our space is drawing to a close. Three thousand and thirty-nine eggs, and the slaughter of sixty-three fowls, in one year, is something for an amateur to boast of, especially with a small balance on the right side of a rigidly faithful account. She has an excellent companion to assist her in the affair, and both take that deep interest which is the only thing that can insure success. Their example, as well as that of the 'four acre' farmers, is a lesson to many persons who live in the country, as well as a stimulus to those in town. The historian of the larger experiment points a good lesson with a pleasant anecdote.

'Let those ladies whose lot it is to live in the country,' she says, 'consider whether they shall lead a town or country life there.' A town life in the country is perhaps the tamest of all. It is having eyes which see not,—ears which hear not,—and minds which do not understand. A lady who had lived from early childhood in a country house, politely looked into my poultry yard when it was new, and ran after me with a warm compliment.

"What a beautiful hen you have there. What beautiful long feathers in her tail!"

"Why, I—" said I, "that's the cock."

"O, oh, oh!" said she, "I did not know."

- ART. X.—1. *Chiefs of Parties, Past and Present.* By D. O. MADDYN. London: Skeet.
 2. *Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform.* By JOHN STUART MILL. London: Parker.
 3. *Dod's Parliamentary Companion.* 1859.

WHILE the country is quietly relaxing after the strain on which its nerves were kept by war abroad and party struggles at home, it may be neither uninteresting nor unprofitable to look back at the past year of our political history, and endeavour, from what we read there, to gather some hints as to the prospects of that which is coming.

The year now drawing to a close looked upon all the old established events of a political campaign with as little of actual result as certain other campaigns recently have had. We had the agitation out of doors, the 'cry for the country,' the attack on the floor of the House, the rally and defence, the last appeal, the closing defeat, and, finally, the general peace under conditions of change, whose importance bears a very slight proportion to the efforts it cost to achieve them. A whole year has politically gone for nothing. We are in most material points just where we were. Again we have the Palmerstons, Russells, Woods, and Greys, just as if a Bright had never declaimed from a platform, or a Disraeli sat upon a ministerial bench. Time has come round, and where we did begin there now we end. Twelve months ago we were quiescent and rather apathetic. We are now again in precisely the same frame of mind. We have drunk and we have shouted, as the old words go, and now comes the lassitude after our forced excitement. We have fought our battles, and it suits us now to call a truce, not because anybody has won or lost anything worth speaking of, but simply because we have all had enough of such troublesome work for one year, and prefer, for variety, to be tranquil and monotonous again.

In the opening of last winter, there was nothing very particular to engage public attention at home. As an inevitable result, therefore, in politics of late, we turned our eyes to the Reform question. Every one has observed the part which that question has recently been set to perform in our political drama. Whenever we have anything at all to do, no one concerns himself about it. The slightest outlet for activity, the cleansing of a river, possibly the sweeping of a street, quite puts it out of sight and out of mind. But when literally nothing presses for immediate attention, then, like a sort of supernatural agency to keep us from idleness, up starts the sleeping figure of Reform,

alive, active, and clamorous. We all remember the legend of the warriors slumbering in the mountain, who start up when any chance intruder disturbs them, and throng around him with clamour and clashing arms, demanding whether the time has yet come for them to return to battle. So formidable a sight may well shake the ignorant invader's nerves; but if he can only gather courage enough to say, 'The time has not come; sleep again,' the warriors go quietly back to their stony beds, and snore until some other rude footfall startles them into activity. In this legend we have a tolerably clear mythical embodiment of the periodical apparition of the Reform spectre in our political history. It is not likely that it will ever cease to walk the earth, if the affairs of the future are conducted like those of the past; for just when the moment seems on the point of striking, which is to call it into real existence and activity, something unexpected intervenes; some one gathers courage to pronounce the words, 'Sleep again;' and Reform, which looked so bristling and so terrible, settles itself peacefully down, and falls fast asleep once more.

This time it was an energetic intruder who called the sleeper into life. Previous to Mr. John Bright's recent re-appearance on political platforms, no one in England seemed to feel very deeply upon the subject of Reform. Whatever may be the need of an extended or lowered franchise, nothing is more certain than that during the interval between the last appearance of the Reform phantom under Lord John Russell's invocation, and its visitation at the bidding of Mr. Bright, the country did not feel with very keen pangs the need of any change. There was neither open clamour nor low-voiced grumbling. We are very far indeed from thinking that no change in legislation should ever be made, until the popular voice has energetically demanded it; that the governing body should move no step, until a roar from every platform in the country scares it onward. No deteriorating influence in politics has been stronger of late years, than that which tends to make government only a passive power, yielding a weather-cock obedience to every gust of popular breath. It is not long since an eminent man addressed the constituents of a university town, and informed them that, although personally opposed to the ballot, he was, nevertheless, willing to admit the right of the people to call for it, if they believed it needful, and that therefore he would, if elected, vote for its introduction accordingly. Such ideas of popular rights have tended immeasurably, of late years, to make legislation unstable and barren. A popular clamour demands a thing to-day, and it is done; the next day it demands that it be undone, and it is

undone accordingly. The science of politics may, indeed, be an experimental science; but the experiments must at least be made as the result of deliberation, and in accordance with some principle. Where your *savant* follows out no theory of his own, but simply proceeds to try every experiment which every loud-voiced bystander suggests, we need not expect any very valuable scientific result. We do not, therefore, by any means intend to declare Reform wholly unneeded at the present time, when we say that the need of it was not felt, and that it was not popularly thought of in England, just before Mr. Bright's re-appearance in political action. To Mr. Bright we owe the fact, that the greater part of the year was passed in agitation; and the still more disagreeable fact, that the agitation produced no good result whatever. If you want monuments of Mr. Bright's political activity this past season, look around: you see them in the wreck of a forced agitation and a wasted session, with the object of all the effort no whit nearer than before.

We have not the slightest wish to disparage either the motives or the talents of Mr. Bright. That he is a man thoroughly convinced of the justice of his own views, it would be uncandid and unjust even to suggest a doubt. Indeed, no one can listen to him without feeling convinced that thorough English earnestness, and that 'dogged perseverance' of which Lord Palmerston spoke the other day, are the most prominent and effective of his characteristics. He is not a man of many ideas; by no means what our Teutonized *littérateurs* call a many-sided man. Many-sidedness is not the property of propulsiveness; and propulsiveness is Mr. Bright's nature. He is by far the ablest democratic leader of the present day, and one of the most prominent of the few men who compete for the palm of oratory in the House of Commons. As that assembly now stands, he must not be compared with any second-class man. Among the very foremost only can you look for his equal. As a parliamentary debater, Disraeli, Gladstone, Graham, Russell, excel him in some qualities; as a platform political speaker, he excels them all. He sometimes approaches so near to genuine oratory, that only the faintest shade intervenes. Just one step higher, one gleam of richer imagination, of deeper thought, of fuller reverence, and in him there were a thoroughly great popular orator. As it is, no one can listen to him wholly unmoved. No matter how a hearer may dissent from every opinion he maintains, it is yet impossible not to yield some tribute of admiration to such earnestness, such a clear, manly, Saxon style. Mr. Bright is no stump orator: he never talks mere words for words' sake, without meaning of some more or less logical character. Indeed,

he is not much given to fine words at all; and, in this respect, many a time disappoints some ardent provincial admirer, who expects to hear in John Bright some great master of the art of emitting rhetorical fireworks, and amazing his audiences with sparkling word-showers. In any political age or sphere Mr. Bright would be a man of mark; in our own day, when the *dii minores* have their reign, he takes place at least somewhere among the foremost of his compeers.

We have now, however, to regard mainly that passage in Mr. Bright's career which is comprised within the past twelve months. Probably no politician ever found a more willing and friendly hearing than that which awaited this popular leader from all classes in England upon his return last autumn into public life. Every one regretted the cause which had removed him for a time from active duties. Serious doubts had been entertained as to the possibility of his ever resuming a political career; and no political enemy felt anything but regret, that a man of such ability should be removed so early from a sphere in which he had made himself so distinguished, and in many respects so useful. Moreover, it was felt that the act of the Manchester constituency, which unseated him in his absence, however justifiable and unavoidable in itself, was unfortunate in its period. We are all generous enough to wish that a man defenceless and prostrate from ill-health should be spared any discomfiture or humiliation. Men in some instances hesitated to vote against the man, absent and in sickness, whom they would have felt a triumph in helping to unseat, had he stood before them strong, vehement, ready with defence and offence, as before. Every one therefore felt inclined to welcome Mr. Bright back to politics, and to listen with eagerness and with the most favourable construction to his first utterances. Whatever may have been Mr. Bright's feelings towards the aristocracy, we are confident no aristocrat in England would have hesitated to express entire gratification at his recovery and restoration to active pursuits. People, too, were inclined to suppose that some part of the interval of convalescence had been given to reflection and careful thought, removed from the range of local influences, and that the man who had disappeared an able demagogue would return an eloquent statesman.

With Mr. Bright's first Birmingham speech, all, save his sworn followers, were painfully undeceived. A month of the agitation which followed settled, in the minds of impartial men, Mr. Bright's claims to statesmanship. It was not merely the impracticable character of his Reform scheme which produced this effect. Probably he did not himself believe that there was any near

prospect of the passing of such a measure ; but had there been a chance, his accompanying speeches must have utterly destroyed it. Was there ever a measure whose introduction a statesman, or even a sagacious politician, would have felt more anxious to accompany with explanations and arguments calculated to remove needless apprehensions and allay morbid sensitiveness? Vested interests in land or in commerce are not generally very eager for change of any kind : what chance is there of their submitting quietly to a change which plain language intimates to be mainly directed against their own existence? Mr. Bright's language made all the aristocratic classes feel somewhat in this manner towards his Reform Bill. Leaving every higher moral and political consideration aside, what need was there to accompany the introduction of a Reform measure with a fierce, unthinking attack upon all aristocratic and territorial power? Was it not the policy of every reformer at such a time to show that a Reform scheme had nothing to do with subversion and disorganization? Did the weight of the aristocracy press upon the country with any peculiar and special force last autumn, that we who had borne it all our lives, and borne it with good will, should be suddenly called upon to rise up in agitation against it? When it is necessary to play the part of a CAMILLE DESMOULINS, it is a very painful necessity : to get up a burlesque of the performance without the slightest show of justification, must receive either ridicule or condemnation, according as the looker-on pleases to view it.

Mr. Bright made an effort to retreat : but retreat was too late. He had sounded the trumpet, chosen his ground, called his followers around, and the followers whom such an appeal was likely to invite had come. In vain he endeavoured to explain that in the Bill itself there was nothing revolutionary, nothing even of an ultra-democratic character ; people would connect the text with the author's own commentary. Neither supporters nor opponents would allow Mr. Bright to step back. The former hailed him as the spontaneously avowed and cordially accepted leader of democracy ; the latter called upon pacific England to witness that at last the true colours of the Reform party had been hung out by its recognised chieftain. The Bill was in itself unquestionably an unreasonable and impracticable scheme ; but had it been infinitely more wise and practicable, it could scarcely have found acceptance, or even favourable consideration, when heralded by such proclamations. How many votes in the House of Commons could Mr. Bright have reckoned on, had he proposed the introduction of such a measure? We surely leave a large margin when we say, the number of his followers would not have exceeded twenty.

It does not belong to our present purpose to enter into any detailed consideration of the measure. It was, in truth, less original in its proposal than some of its admirers conceived; less wild in its objects than many of its opponents imagined. But much of its structure was based upon an absurd political fallacy. It entirely over-rated the importance of mere numbers. Even as regarded its own special object, it was in this respect a fallacy. Nothing can be a greater mistake than to suppose that in a country socially constituted like ours, mere numbers will avail to counterbalance the weight of property, capital, or political influence. The influence of property rests upon principles quite other than the numbers of voting units it can of itself put into combination. It is idle to proceed for a moment upon the supposition that every voting unit is equal, as regards political force, to every other voting unit. Every member of the Jewish persuasion may be prohibited from voting at all; but a Rothschild would nevertheless have immense political influence. In the House of Commons itself nobody ever thinks of measuring the power of Lord Palmerston or Lord John Russell by the solitary vote which is all the constitution allows to either. Endowing a man with the electoral privilege does not necessarily render him independent of all external influences, patriotically unmindful of any considerations but those of his principles and his country. A hundred farm labourers or factory hands may at present count politically for nothing. Endowed with the franchise, they will in most instances probably count for little more; they would merely agglomerate an employer's vote. The man of capital or rank would, in all ordinary cases, be the man of political influence still. Nor do we find, in practice, that the constituencies which possess the largest numbers are the purest in their motives and the most judicious in their selection. Probably Mr. Bright himself would not select as a model constituency that of Marylebone, or Finsbury, or the Tower Hamlets. Even Mr. Bright's warmest supporters declare that, without the ballot, mere multiplication of numbers, produced by lowering the franchise, counts for nothing. It is only like dividing a series of integrals into fractions,—the same value, and only the same, still remains, no matter what apparent multiplication of figures is produced. And the ballot question we need not argue at present; it is, at least, not likely soon to pass into an enactment. Upon the question of the ballot, Mr. Bright comes into collision with some of the ablest and most influential reformers in the country, headed by Lord John Russell.

In this position, then, Mr. Bright placed himself with regard

to his Bill. He began by opposing himself to the whole aristocratic and territorial influences of the country ; and he ended by producing a scheme admitted to be of no real value, unless accompanied by something which the most powerful of English reformers steadfastly oppose. He began by embittering and turning into unyielding antagonists all who were not his supporters : he ended by alienating himself from those upon whose support he might have reckoned, and without whose support he could not possibly succeed. He had had his chance and his choice. He might have brought forward a moderate, reasonable, and effective Bill, remedying abuses, removing anomalies, and expanding, rather than lowering, constituencies. He might have made intelligent and reasonable men of all parties his friends and co-operators. He preferred the clamours of rabid democracy, and took his stand accordingly. Only for a moment. The step was no sooner taken than it was repented. But enough had been done, and it would not have been reasonable to expect that the man who had had such a chance and had thrown it away, should be allowed to draw stakes and begin the game over again on a new principle.

One curious little incident of the Birmingham meetings may be noticed, full of a good deal of suggestiveness for those who believe freedom of thought and speech an invariable characteristic of democracy. At one of Mr. Bright's meetings,—conferences they were called, and conference, we presume, implies some sort of discussion and some admission of difference of opinion,—Mr. Ernest Jones, the Chartist speaker, presented himself. The meeting would not listen to a word from him. He persevered in endeavouring to gain a hearing ; but was dragged off the platform and out of the room, his coat being torn half off his back in the struggle. This was done because it was presumed that his views upon Reform would go a step or two further—would possibly be logically more consecutive—than Mr. Bright's ; and Mr. Bright was at that moment the accepted popular champion and conquering hero. Mr. Bright did not, it is said, interpose to obtain a hearing for his fellow democrat. Mr. Ernest Jones had, we believe,—whatever his political faults, and whatever his good sense or good taste in intruding himself upon an unwilling meeting,—wasted some money and some brains in what he believed, no doubt sincerely, to be the people's cause. He was dragged and hustled, unheard, off a platform professedly democratic and popular, the stoutest champion of popular rights and freedom of speech standing by, and uttering no word to secure him a moment's hearing. The democrats in this instance were far more Conservative than Conservatives,—more

aristocratic than aristocrats. What Conservative or aristocratic meeting convened in England to discuss any great public question would have refused a patient hearing to Mr. Bright?

This, then, was Mr. Bright's winter campaign. Its object was hopeless in itself; but had it been something facile of execution, the manner in which it was attempted would have rendered it impracticable. There were times when Mr. Bright seemed almost purposely to adapt his style of speaking to the objects which his opponents declared him to have in view. In some of his speeches he seemed to take as his patterns the demagogue artifices of O'Connell. In occasional passages he appeared to aim at rivalling the coarse invectives of Wilkes. Failure, public and personal, characterized the whole agitation. Mr. Bright failed in producing a practicable Bill, and equally failed in establishing for himself the character of a statesman or even a great politician. They who ardently long for a Reform measure, and who warmly admire the political character of Mr. Bright, may employ the present leisure interval in reflecting on the amount of damage done to both by the factitious and abortive agitation of last winter.

That there is some need of Reform, so far as Reform means amendment merely, no one now denies. Whatever we may think of the doctrine of governing by preponderance of numbers, it would be impossible to overlook the anomaly which the representation of great communities presents, when contrasted with that of infinitesimal pocket boroughs. Manufacturing and commercial districts inadequately represented ought not to deny that in many great counties an equal degree of injustice exists. The very fact of such towns as Birkenhead having grown up since the last Reform Bill, renders, in the very nature of our constitution, some expansion of the electoral basis and of the representative numbers inevitable. That a large class of the community, well qualified to exercise the franchise, are at present to a great extent barred from it, five minutes' reflection will prove to any one. It is an anomaly which cannot much longer go on unremedied, that a farm labourer or a factory hand, whose employer chooses to put him into a house in the neighbourhood of a borough, and of a certain rated value, can have a vote; while a man of education, living for economy in a lodging,—a clergyman or minister residing in the country, and too poor to keep a house which reaches the needful rating point,—can exercise no freeman's right, save that of reading other people's opinions and cheering other people's speeches. There are men actually sitting in the House of Commons, and voting upon the most important questions of national or European interest, who are not entitled

to vote in a borough or county election. A man may write in a newspaper or review, and influence scores of votes, who has no vote of his own; if he does not live in a house of a certain value, the legislature presuming him wholly unfit to be trusted with so momentous a decision.

It was something of these absurdities and inconsistencies which Mr. Disraeli had in view when he introduced his Reform Bill. Characteristic of the two men were their schemes of Reform. Each looked at the question only on one side. Mr. Bright was struck by what he conceived to be the absence of manufacturing and commercial interest in the representation of the country; Mr. Disraeli, by the injustice done to the educated and educating classes. We have said something of Mr. Bright's political character, and may fairly devote a little of our space to Mr. Disraeli. Probably, upon the whole, Mr. Disraeli is the most remarkable man in the House of Commons. A stranger entering the gallery, especially if he be a young man, looks out, in nine cases out of ten, for him above all. Every one watches with interest and curiosity that strange figure, gliding along with that very peculiar walk, and that pallid silent face, (we can think of no phrase more suitable than silent,) as devoid of any animating and readable expression as that of Louis Napoleon. Despite his apparent coldness, (which those who know him say is merely external,) there is something in Mr. Disraeli which seems to have a peculiar attraction for young men. What youth beginning to take an interest in politics is enthusiastic about Lord John Russell, or kindles at the sight of Gladstone, or feels a personal devotion towards Cobden? It is not merely that he has written captivating novels; for Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has done the same, and yet can count as a politician few enthusiastic admirers. Probably, much of the effect which Disraeli thus produces is owing to the mysterious and enigmatical character which he has preserved in politics. Although he seems to have made a brilliant game of his public career, he has not been followed by the adventurer's evil fame. He is, at least, admired by a nation which can scarcely ever tolerate even genius where it is not allied to the most obvious earnestness and ponderous steadfastness. He has changed his views, indeed, since the early days when, under the protectorship of O'Connell, he emerged into public notice; since the era when in *Vivian Grey* and *Contarini Fleming* he embodied his ideas of what youth, ardour, and genius can do to give life to the dry bones of political parties. He has abandoned his old friends, and has risen above them; and yet who ever charges him with a corrupt motive? He seems to keep his emotions locked up, like secrets, in his own breast;

and yet there is a very general idea, even among those who know scarcely anything of him, that the man is not selfish after all. Probably no man living would be more missed from his place than Disraeli, if removed from the House of Commons. He is the most brilliant and the most unequal of the great parliamentary debaters of the day. He is not like Mr. Gladstone, determined, apparently on principle, always to do the very best he can, whatever the subject in debate. Mr. Disraeli is frequently a very disappointing speaker. He is not to be judged by those who have heard him but once, as Gladstone or Bright possibly might be. It would not be easy to describe the feeling of disappointment with which a stranger sometimes hears for the first time one of Disraeli's speeches. He can hardly believe that this hesitation, this drawl, this Palmerstonian affectation of guttural interjection, can belong to the dashing orator who denounced Peel, who upset Graham, who startled the heavy Wood into a momentary briskness, and convulsed the House by a happy humorous phrase, in describing a country free-trade demonstration. One can hardly help believing, that this languor and this hesitancy are but oratorical affectation,—just little artistic hints, designed to show what the spontaneity of that genius must be which so obviously works without preparation, and trusts for force and power to the gathering impetus of its own unaided progress. But when the subject fairly carries the speaker away from these little shreds of personality and oratorical craft; when the time really comes for the fencer to touch home, and no longer to make a wanton of his adversary; then the gleaming fancy, the keen-edged sarcasm, the poisoned dart of epigram, blind and bewilder by their rapid succession. No man in the House plants his sayings deeper into the minds of his hearers. No man's sentences cling more perfectly in their full shape to the memory. No man possesses equally the happy gladiatorial art of transfixing with one light dexterous touch the weak point of an opponent. No man can so expose an absurdity in one phrase, which stamps and designates it for ever. Mr. Disraeli is not, indeed, an orator in the highest sense of the word, any more than he is a statesman. He is not an orator as Demosthenes and Edmund Burke were orators. None of his speeches, flung before the world in the bareness of print, stripped of the advantages of time, place, and manner, would live out a generation. But certain phrases and epigrammatic sayings sprinkled through his speeches will long survive, at least in parliamentary recollection. Disraeli's fame will be traditional, like Charles Townshend's or Selwyn's, although we need not say that he has much which neither Townshend nor Selwyn possessed. So long

as we have Parliaments and debaters, men will continue to light up dull themes with stray flashes of Disraeli's humour, and to transfix adversaries with arrows fallen from his full quiver.

Mr. Disraeli's Reform measure was upon the whole what one might have expected from him: its main weakness lay in the ignoring of all influence but those of intellect and book-education. Yet its basis seems to us far truer than that of Mr. Bright's scheme. It was an attempt to suggest a method of bestowing the electoral franchise according to that qualification which, visionary as its attainment may seem, is, after all, the only real one: the one which, under whatever difficulties or limitations, must still be steadily sought after,—the qualification of fitness on the part of him who receives the privilege to use it rightly. Mr. Disraeli's scheme deserves at least our sympathy, upon this ground, that it was a failure in a gallant effort to identify the holding of the franchise with a moral fitness and a personal responsibility. It set out with the determined purpose to seek after a standard of fitness. It was a failure. The standard it proposed was wholly impracticable and delusive; it confounded education with the studying in colleges and the winning of diplomas. Education in England is not yet of such a character that mere book-scholars and holders of diplomas can be fairly invested with any special political privilege. The scheme was a failure upon other grounds as well. It did very little, after all, even for those classes whom it proposed to separate into a specially privileged body. It is not desirable to endow any class of the community with a privilege, unless some clear necessity exist, or some positive benefit can be shown to result from it. It is quite as undesirable to confer upon any such class the name of a privilege, which in reality adds nothing to what they possessed in ordinary citizenship. Very few physicians, for instance, who care to exercise the franchise, are without the power to do so: though we admit, that professional education is, next to property and settled residence, a just ground for legislative capacity and responsibility; and a widening of the franchise in this direction should not wholly be lost sight of in the next electoral scheme. The fund-holding and savings'-bank-book qualifications were at least as illusory. With regard to the latter, there really was no answering the plain objection raised by Mr. Bright. We need not analyse the Bill. On the whole, we do not think the House of Commons did wrong in declining to accept it. Probably its author did not himself feel very sanguine as to the chance of its acceptance. It bore also too many evidences of having been got up, in modern legislative fashion, because there was, out of doors, a loud demand for a

measure of some kind; and those on whom the governing responsibility rested, believed they had better consent to produce something themselves, which they could concoct of a specially moderate and innocuous character, rather than leave the task to others, who might succeed in forcing forward something more extravagant and noxious. The sagacious parent is glad to tempt her child with the comparatively harmless gingerbread away from the positively dangerous knife or open window. Thus Mr. Disraeli, seeing a considerable number of persons ready to fling themselves into the abyss which Mr. Bright had opened up, was content to compromise and strive to win them back by something which seemed attractive, and was at least comparatively harmless. The result was the defeat of the ministry, and the appeal to the country.

Was there any compact with the Roman Catholic body immediately prior to that election? Any actual treaty, consigned to paper, any formal, written contract, did not of course exist. Anything of the kind was emphatically denied by the chief of the government in either House, and was indeed, without any denial, incredible to rational men. The singular phenomenon which distinguished that election, in the junction of ultramontane Catholics with extreme Conservatives and devoted Churchmen,—for it was especially the ultramontane portion of the Roman Catholic body which combined in this marvellous piece of harmony,—was partly to be accounted for by another explanation. Roman Catholics of spirit were sick of being made the playthings of Whigs,—of being caressed and cajoled when Whigs were out, and snubbed and discarded when Whigs were in. But we believe it scarcely possible to doubt that Roman Catholics were by some means led to believe, or, at least, encouraged in the belief which they entertained, that certain things would be done for their body which must depend upon the continuance of the Derby government in power. Beyond all question, influential Roman Catholics entertained and acted on such a belief. Cardinal Wiseman's manifesto was printed in all the newspapers; and that ecclesiastic, we believe, scattered still more explicit missives through private *media*. We need hardly stop to point out that if any additional relaxation and benefits to Roman Catholics were just and fair, they ought to have been granted long ago; and if they were not so, then there were surely easy means of undeceiving Roman Catholics who believed that by supporting Lord Derby they were performing their part of a bargain for the attainment of them. One of the many evil effects which this sort of paltering with principles, by whomsoever encouraged, produced, was that it revived, to some degree, in Ireland, the odious adven-

turers' trade in politics and parliamentary seats. One would have thought that this trade had exploded for ever with the Whig-appointed Lord of the Treasury, who ended his career upon Hampstead Heath, and the Whig-appointed Income Tax Commissioner who fled the country with the brand of swindler and forger publicly affixed to his name. But it bore unmistakable symptoms of re-appearance during the late general election in Ireland. There were instances in which men who had not a shilling of their own in their pockets, whose names had never before been even whispered in politics, who wore the very uniform of adventurer, found their way into the House of Commons, because they could proclaim themselves at once Roman Catholics and followers of Lord Derby. This country was not, indeed, so affected; English counties and boroughs afford in general but slight encouragement to the mere political adventurer. But if we do not say any more of the manner in which the parliamentary seat-jobbing trade was revived in Ireland during the past season, it is not because there is not more to be said; if we do not point out instances the most undeniable, it is not because such instances could not easily be pointed out.

Whatever the character of the election, we all know the result. It did not enable the late Government to continue in office. A combination—this time not even alleged to be a fortuitous concurrence—of Whigs and Radicals carried the day, and the Government was out. And then came the old names of Palmerston, Russell, Granville, Wood, &c., &c., over again. But there were some novel features this time. The list of the new Cabinet came out with at least one or two names which a very short time before no sane man would have thought of seeing in a list of office-holders headed by the name of Palmerston.

It is only of late years that Mr. Bright has stepped in front of Mr. Cobden on the political platform. In the old days of the Anti-Corn Law League, Mr. Cobden was the recognised and accepted leader. In recent agitations, which admitted less of argument, and allowed of more popular eloquence, he has undoubtedly filled a place less prominent; but he never ceased to be a man looked to with interest, and his temporary absence from Parliament seemed to every one to leave an uncomfortable blank. As a public speaker, he is not Mr. Bright's equal; and, indeed, makes no pretensions to anything which might be termed 'oratory.' But he has greater flexibility and greater adroitness; he is a closer and more patient reasoner; he scrapes away rather than hews down; he picks to pieces instead of clearing asunder. He is probably more of a statesman than his friend and rival, and, on the whole, we should think, a more formidable

enemy to an ordinary antagonist. He seems to have none of the special hatreds which, despite his peaceful persuasion, Mr. Bright appears to cherish. He does not flare up at the sight of a pensionary, his blood does not boil at the name of an aristocrat. Even his special crotchets of universal peace and entirely direct taxation he appears to have yet under control, and does not seem forced by some inward impulse to thrust them forward upon all occasions. With less strength than Mr. Bright, he has more effective working power, and more skill in subordinating his own capabilities to external circumstances and opportunities. He can seize a chance and avoid a collision more dexterously. He is better skilled in figures, and better qualified to make a small amount of knowledge go a great way. Mr. Bright, with all his talk of the practical, is not, in his own chosen path, a really practical man. The force of practicality consists not merely in striving after what can be attained, but in perceiving and abandoning that which is unattainable. This secret, despite all his Peace Society chimeras, Mr. Cobden seems to possess to a greater degree than his eloquent political coadjutor.

When Mr. Cobden, after his Huddersfield defeat, left this country for America, his career seemed for some time at least to have closed; very few people, indeed, could have been foreseeing enough to look for the change which was so near. Mr. Cobden is a shrewd man, and somewhat of a humourist. He cannot but have smiled to himself at the change in the devotion of his friends, which a few months, and an unexpected combination of circumstances, produced. When he left Liverpool for the United States, he passed out very quietly, with no flourish of trumpets or mustering of followers. His friends kept their sympathy under restraint, and were content to admire and lament in decent silence the departing and, to all appearance, extinguished politician. When he came back, he was met by a shouting band of adorers, who bore him in triumph to an hotel, where he received as many addresses as an Irish Lord-Lieutenant newly arrived, or as once upon a time used to greet a visitation from Kossuth. Mr. Cobden held a kind of extempore levée, and replied to the various tributes of sympathizing triumph in separate speeches,—speeches which, being beyond all question wholly unprepared, did great credit to his readiness, good taste, dexterity, and moderation. At the unnoticed departure, and the triumphant return, he was still the same Richard Cobden. He had not in the interval performed the slightest act to attract the attention of the public. He was not even a Cincinnatus, forced from his retirement into public eminence; for his retirement had not been voluntary.

But the secret of the difference between his departure and his return, as regarded the demeanour of his friends, was, that he had gone out a rejected and unseated candidate, and came back an elected Member, with a seat in the Cabinet waiting his acceptance, and letters from Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, soliciting the favour of his co-operation. There was, indeed, something remarkable beyond a common degree in the position he occupied. None of the rather inflated and pompously empty addresses delivered to him by the various bodies of his Liverpool admirers said one word about the peculiar and to them, we should think, most important feature of the situation. They talked of customs' duties, of direct taxation, of universal peace and unarmed neutrality; but said no word as to the novelty of a man whose prominence arose entirely from his connexion with a thoroughly democratic cause, having a seat in the Cabinet placed at his disposal.

Although Mr. Cobden did not accept the offer, we give those who made it every credit for having done so in the most entire sincerity. We feel satisfied that they desired its acceptance. Nothing could well have seemed a more urgent necessity, however disagreeable, than the devising some means to reduce the strength of the Cobden and Bright party, to take away its club, and set it to the performance of quiet domestic duties with the other members of the Happy Family. But Mr. Cobden was prompt to see the awkward figure he would have cut at the feet of the Omphale. How would the opponent of armaments and of customs' duties look when voting on all the items of Mr. Gladstone's budget? How, if the necessity arose which compelled him, upon some weighty question, to enter the lobby opposite to that into which the formidable figure of his former Patroclus sullenly stalked? Must another scene like that of Burke and Fox take place, and tears again be dropped 'upon the ashes of a friendship extinguished for ever?' Besides, what power would be in the name of Cobden, when reduced to a mere unit in a sum total of which Palmerston, Russell, and Gladstone were figures? Mr. Cobden plainly and promptly saw to what a position of insignificance, if not of anomaly, he must thus be reduced. He preferred to remain at large, and to be the Cobden of the League and the unadorned eloquence still. On the whole, we think no one has a right to blame the scruples which led his mind to this decision. Two things are obvious and certain,—that Mr. Cobden would have been politically and personally less formidable to his opponents, had he accepted office, than before; and that he has gained considerably in political and personal weight by refusing to accept it.

Mr. Cobden stands now in somewhat of a similar position to that which Mr. Bright occupied, when he stood upon the threshold of his autumnal agitation last year. The country is willing to lend an ear to anything he may say, and to put the most favourable construction upon everything. The question of war is, for the present at least, removed out of his path. In the agitation which we must probably expect upon the subject of Reform, it is open to him to play a rational and a moderating part. He must not begin his portion of the work by a general challenge to all ranks above his own. He has had the advantage of a recent inspection of American institutions, and, therefore, may possibly feel somewhat less eager for their immediate adoption in this country than Mr. Bright upon Manchester and Birmingham platforms appeared to be. He must have seen that Universal Suffrage does not necessarily mean every man really recording a free vote; that the ballot-box does not invariably secure an impenetrable mystery; and that the absence of a declared aristocracy does not quite create a perfect equality and brotherhood of rich and poor. He probably perceived that in New York there were some slight distinctions of classes, some corrupt voting, and some political jobbery still left, despite the character of their republican institutions. With the advantage of these experiences, and the forewarning of Mr. Bright's failure, we have sufficient belief in the sagacity of Mr. Cobden to think that he will act a cautious and a reasonable part. We shall look with interest to his public career for some time. He cannot, indeed, very politely take the reins of the party out of the hands of Mr. Bright, but he can at least act as a drag or moderating power. A story is told of a choleric skipper who had a very prudent mate. The former was once sailing his ship upon a course which the latter saw to be dangerous. He remonstrated again and again in vain, until at last the captain angrily ordered him to attend to his own end of the ship. He did so,—he went forward and let drop the anchor. Now this is just what Mr. Cobden may do. He cannot well, at the present time, assume the part of captain, but he may at least let drop the anchor.

The presence of Mr. Milner Gibson in the Cabinet, although by no means in the ordinary course of things, is much less a matter of surprise than that of Mr. Cobden would have been. Mr. Gibson was one of a ministry before,—of different political principles, it is true; but still it gives something of a title to office, to have previously belonged to any ministry under any circumstances. He comes, moreover, somewhat nearer to the charmed circle of aristocracy, has a fashionable repute and a

splendid establishment, and in many respects may be looked upon as the ornamental feature of the trio, whose leading and working members we have just described. Mr. Gibson was always regarded by many people as the one golden link which connected the plebeian League with aristocratic society. Personally, he is an acquisition to any ministerial body. He is a ready, fluent, argumentative, and graceful speaker; he still, we believe, retains the good feelings of his friends among the political body he quitted; and he has the manners and the thoughts of a gentleman and a scholar. But even in this instance we can scarcely think the combination likely to be a permanent one. How may a man at one time serve Palmerston and Bright? What happy chain of favouring events can bring through a session in which Mr. Gibson will never find himself placed in the very disagreeable dilemma of having to oppose either his political or his official colleagues? How will he, who has so often on the platform of the Free Trade Hall, at the annual gathering in Manchester, whimsically 'shown up' and emphatically denounced invasion panics, war movements, and increased armaments, appear upon that same platform, in a month or so, as a ministerial supporter of an augmented income-tax, having reference to all these three objectionable subjects? The presence of Mr. Charles Villiers in the Cabinet, although it may lend him some encouragement, affords him no real support: with the extinction of the Corn Laws, Mr. Villiers suffered himself to be politically extinguished. He has not been eternally before the country personally pledged, or working in constant co-operation with those who were personally pledged, to all manner of extreme opinions upon peace and war, direct taxation, aristocratic power, and the like. We do not, upon the whole, look upon the Presidency of the Board of Trade as likely to be long without a vacancy; and we look to see the trio of Cobden, Bright, and Gibson, working in harmony together before long again.

Notwithstanding the famous *bon mot* touching moderate Reform, that and no other species of Reform is what we believe the country to desire at present. Dangerous as it is not to advance with the progress of time, it is a still more fatal error to make a step too soon and too far. We see what the results have been in America. We see a system of so-called secret voting, in which no secret is kept from any one who has the slightest interest in knowing it; a popular suffrage which returns the representatives of a rabble; a political condition which is gradually banishing all real politicians and men of repute into private life. Even the boasted cheapness in the

working of their political arrangements appears, so far as election contests are concerned, no longer to exist. Mr. Layard, a short time since, gave the authority of Mr. Motley, the eminent American historian, to show that Marylebone is not, as regards expense, without rivals of increasing number among Transatlantic constituencies. Although we are not inclined to join with those who condemn American institutions and society altogether, because a great many persons who in decency ought not to do so, chew, expectorate, and have seats in Congress, we nevertheless believe America to be, beyond question, an example of a nation which has advanced too fast in politics even for those who approve of the direction her progress has taken. We must take care, that in this more manageable country no similar plunge shall be made. The present crisis of English affairs is not without some political dangers. We have arrived at a point when it is perfectly clear some measure of Reform is inevitable. Whether we dislike it or not, whether we think it needed or needless, all parties seem to have made up their minds that a Reform measure, of some sort, we must have. The struggle appears to be, which party shall have its scheme in first. Any great national or European event may stave it off for a session or so; but, should nothing of the kind occur, it is tolerably certain that this session will witness the introduction of a Government Reform Bill. There will, very likely, be some attempt to frighten the Government into what is called 'a popular Bill.' It is notorious, that the majority of our present Government is composed of men not very anxious for the peace of unofficial existence. Bright has been offended, and, like Achilles, may sulk apart, and wait an opportunity; and Cobden still hangs upon the skirts of the field, a 'free lance.' Some members of the government may, therefore, feel anxious to obtain popular support by holding out the offer of a too liberal measure of Reform. Against the dangers attending any rash concessions of this kind, all parties should be warned. They who are doubtful as to the need of Reform, should be careful not to hang too heavy a dead-weight of opposition upon the progress of any rational scheme for the amendment, rather than the lowering, of our suffrage regulations. The earnest advocates of Reform, on the other hand, should be less inordinate in their demands than their most prominent chieftain displayed himself last session; or they may find the *vis inertiae* of property and moderation changed into a more active force, which may nip off the head of the proposed scheme, and, for some sessions to come, discourage any other. And the public of England will have every right to complain if other sessions

are wasted, and useful measures deferred or ignored, because of a postponed and pending Reform scheme.

It is not within our purpose to enter into the details of what we should consider a fair measure of Reform. But there are some broad principles which may be designated. We should desire to see newly-grown constituencies of large numbers admitted to a share of representation. No one can contemplate making existing constituencies monopolists, having vested interests in a certain fixed quantity of representation which is never to be divided or extended. We should desire to see large towns, and large counties as well, somewhat more adequately represented, when compared with small boroughs. It is against all reason that Liverpool or Manchester, with their enormous population, and still more enormous commercial interests, should have no greater representation than Galway, or still more miserable Cashel; or places yet smaller, and more insignificant, which could easily be mentioned. But, at the same time, we entirely repudiate the absurd notion that mere numbers, or mere property value, should decide the weight of representation,—that London, Liverpool, Yorkshire, and a few other places, should govern the whole country through their representatives,—that if Oxford or Chester may have two members, the Tower Hamlets are, therefore, to send in representatives, not in single file, but in battalions. The scheme of dividing the whole country into electoral districts, or Mr. John Stuart Mill's idea of the representation of minorities, would be infinitely more rational and salutary than such a political condition. Think of some great national question decided by the votes of forty or fifty members for the Tower Hamlets! Imagine some municipal monopoly backed up by thirty or thirty-five members for the City of London! And imagine all this, too, under a greatly reduced and popularized franchise! It is difficult, indeed, to lay down any principle upon which to decide how far a greater weight of representation should be allowed to large constituencies without trenching upon this simple arithmetic mode of dealing with the subject; but there can be no difficulty in suggesting some reasonable adjustment of the balance, without venturing upon any positive definition to settle the abstract question. With regard to the voting privilege, we should decidedly wish to see some well-planned scheme introduced, which would more liberally bring into the possession of the franchise the educated, or self-educating, and the moral, of those classes who cannot afford, or do not find it convenient, to live in houses of the value which the law at present prescribes. Such an improvement seems to

us infinitely more desirable than a mere lowering of the franchise. We emphatically desire to see any extension of the franchise which may take place based upon something else than a lowered household qualification. Nor does it seem by any means clear, even after the failure of Mr. Disraeli's Bill, that there might not be a successful effort made to connect something like a qualification of personal fitness with the possession of the elective franchise. In any scheme to be introduced, we should hope to see amendment aimed at rather than alteration. We think a little reasonable improvement would save the cost, the trouble, and the danger of reformation.

We have unquestionably some securities against an extravagant measure of Reform. We have a ministry in power whose promises are proverbially a good deal more liberal than their performances. Some security for the nerves of timid people may even be found in the political character and history of Lord John Russell. Although an accepted champion of Reform, Lord John Russell deals with that question as with most others. He does not seem very eager to bring it to a happy conclusion. He appears, indeed, to have an especial genius for marring schemes when their authors look with particular confidence to his support for their success. Nor is he popular now with the great body of reformers out of doors,—especially out of London. The truth is, that most people of late have been forced into a want of faith in Lord John Russell's steadfastness of purpose. They remember how he encourages and eulogizes Roman Catholics when out of office, and writes of the 'mummeries of superstition' when in; and how he foments Radicalism up to a certain point, only to congeal it again by a nipping frostiness. He has acquired a name for popular championship which mystifies and awes uninquiring people; and like the French King who passed for a tall man all his life, and was only estimated at his real height when actually measured after his death, it is only when Lord John Russell's career comes to be summed up as a whole, that men will find what a small fund of actual achievement, in any popular cause, his lordship contrived to put out at such high interest, that it maintained him during a long political existence. A peroration about our constitution and civil and religious liberty, an allusion to Hampden or Russell, seem to have served the descendant of the latter in the same stead as did the magical '*Pax vobiscum*' the pretended friar in *Ivanhoe*, carrying him unquestioned and undiscovered through every difficulty. Of late, however, signs of distrust have evinced themselves on the part of the general body of Radicals and Reformers. During the present autumn, his lordship has been

endeavouring to revive his personal popularity. He made his appearance in various parts of England, spoke at popular meetings in Manchester and Liverpool, side by side with Brougham and Shaftesbury, and appeared to have determined to open up for himself a new political career just when to many eyes his influence seemed upon the verge of disappearing. It is possible, therefore, that had the cry for extreme Reform been influential and general, he might have adopted it as his battle call: but, under present circumstances, nothing is less likely than that he will imperil his position by a too forward step on behalf of a party which is unable to prop him up in case of a stumble, or replace him in the event of a fall. It will be interesting to observe how far the two chiefs of the Cabinet will agree upon this question of Reform. Lord Palmerston, at least, is surely no ardent reformer, and is especially out of favour with the leaders of the extreme party. Possibly, if that party were a stronger one, it might form a portion of Lord John Russell's calculations to consider what chance an alliance with it might afford him of uplifting the weak in his own person, and lowering the proud in that of his colleagues. He will not, however, under present circumstances, quarrel for the sake of such a party; although we cannot help believing that the two leaders of our Government are in much the same frame of mind towards each other as were Le Sage's limping demon and his brother spirits, who shook hands, vowed reconciliation, and became mortal enemies ever after.

Neither can extreme reformers have much hope from Mr. Gladstone, the brilliant and unreliable Halifax of his day, who, as soon as a question becomes popular, immediately begins to see all the objections which can possibly be urged against it. The spirit of contradiction is strong in Mr. Gladstone, and he has his other faults and his oddities: but upon the whole we believe that a more conscientious statesman does not live. His very indecisions and frequent veerings only come from a scrupulous and keen-edged anxiety to look at every side of every question. Where another man sees but one side and one set of arguments, and so makes up his mind at once, Mr. Gladstone is always endeavouring to get yet another glance from another point of view, and to try the soundness of his opinion by new and varying tests. His very style of speaking betrays this peculiarity. With all his unrivalled fluency, he is anything but a dashing or even an inspiring speaker. His fluency is of words chiefly, and very often rapidity of language is but used to cover slowness of decision. These amazing and bewildering convolutions of words are adopted very often

but to allow the orator time to go round and round the subject, and to enable him to anticipate all possible objections which may arise against the argument he is expounding. This peculiarity alone, even if the higher qualities of imagination or even fancy were not absent, would prevent him, with all his eloquence, from ever being ranked as a great orator. You may convict Disraeli or Bright far oftener of a paradox or an absurdity: but either Disraeli or Bright can drive a telling argument more vigorously to its mark. Mr. Gladstone might be a greater leader of opinion and intellect if he looked more often outside the walls of the House of Commons. His very thoughts seem framed under the dominion of the Speaker. Some one expressed a doubt whether in his work on Homer he would not make Hector allude to Achilles as 'the honourable gentleman, the leader of the opposition.' With all his great reading, his extensive financial knowledge, his incomparable fluency, he will leave few relics for posterity to treasure up. Short of the highest lift of genius, promptitude of decision alone gives character its full effect: and Mr. Gladstone has neither quality. Talents of the most brilliant order, acquirements of the most varied character, he possesses; but that one spark which men call genius we believe to be wanting to him. For the complete union of conscience and genius, which ennobles statesmanship and makes it undying in its influence, we must not look to any living parliamentary leader.

Mr. Gladstone is far too cautious to lend his aid to any but the most moderate measure of Reform. Indeed, the more popular such a topic becomes, the less chance it has of favour in his eyes. Slightly characteristic of his turn of mind was the one word of defence, which, during the late Reform debate, he alone uttered on behalf of the reprobated pocket boroughs. When every one else gave up the point as hopeless, it began to occur to him, that, after all, there was something to be said in favour of the condemned object. Small pocket boroughs had returned Edmund Burke and other men of similar stamp, whom large free constituencies had rejected. The patron of a pocket borough may be able to appreciate the genius and virtue of a man whom a mere rabble of free voters could not understand. Some places then ought to be reserved where intellect and character, without popular support or commercial influence, can find a refuge. But the growth of education, and the spread of morals and religion, make the need of such questionable refuges for genius and merit grow less and less with every year. We can in our own days recall no instance in which a man of abilities and high character perseveringly sought a seat in Parliament and did

not succeed in obtaining it by the suffrage of some free constituency. And even in our own days we can recall instances enough in which the patron of a pocket borough sent into Parliament men whom it was as unbecoming in a constituency to accept, as it was discreditable in the people of Bristol to reject the wisdom and the character of Edmund Burke. The fallacy of the defence set up by Mr. Gladstone is so transparent that it does not need refutation, and only deserves to be mentioned at all as illustrating that minister's turn of mind, and indicating what slight chances of support his presence in the Cabinet lends to the immoderate advocates of Reform.

In this position, then, we stand, as regards the question of parliamentary Reform. No party objects to a moderate and reasonable measure upon the subject. No party of any real weight or influence will submit to any other. All parties are agreed in desiring that the matter may be settled as promptly as possible, and removed out of the way of other and pressing subjects of consideration. No obstruction, therefore, is likely to arise in the way of its early and satisfactory settlement, unless it come from that small body of politicians who are inclined to demand what cannot in reason be conceded. That party cannot be too earnestly warned and advised to be prudent, modest, and, we must add, conscientious. By immoderate effort, they cannot succeed,—they can only embarrass and frustrate. They cannot even get up, or at least sustain, a formidable agitation. We have full security against any such inconvenient visitation, in the well-tried moderation and good sense of the English people. They have been many times recently invited to agitation by the ablest democrats, and they have never entered largely upon any path of the kind, where the end was not clearly defined, the necessity imperative, the test of progress palpable and sure. The great Anti-Corn Law agitation flourished and succeeded, because it possessed all these requisites. The Chartist agitation in England, and the Repeal agitation in Ireland, died out for want of them. In the Chartist movement, there was much which, probably, in any other nation where politics interest the people, except England alone, would be found to captivate and carry away great masses even of partly educated men. In England, it took but a transient hold even of the working classes, and at present may be said to have shaded away into a mere bodiless abstraction. In politics, as in philosophy, Englishmen are impatient of any undertaking which does not admit of steady testing as we go along. Last autumn emphatically proved this, despite the popular eloquence of Mr. Bright, and the peculiar circumstances of interest which centred round his re-appearance

in politics. He could not work up anything like the agitation of old days. People crowded to hear him, and were excited by his vehement eloquence, or amused by his broadly humorous ridicule of his opponents: but no one appeared to take any eager interest in the agitation upon the Reform question, which he endeavoured to initiate. All that he could effect was, to get up such a degree of stir and confusion, as led to the waste of a session which ought to have been active in work, and valuable in results. Since then, grave and heavily-charged events have interposed, which call away the attention of Englishmen from mere agitation, with a voice louder and stronger than that of any popular leader. There is not, therefore, any cause to fear that the English people will allow themselves to be hurried into any extravagant demand for a change in our representative system. But, although it may not be found possible to arouse any national agitation upon the question of Reform, it is fatally easy to waste session after session upon it, to postpone positive and useful measures of domestic improvement, to keep a door open through which professional politicians and professional malcontents may emerge into a temporary prominence and influence. Unreasonable demands on the part of extreme reformers, if they can do nothing else, can at least effect this much; and thus frustrate any realization of any portion of those amendments in our electoral arrangements which, if they are sincere in their professions, they must desire to see introduced. On the other hand, those who have influence in the promotion of legislation, should remember that the very moderation of the people of England on this subject gives them but a better title to have any reasonable demand of theirs conceded without undue delay. It is quite time that this Reform question should be set at rest. For years past we have had it incessantly talked of, inconveniently arising, and unexpectedly disappearing, to arise again. For years to come, if something definite be not done, we shall be vexed with the same eternal iteration, eternal disappearance and reappearance. Nothing can be more uncomfortable and unprofitable, to say the least of it, than to have a thing, which must be arranged at last, hanging unsettled over our heads. We must, therefore, express a hope that at the earliest possible period some scheme may be devised which will meet the views of those who are moderate in their hopes, and take at least the principal argument out of the mouths of those to whom moderation upon any subject is odious. The people of England, who belong to no party, will have very good right indeed to complain if this be made any longer a mere party question; a false key, by which to open the doors of office; a ball, which rival players

contend to see which can throw the farthest. Less of party feeling, and more of principle, may well be desired in the legislative body of the country. It must be allowed that the progress of the parliamentary body has scarcely kept pace with that of the nation. Within the last century almost every great philanthropic and educational institution of which England can boast has sprung up. Within the last century popular education has become a demand, and has begun to be a reality. Within the last century the thought of reforming rather than punishing incipient criminality has grown to be the parent of some of our noblest public institutions. Within the last century political economy has become a recognised, taught, and practised science. The plebeian of to-day occupies a position, in regard to enlightenment and civilization, which the patrician of a century back could scarcely have understood. Have the character and spirit of our parliamentary legislation advanced relatively with the progress of the nation? We still can discern but little of conscientiousness and principle animating and guiding the struggles of parties. The ultimate object of a measure is far less thought of than its immediate political effect. Legislators sometimes speak as if all moral right or wrong were summed up and bounded by the putting out of Lord Derby, or the putting in of Lord John. A rejected measure affords ground for triumph, not because it must ultimately have proved an idle failure or an active curse, but because it disappointed this party, and served the other. Nine-tenths of the speeches made upon great questions in the House of Commons wind up with some flourishing allusion to the happiness and the progress of this great and enlightened nation; and nothing seems less to actuate nine-tenths of the speakers in their partisan characters than the real progress and welfare of the people upon whose name so many fine sentences are balanced. The immense amount of talk, and infinitesimal proportion of movement, which characterize the House of Commons, have been made of late the theme of much ridicule and complaint; but the preponderance of partisanship over principle displayed in parliamentary debates and struggles deserves still more condemnation and satire. What is the talk of the House? What forms the parliamentary gossip of the clubs? Is it how such a measure will serve the real interests of the country, or how it will affect the ruling and the opposing factions in the House? Members of Parliament very often seem to forget that there is a country which they are governing, except indeed when they have to appeal to it in the event of a general election. They sometimes seem to look upon the English nation as a machine constructed for the purpose of

electing Members, in order that the Members may vote for certain parties; and that to have a House of Commons debating and dividing, putting in and putting out, is the one great end of modern civilization in England. What, after all, has the House of Commons done of late years for England, compared with what active, earnest, conscientious workers out of doors have done? To what efforts, if not to those of volunteers out of Parliament and unaided by it, do we owe the great majority of the noble philanthropic, charitable, and educational institutions which, more than her commerce and her intellect, make England distinguished among nations? While Members of Parliament are talking incessantly about one lord coming in and another lord going out, and deporting themselves as if outside the party of either nobleman there did not lie the whole people of England, other men out of doors have been working long, earnestly, unceasingly, and quietly, for that national welfare of which it is so much the fashion of the House of Commons merely to talk. The people of England want the active, animating presence of conscience and principle made more clearly manifest in their House of Commons. They are not vexed by any sentimental desire for a millennium made happy by the total extinction of party, well knowing, as Mr. Disraeli pointed out in a speech at a public meeting not long since, that to the existence of opposing parties the nation is indebted for the progressive character of its institutions, and their adaptability to its growing requirements. They believe the existence of party to be necessary, as the presence of counsel on either side is needful in a civil or criminal cause, just because human intelligence can suggest no surer means of getting the fullest measure of truth than by placing opposing interests at work to discover it. But the client soon feels the result, where the advocate thinks mainly of his own interest and his own success; and the country before long begins to discover when the representatives forget, in the interests of party, the real business and welfare of the nation. This Reform question could, beyond all contradiction, have been settled long ago, if it had not been used merely as the weapon of those who are out of office, and the terror of those who are in. So long as it is used for such purposes, nothing but vexation and waste of time can be expected. If it be viewed upon its own merits; if the interest of the country be preferred to the triumph of a party; if extreme reformers will abandon what is unattainable as well as unreasonable, and anti-reformers recognise what is unavoidable as well as just; we can see no insuperable difficulty in the way of a speedy and satisfactory settlement of the question.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

On Liberty. By John Stuart Mill. Parker and Sons. 1859.—The title of this interesting book requires a word of explanation. It is not a treatise on the liberty of the will as opposed to the dogma of necessity, or on political liberty in so far as it affects the relations of subjects and rulers; but rather on social liberty, or the freedom of the individual from the tyranny of society. Mr. Mill thinks that in contending for self-government, civilized nations have generally secured themselves from the despotism of rulers; but that they have acquiesced in a slavery not less pernicious, the government of each by all the rest. In regard to opinion and conduct he considers that men are too much controlled by the likings and dislikings of society; and he therefore undertakes to inquire whether mankind has any right to interfere with the actions of individuals, and what are the limits within which this power may lawfully exert itself.

This question is, of course, as old as the constitution of society itself, but it is treated by Mr. Mill in a manner which will fully justify a renewal of the discussion. Starting with the general principle, 'that the sole end for which mankind are justified individually and collectively in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number is self-protection,' he proceeds first to investigate the right of the individual to freedom of thought and discussion. Under this head he shows not only the abstract injustice of any attempt to silence opinions, but also the evil of such a course in regard to the formation of opinion itself. If the heretical doctrine happen to be a true one, he shows that persecution and discouragement do not, as is often supposed, cause it to flourish. History teems with instances of truth put down by persecution. Social intolerance, though it does not take away men's lives, often silences and humbles the holders of right opinions, or induces men to disguise them. He points attention to the effect of a tyrannous public opinion in forcing able and thoughtful men of our own day into a course of practical dishonesty; causing them to fit as much as they can of their convictions to premises which they have

internally renounced. He shows that a silenced opinion, even if not wholly true, has probably some elements of truth in it, and that nothing but discussion can bring these elements to light. But even on the hypothesis that a given tenet is demonstrably false, Mr. Mill argues that the same liberty of stating and propagating it ought to be allowed. Criticism and constant attack are needed in order to preserve to truth its due vitality. All truths are apt to become dead formulas and dogmas in the absence of attempts to confute them. Men hold opinions, but do not know what they hold, and so hold them to no practical purpose, unless they know what is to be said on the other side. All true conviction is the result of a just balance of evidence, of estimating the worth of all the reasoning which can be adduced in opposition to the current belief. The fatal tendency of mankind to leave off thinking about a thing when it is no longer doubtful, is the source of half their errors. All truth requires opposition, free discussion, and the unsparing exposure of its weak points, in order to give it any real potency and value in the minds of men. Hence the publication of heretical opinion, even when wholly false, does good, as it helps to illustrate the real character of the orthodox belief, and raises it from the position of a traditional prejudice to that of a lively faith.

There is in all this an undoubted truth, but it is not the whole truth. Mr. Mill assumes throughout, that an opinion, the ground of which has never been investigated, is wholly worthless. He thinks that every man needs to know all that can be said against an opinion before he adopts it. If all men were thinkers and students, this might be in a great measure true. If all were qualified alike to weigh conflicting testimony and to decide upon its value, the argument would be unanswerable. If the alternative were a groundless belief on the one hand, against a thoughtful and rational one on the other, there would be no question as to the preference. But Mr. Mill must know that this is not the true issue. Practically, the alternative, in a vast number of cases, is an unverified conviction against no conviction at all. How many thousands of people are there in England disqualified, by the habit of their minds, by education, and by the pressure of daily toil, for the task of reasoning and investigating evidence, who yet hold a creed and an ethical code, on which they shape their lives, and rest their hopes for eternity! They could not analyse their opinions nor defend them; but these opinions control their conduct, are a constant check upon wrong-doing, and a constant incentive to what is right. To challenge the ground of these opinions, would simply be to bewilder and to distress their possessors. We do not say that this is a noble or a lofty state of mind, but it is the inevitable condition of thousands, and should not be overlooked by those who maintain that the propagation of erroneous doctrine is an unmixed good. The truth is, that intellectual independence, however theoretically desirable, is practically unattainable in the vast majority of cases. Men absorbed in the struggle for the means of existence, and unused to the effort of reasoning, *must* exercise confidence in the judgment of others. And

the spirit which leads them to look up for guidance to what they feel is loftier and wiser than themselves, is, on the whole, a right one. To present logical puzzles to such persons, in the hope that they will unravel them,—to put truth and falsehood before them, in the hope that they will discern the beauty of the one, and the unsoundness of the other,—is to assume the existence of a power they do not possess. In obtruding upon them the statement of what is false, we simply unsettle their faith in what is true. We take away from them something which they feel to be very precious, and we give them nothing in exchange.

Mr. Mill's second chapter is on 'Individuality as an Element of Well-being;' and in this it is argued, that the independent development of a man's own character, the entire freedom of his acts and judgment, furnish the best possible safeguard for his own happiness, and for individual and social progress. Conformity to custom, Mr. Mill argues, does not educate a man, it only degrades him. His perception, his desires, his impulses, his whole character, need to be spontaneously developed. Whatever checks the growth of these, whether it be the tyranny of law, the hard restraints of custom, the pressure of authority, or the habit of frowning at eccentricity, is simply mischievous. Spontaneity of action, and originality of mind, are too often felt to be troublesome things; unoriginal minds cannot appreciate their value; yet they are at the root of all the wise and noble movements in the world. Nothing great ever springs from the multitude. Public opinion is the average opinion of society, and that average must always be low. It can never be more than collective mediocrity. In limiting our aims to that standard we neglect the use of our higher faculties: we consign ourselves to voluntary degradation.

There are few who will deny the truth of these things; few who cannot see around them evidences of the careless way in which people allow society to impose rules of thinking upon them; opinions caught like a fever, by breathing the air in which they are generally held; conclusions hastily adopted on the authority of a favourite newspaper or other oracle, without examination and without thought. Yet here again the whole force of the argument does not lie on one side. Society does often crush or, at least, discourage individual efforts of thought, and so far we may cheerfully admit that it acts injuriously; but in regard to matters of conduct, the action of the collective opinion of society on its individual members is, on the whole, beneficial. In dress, furniture, and living, the tyranny of fashion, though as potent as it is capricious, does little either of good or harm: it is scarcely worth attacking. But, as far as moral conduct is concerned, when public opinion causes men to do what they would otherwise avoid, or to avoid what their own private interests would lead them to do, it more often does good than harm. In the long run the standard of conventional morality, though far from a high one, is higher than would be reached if each member of the community acted independently of its control. The restraints of social custom are felt by most of us to be useful rather than otherwise. Of course we all know of cases in which eccen-

tric goodness or lofty charity has been misunderstood by the world ; but these cases are rare. Nonconformity in opinion may often indicate intellectual superiority ; but nonconformity in practice seldom marks moral superiority. Individuals gain more than they lose, both of happiness and worthiness, by subjecting themselves to the moral standard of an ordinarily enlightened and civilized community.

The tone of this portion of Mr. Mill's book is especially melancholy. He regards the fact that so few dare to be eccentric, as the chief danger of our time. He perceives in the whole tendency of modern society evidences of the steady growth of this danger. Circumstances, he says, are becoming more assimilated. Men are conforming daily with more and more complacency to a medium standard. They desire nothing strongly. There is no outlet for individual energy, except business. We are verging towards the Chinese type of civilization,—a dead and heartless uniformity. Men look with increasing jealousy and disfavour on all that is spontaneous, eccentric, or out of the beaten track.—His whole chapter may be considered as an amplification of a single passage in *Locksley Hall* :—

' Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.'

In spite, however, of the high authority of Tennyson and Mr. Mill, we doubt the fact. That there is always a sad lack of individual effort, and of men who feel their own responsibility as intellectual and moral beings, is too true ; and that this is always especially evident and peculiarly painful to the most highly gifted men, we may well admit ; but we deny that our own age is a remarkable illustration of this tendency. Signs of health and force in our literature are too abundant,—the freedom with which heretical opinions are expressed, and the readiness with which they are welcomed by the world, are too marked,—to allow us to admit this. In religion, in politics, in literature, in social life, the principle of authority and of respect for ancient traditions and beaten paths is clearly not increasing in power among us. We believe that, on the contrary, there never was an age characterized by greater independence of thought, and by a freer criticism of established truths. Can Mr. Mill refer to any era in our past history, in which his own book, for example, would have found so wide a circle of readers, or a warmer and more generous appreciation ?

Perhaps the most striking proof that the author's tone of despondency is not justified by facts, is to be found in the chapter of his work in which he applies his general principles to practice, and to special features both of legislation and custom. In regard to such subjects as the liberty of the press, compulsory education, laws restricting the sale of poisons, drunkenness, the taxing of stimulants, licensing, the action of the State in great public works, &c., the conclusions of the philosopher are so nearly in accord with the actual legislation of the last few years, that little room is left for complaint. Mr. Mill lays down with great precision the limits of State control in such matters, and rightly concludes that the aim of all legislation is to secure the greatest possible dissemination of power, consistent with

efficiency, and at the same time the greatest centralization of information, with a view to its wide diffusion. In discussing the limits to the authority of society over the individual, and seeking to exclude from that authority every act and quality which is self-regarding, and does not involve the interests of society, we think his zeal for liberty has led him into error. No act is entirely self-regarding: no moral quality is limited in its action to the sphere of its possessor's own history and doings. Idleness, ignorance, impurity, recklessness, are almost as mischievous to a man's connexions as to himself. All vices are, more or less, crimes; and society has an interest, over and above that of mere self-defence, in the conduct of every one of its members. If, by any arrangement of society, the purity, and holiness, and best interests of the units composing it can be promoted, such an arrangement becomes lawful, whether it infringes upon the 'self-regarding' province or not. The feeling of responsibility to society, though a needless restraint upon the man of high character and noble instincts, is a great safeguard to the average man. We cannot, therefore, afford to weaken it.

Mr. Mill insists on a rigid limitation of the sphere of government, as the only means of restraining the tyranny of the majority, and of giving due scope to individual and social enterprise. He looks upon the State as the mere umpire of society, whose function it is to repress all deeds of violence and wrong, and otherwise to maintain a strictly negative and neutral character. He holds that the machinery of government cannot safely or justly be employed to secure any supposed advantage of a positive nature for the community at large. We have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Mill has gone too far in this unqualified assertion. When the treatise of M. Wilhelm von Humboldt, contending for the same principle, was published by Mr. Chapman, we demurred to the adoption of a theory so fallacious and impracticable; and we are still convinced of its unsoundness. It is true that social harmony and progress cannot better be promoted than by keeping steadily in view that great maxim which defines civil liberty to be 'the greatest amount of individual freedom which is consistent with the equal liberty of all;' but this leaves the question where it was; for without *some* restriction of personal liberty, how are the illustrious and the good to be protected from evils generated by the idle and the profligate? In many cases, it must be taken for granted that the majority is able to decide for the community at large. It is confessedly so in measures of public justice; it is so in all that relates to the public health. Nor is the business of the State rightly limited to the material interests of the people. Is no nuisance to be repressed but that which offends our bodily senses? Is the State to do nothing for the *prevention*, but only for the *punishment*, of crime? The fact is that no member of society can be free to the extent demanded by our author; for order is the first step to liberty, and the very nature of the civil compact imposes a limitation of personal freedom. It is well to provide for the development of individual character; but the very necessity of government might serve to remind us that all

men do not develope into good and harmless citizens. In society no man lives to himself; and felony is not the only ground upon which we may require our neighbour's liberty of action to be controlled. We have an interest in the conduct of the merest vagabond. We must compel him to work, or maintain him as a pauper. Nay, who shall say that we may not instruct the young outcast in the first elements of morality and religion? If it be lawful to bias his mind in favour of arithmetic and grammar, and to teach him that 2 and 2 make 4, is society less concerned in urging upon his conscience, by all sanctions, human and Divine, the weight of that injunction, 'Thou shalt not steal?'

We have thought it necessary to take exception to several of the statements and theories of this book; but we regard it nevertheless as a most suggestive and valuable one, and one which is worthy of the high reputation which Mr. Mill has achieved in the department of pure science as well as in that of practical economics. Since the *Areopagitica* of Milton, our language has produced no nobler or more eloquent vindication of the right of free discussion than that which is contained in Mr. Mill's first chapter. We can only regret that a book so right in its spirit and general tone, and affording such high evidences of the author's thoughtfulness and ability, should be marred by what appear to us such great defects in the practical application of its principles.

The Essentials of Philosophy. By the Rev. George Jamieson, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1859.—The author of *The Essentials of Philosophy* eschews the simple, exact, and luminous diction of Reid, Stewart, Mackintosh, and others, who have made their country famous in the walks of metaphysical literature, and adopts a vacillating and indeterminate nomenclature, which, the more it is read, the more bewildering and inexplicable it becomes. In exhibiting first principles especially, the most rigorous precision of language should be studied; but, in this volume, there is scarcely a definition which does not require to be defined in order to make the writer's meaning intelligible. For example, we have in the preface this enou '*Condition, with its form, is the measure of force; Affinity the exciter of force; and Relation the law or regulator of force.*' It is next to impossible to perceive at once what are the thoughts which this formula symbolizes. As we advance, the haziness partially clears away, and we have some dim conception of what Mr. Jamieson would have us understand: but it is inconvenient to read English, as we read Hebrew, backwards, and it is more agreeable to walk in sunshine than in fog. And yet the extract which we have given contains the essence of *The Essentials of Philosophy*. 'It is, indeed,' says the writer, 'in the application of this principle to the sphere of mind, that the author believes he has achieved his highest triumph.'

Before we had reached the end of the preface, we found that Mr. Jamieson had had a fierce conflict with that 'monster evil,' an '*a priori* or transcendental Ego;' that, in his opinion, he had completely driven it from the domain of philosophy; and that by such

an accomplishment he felt that he had done 'some service to the cause of truth.' We confess that our curiosity was not a little stirred by this pedantic flourish, and we were anxious to ascertain how a writer who ignores an *à priori* *Ego* would construct a system of metaphysics. In book iv., chapter iii., this question is very elaborately discussed; and, under a section headed, 'The Constitution and Formation of the *Ego*,' we have, instead of the 'monster evil,' an 'intellectual personality,' whose wonderful genesis is as follows:—'Having laid down the principle of a junction of soul-substance, as possessing the quality of intellectualism, with a certain quality of cerebral substance in the varied composition of the brain; and holding said intellectual substance to be in itself otherwise unconditioned, yet receptive of the representations transmitted from physical conditions, we are thus able to account for the origin of the intellectual personality.' (Page 171.) In an appendix, consisting of strictures on Berkeley's *Principles of Human Knowledge*, we have a further deliverance on the origin of the *Ego*. 'We do not admit,' says Mr. Jamieson, 'that the soul or *Ego* has the inherent capacity of jostling ideas, as "unthinking things," in every possible direction: in fact, it is only when built up with ideas, as conditioned forms, that it, properly speaking, becomes a soul or *Ego*.' (Page 243.) And is this the *thing* which, in a volume on *The Essentials of Philosophy*, we are gravely asked to substitute for an *à priori* or transcendental *Ego*? a hybrid springing out of a junction of soul-substance and cerebral-substance! a soul which has no inherent capacity of jostling ideas! an *Ego* which is built up with conditioned forms! *Risum teneatis, amici?*

Whatever qualifications Mr. Jamieson may lack as a writer on philosophy, he is by no means short of courage. His Introduction to *The Essentials* is devoted to 'The Logical Proof of an External World;' he is aware that no such proof 'has been yet achieved;' but, before he has reached the end of the eighth page of his essay, he says, 'Our proof of an external world we believe to be complete.' As our notice of this volume must necessarily be brief, we shall limit ourselves to the examination of this 'proof.' If we should arrive at the same conclusion as the author, we shall hail his production as a novel, if not a useful, contribution to philosophy.

Prop. 1. '*There is such a phenomenon as consciousness.*' Granted. Prop. 2. '*Consciousness must be the phenomenon of a substantial element.*' True: but where is the force of this 'must be' on Mr. Jamieson's empirical principles? It must be, because the structure and laws of our intelligent nature compel us to believe that there cannot be an effect without a cause; that wherever there is consciousness, there must be a substantial element in which consciousness inheres. Prop. 3. '*There is no cognizable phenomenon of intellect, which is not presented under the category of consciousness.*' No one, we presume, will be disposed to dispute this. Prop. 4. '*Consciousness is from time to time suspended.*' This is, of course, a mere assumption, and any formal proof of it would be self-annihilating, inasmuch

as a consciousness of unconsciousness is a contradiction in terms; it is 'no cognizable phenomenon of intellect.' Mr. Jamieson says of Prop. 4, 'This proposition will not be contested.' Plato, Descartes, Malebranche, and M. Jouffroy have contested it; and that, too, in arguments which to us are most convincing. In fact, we do not believe in the possibility of unconsciousness. Prop. 5. '*The suspension of consciousness does not interfere with the existence of intellect regarded as a substantial reality. Of this we are unmistakeably assured.*' Verily so; but we strongly suspect that any analysis of that assurance, on the author's principles, would scatter it to the winds. It is only in the *a priori* and permanent laws of our intelligent nature that we can discover any firm foundation for our belief in the unchangeableness of that 'substantial reality' which preserves its identity amid the ever fluctuating states of consciousness. Prop. 6. '*Intellect, as the subject of suspended consciousness, must, in order to the restoration of consciousness, of necessity either arouse itself into conscious activity, or be aroused by something out of itself.*' In the alternative here presented, Mr. Jamieson denies the former and affirms the latter, and regards this as the turning-point of his demonstration. The author never dreams perhaps except when he is writing on the 'Essentials of Philosophy;' or, he would know from experience that it is quite possible for intellect to 'arouse itself into conscious activity;' but, admitting for a moment that it cannot so arouse itself, and that it must be aroused by something out of itself, it will still remain to be proved that that something is not mental, and that it must be material. Prop. 7. '*The influence out of itself, by which intellect is aroused to consciousness, can be ascribed to ideas only, with which intellect alone is immediately conversant. That intellect is directly and practically conversant with ideas, and with ideas only, cannot be successfully disputed.*' So Mr. Jamieson thinks, but we demur. In our judgment, Dr. Reid and Sir W. Hamilton have not only disputed, but for ever exploded, this antiquated notion, the stronghold of Pyrrhonism; and have demonstrated, by the most subtle and profound analysis, that the affirmations of consciousness assure us of an *immediate perception* of the material world, in, at least, its primary qualities. Prop. 8. '*Ideas must needs be conditioned forms emanating from, and representative of, the facts of an external world.*' Prop. 9. '*The conditions of the external world, and their forms, must be what they are directly represented to our consciousness, by the ideas descriptive of the same.*' We have already indicated our rejection of the author's theory of ideas, and we cannot, therefore, accept his 'Logical Proof of an External World;' but, even if we admitted that theory, where are the vouchers for the objective realities which those ideas represent? It was precisely for the want of such vouchers that Berkeley, on the one hand, contended against the existence of matter, and that Hume, on the other hand, contended against the existence of mind. On a careful and candid review of this 'Proof,' as well in regard to its *matter* as to its *form*, we do not hesitate to pronounce it a signal and utter failure; and the only advantage

that it yields is, a fresh illustration of the folly of appealing from the intuitional to the logical consciousness, in support of those primary beliefs which cling to our reason, and which are inherent in our being.

Christian Errors Infidel Arguments: or, Seven Dialogues Suggested by the Burnett Treatises, the Evangelical Alliance Prize Essay, and other Apologetics. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot. 1857.—We ought to have noticed this suggestive little book earlier; for it contains much that is calculated to be useful to the Christian apologist, along with some very glaring exaggerations, and a by no means unimportant amount of *Christian errors*.

To begin with the title, we must protest against the incorrect use of the word *apologetic*, which is creeping into fashion in both France and England. It is used as if it were synonymous with, and a substitute for, *apology*, which is the proper English word, and is as old as good Bishop Jewel. Apologetics is a term of German invention for the science of apologies, and to apply it as is done vulgarly amongst us is as great a solecism as if we were to confound a treatise on homiletics with a sermon.

We cheerfully assent to the observation with which the author sets out, that no power ever rises up in conflict with vital Christianity so well calculated to sift and purify it as infidelity in its various forms. Pagan and Mahometan persecution develop the faith and patience of the Christian martyr; but in an intellectual point of view the contest remains too unequal to serve to elucidate and define truth. Infidelity, on the other hand, considered as a power of resistance, a resolute determination to repudiate every belief that cannot be substantiated, forces Christians to take cognizance of every weakness that may be in their defences, every flaw in their weapons, and sends them to their real strongholds. We would also earnestly commend to the notice of every one who has to deal with infidels, or has to help to confirm the faith of the wavering, the remarks upon the prominence which apologists should give to the practical evidences of Christianity; by which the author means 'those which are within the reach of every man, independently of learning and recondite argument.' We would even go further than he has done, and pronounce those practical evidences to be also the most truly scientific. As the immortal Pascal has shown, it is this order of demonstration which really reaches the heart of the controversy; and it is this which makes the faith of the poorest and most illiterate believer, to be neither blind nor unintelligent. As regards the historical evidence of the authenticity of the Scriptures, he is dependent upon others for the results of a process which he cannot verify, just as he is dependent upon astronomers for the corrections of the kalendar; but he needs the testimony of no eyes but his own to demonstrate the existence of the sun in the heavens.

The author expresses himself unadvisedly, when he apparently denies that the atonement is in any sense a mystery; but the general tendency of the dialogue entitled 'Mystery and Contradiction' is a healthy one. Some modern writers have fallen into a most mischievous and erroneous extreme, not allowing the ways of God to have anything whatever to

do with the moral principles recognised by the human conscience ; as if mercy, truth, justice, in His dealings with us, were necessarily unlike in kind to the same graces as exhibited and understood among men. Most assuredly, it is right to say, that the Divine wisdom, love, and righteousness are more conspicuously displayed in the atonement than anywhere else ; and that this very display of our God's perfections, instead of being a something wholly unintelligible, is the fittest means for working upon men's obdurate hearts, and winning them back to their heavenly Father. We might refer to that excellent little book, *The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation*, published by the Tract Society, to prove this proposition ; but there is a higher authority for it. When St. Paul exclaims, 'O, the depth,'... it is a cry of *intelligent* admiration ; he had just unfolded the wonders that call forth his adoration. He tells us again of his message, that it commended itself 'to every man's conscience in the sight of God.' He ever displays the consciousness that there was that in the Gospel itself that addressed itself to the heart and conscience of the sincere inquirer, altogether irrespectively of any previous prejudice in favour of the authority of the messenger.

Most of the dialogue upon knowledge and belief equally merits our cordial approbation. There is a great deal of current declamation about human reason which is only applicable to philosophies that are falsely so called, that can no more pretend to represent reason than erroneous interpretations represent Scripture. 'Infidelity,' says our author with justice, 'is far more frequently the cause of a false philosophy, than a false philosophy the cause of infidelity.' Moreover, the perverted use of reason would hardly do minds so much harm, if its right use were not proper to do them good. 'There is an implicit, undeveloped metaphysic or philosophy in every man's mind ; and if it be not the true, it is a false philosophy.'

The worldly philosopher, on the other hand, is but too willing to keep out of sight of religious questions. He professes to pursue truth in all departments, to study facts of every order ; nothing is 'removed from the field of science by its remoteness in space, or by its distance in time, by the minuteness of its object, or by the difficulty of its explanation ;' and yet he avoids the domain of truth in the highest of all spheres, 'as sailors keep clear of a sunken rock.' Upon those great facts of redemption that bear upon our eternal destiny, he is as silent as if they were matters with which reason had nothing to do. The mediæval sophist neglected or mystified the facts of nature, by summarily submitting them to the *à priori* judgment of theological dogmatists ; the modern sophist rushes to the equally foolish and more fatal extreme of making science the providence of life, neglecting or nullifying the facts of redemption, by resolving all human interests into natural science.

Upon the whole, this book is rather too severe in its treatment of contemporary apologists ; and it sometimes assumes that there is irreconcilable contradiction between statements which, under a more comprehensive estimate of the whole subject, would be found only to modify and limit each other. This does not prevent the author from

adopting and warmly pressing a consideration which is very frequently used, but in a shape more likely to do harm than good. 'Man should act, we repeatedly hear, as if the Bible were from God, even though he only knows that it is just possible it may be so; thus he will have two strings to his bow, and avoid all risks. 'Allowing that the Bible has no credentials to sustain its assumption of being the Word of God, except a few feeble probabilities; still the matter at stake is so momentous, and the time of action is so short and uncertain; the risk is so absolutely and completely on the side of neglect, and that risk, in all probability to say the least, is so awfully and tremendously great, that not to avoid it,—not to choose the safe side of humble, hopeful obedience,—is, in the estimation of common prudence, nothing better than the madness of infatuated folly.' This is a most dangerous line of argument. What a fearfully evil impression would be left upon certain minds, if they were led to suppose, that professing Christians do not really believe the Bible to be of God, but only adopt a certain external mode of life on the chance that it may be so! The legitimate use of the reason just given would be to press a careful, prayerful investigation of the claims of Christianity; but as the author puts it, and as it is vulgarly put, it is practically the substituting of a cautious variety of unbelief for saving faith. Were we Roman Catholics, indeed, did we reckon upon external practices for salvation, upon masses, rosaries, and a little timely bribing of influential saints, then the argument would hold good, and one might avail oneself of the necessary practices, without believing in them, in order to be on the safe side; but the evangelical Christian has but one string to his bow, and gladly trusts his eternal interests to the strength of that string. He knows in whom he has believed, and has not trusted to chance. Let us add, in justice to the author, that this erroneous way of pleading the importance of the claims of Christianity is partly neutralized by what follows. He asserts that in practical matters unstable equilibrium is impossible; it is such torture that the mind must seek and obtain certainty. In short, the unhappy comparisons of the safe side and second string were hardly ventured upon, before they were virtually given up.

The writer's great fault is an over-dialectical turn of mind, which makes him busy with terms and formulas rather than realities; that 'insanity of dialectics' with which Emerson reproaches our countrymen north of the Tweed. This tendency is perceptible in his very definition of the truth,—the agreement of a proposition (or knowledge) with the object known. It is more especially prominent, however, in that favourite paradox of the infallibility of reason rightly used, which is ever re-appearing throughout the whole book. In the first dialogue he asserts, that 'if any man fairly and earnestly seeks to know the truth on any topic whatever, he will either know that truth, or know that he does not know it.' A little further on we are told that direct collision of sentiments between Christian brethren on any secondary subject, such as Church government, or the duty of the civil magistrate in reference to religion, or the obligation of signing the total abstinence pledge, &c., implies culpability in one of the parties or the other, as

real, though not so great, as that of the infidel who rejects the Divine message! Again, error is never involuntary: 'when a man misuses his intelligence, he must know that he is doing so.'.....'On no matter whatever can a man innocently or sincerely take truth for error, or error for truth.' Finally, we reach the startling conclusion: 'We shrink not therefore from the assertion that human reason, rightly or conscientiously employed, is at once supreme and infallible.' It is sad that such trifling as this should indispose the reader against a book containing so much that is excellent when once this particular crotchet is lost sight of. The enormity of the paradox is, of course, a little corrected by some of what follows: thus: 'It is not maintained that in the present state of human society every man who acts conscientiously will *immediately* attain exemption from erroneous judgments and self-inconsistency.' Again, many individuals are not at liberty to suspend all action till they shall have calmly and at leisure examined every needful topic; they are urged on irresistibly by the pressure of events, so as to be exposed to act upon false principles, 'from which no personal conscientiousness on their part could have saved them.'

After such an admission one breathes more freely. We are not, then, under immediate and absolute obligation to be infallible on all subjects; but we have escaped narrowly,—it is want of time alone that spares us the awful responsibility.

May Carols. By Aubrey de Vere. Longman. 1857. Some of our readers may have chanced to light upon a former publication of this author, and to them the announcement of the present volume will be full of interest. Others may need to be told that Mr. de Vere is the author of the *Search after Proserpine, and other Poems*,—a collection of lyrics of extreme beauty, and a special favourite with many who love the scholarly expression of pure poetic sentiment, and have an instinct for discovering it among a world of louder melodies. The admirers of Mr. de Vere will be further attracted by the title of his new production; for *May Carols*, in the more obvious meaning of the term, are a species of lyrical effusion exactly suited to his genius. But it is right to apprise them that the work before us is of a very different kind: it consists of a series of religious poems in honour of the Blessed Virgin, to whom the month of May is dedicated in the festivals of the Romish Church. We need hardly say that a refined Mariolatry of the most specious kind prevails throughout the whole of these choice and melodious hymns. The key-note of the whole is struck in the following strophe:—

'Mary! to thee the humble cry.
What seek they? Gifts to Pride unknown.
They seek thy help,—to pass thee by:
They murmur, "Show us but thy Son."

The child-like heart shall enter in;
The virgin soul its God shall see:—

Mother and maiden pure from sin,
Be thou the guide, the Way is He.

The mystery high of God made man
 Thro' thee to man is easier made :
 Pronounce the consonant who can
 Without the softer vowel's aid !

We ought perhaps to be obliged to Mr. de Vere for bringing to a point, as it were, the great heresy of his idolatrous Church, by the concentrating energy of poetry. In these lines, and in the words of his own preface, he regards the Virgin Mary as 'the representative of the Incarnation.' Does it never occur to sentimentalists of this order that there is no occasion to go beyond the Incarnation itself to find its representative, and that too in a real human person? Nay, what was the great design of the Incarnation but to bring God nearer to man; not only by atonement and mediation, but by actual fellowship and sympathy; to show us, as we could bear it, all the Divine mercy and love in the face of Jesus Christ? It is only because the profound humanity of our Lord is slighted or overlooked, that there is any room left for this vague, wandering, and mere earthly sentiment which craves for the sympathy of His mortal relative, and which Christ Himself significantly rebuked. If we duly remembered Him who was bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, who had borne our griefs and carried our sorrows, who sat at the table of Martha and wept at the grave of Lazarus, who was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin, we should need no other sympathy than that which the Saviour affords in His own character and person, and be satisfied with none that is less helpful and Divine.

After this caution, we feel bound to acknowledge the poetic merit of these Carols. In some points they bear resemblance to the *Christian Year* of Mr. Keble; in others they claim a more intimate affinity with the *In Memoriam* of Mr. Tennyson. The influence of the last-named work seems to rule and round all the poet's thoughts, till the same measures seem to flow forth from the same organ, each burst of harmony divided by the same pathetic pause.

A Glossarial Index to the Printed English Literature of the Thirteenth Century. By Herbert Coleridge. London: Trübner and Co.—On a recent occasion, we investigated at some length the project of the Philological Society for the publication of a new English Dictionary on an enlarged basis. The first instalment of that great undertaking is now before us, and consists of little more than a list of words occurring in English books of the thirteenth century, with references to the particular passages in which they are found. It is explained by Mr. Coleridge, who is one of the intended editors of the new dictionary, in his preface, that the raw material of that work (the words and authorities) are being brought together by a number of independent collectors, for whom it has been found necessary to provide a common standard of comparison, whereby each may ascertain what he is to extract and what to reject from the author or work he has undertaken. This standard is intended to be furnished by the present Index for all works of earlier date than 1526. The principal works referred to are, the legend of Havelok the Dane, the *Brut* of Layamon, the *Gest of King Horn*, Robert of Gloucester, and divers legends and metrical

fragments which the industrious zeal of the Percy and Roxburgh Societies has lately brought to light and reprinted. In the main purpose of the book, therefore, it may be said to appeal little to public favour, and less to criticism. It simply purports to contain an *index verborum* for the guidance of those who are engaged in a special work; and does not offer itself as a specimen of the intended dictionary, even to the extent that the brick lays claim to be the specimen of the house. It is not, however, a mere catalogue of words. Brief definitions are given in each case, and occasionally information is added respecting the etymology of an unusual word. But none of the references or illustrative passages are given in full, and no one can make use of the work to find out the exact connexion or idiom in which a given word occurred, unless he happens to be provided with copies of all the books to which reference is made.

To the student of our earlier literature, this book will nevertheless prove of considerable value. It will enable him at once to recognise the archaic forms of many modern words; and it gives him, in a convenient form, a complete list of all the words which were in use in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, which have since become obsolete. It is interesting, for example, to find such forms as *much-e-hed* (muchness, or size), *many-hed* (many-ness, or number), *kyneriche* (kingdom), *heavenriche* (sky), *forelet* (to leave alone, to desert), *footfast* (captive), *with-say* (to oppose in argument), *wan-hope* (despair), and many others, in which, by comparison, we may trace the original meaning of particles and terminations which still exist in the language. As a complete vocabulary of Semi-Saxon, the book, in its present form, will probably find a permanent place in the philologist's library; but the general public are only so far interested in it as an evidence of the zeal, and care, and judgment with which the Philological Society is setting about the preliminaries of its formidable task.

A Statistical View of American Agriculture, its Home Resources and Foreign Markets, &c.: an Address delivered at New York before the American Geographical and Statistical Society on the Organization of the Agricultural Section. By John Jay, Esq., Chairman of the Section, and Foreign Corresponding Secretary of the Society. New York: D. Appleton and Co. London: Trübner and Co. 1859.

—It is a well-authenticated fact, that whilst the breadth of new land brought continually under cultivation in the United States of America amounts to millions of acres annually, the average produce of the land which has been many years under tillage as continually decreases.

There is not much reliance to be placed upon American (U. S.) statistics. Everything is done by estimate; and the estimates of the most eminent statisticians are so widely different, that it is only by the results that a safe conclusion can be arrived at. The fact, that for many months the price of wheat and flour has been higher in New York than in London, speaks, louder than figures, that consumption is overtaking production, and that the produce does not increase in proportion to the increased quantity of cultivated land.

MISCELLANEA.

The Religion of Geology and its Connected Sciences. By Edward Hitchcock, D.D., LL.D. Author's Copyright Edition. London: James Blackwood. The work of Dr. Hitchcock has long been highly esteemed both in this country and America. It displays a complete mastery of the two-fold learning demanded by his important theme; but perhaps it is most distinguished by an impartial criticism of all the reconciling theories proposed by eminent geologists and divines. The present is a new and thoroughly revised edition, and includes a rigorous examination of Hugh Miller's theory, which the author is unable to receive. We recommend this volume to our readers without reserve. It is still the best book on the subject, and may be purchased for a florin.—*True Womanhood. Memorials of Eliza Hessel.* By Joshua Priestley. Hamilton and Co. 1859. A good biography is a portrait executed in mosaics; the materials and the colours are both supplied to the artist's hand, but everything depends upon their combination. Mr. Priestley has proved himself to be a very skilful workman. The portrait of Miss Hessel is composed chiefly out of fragments detached from her own correspondence; and a very lovely picture it is.—*The Quakers, or Friends: their Rise and Decline.* Sampson Low and Co. An able, philosophical, and candid essay. But in tracing the causes of the decline of this interesting sect, the author seems to underrate the absence of the positive and aggressive elements of the Christian life and character, and that imperfect realization and adoption of scriptural doctrine, which are, we think, at the root of this declension and decay. The sap of Christianity is conveyed only through the public and private means of grace.—*The Gospel in Burmah: The Story of its Introduction and marvellous Progress among the Burmese and Karens.* By Mrs. Macleod Wylie. London: Dalton. This is the very poetry and romance of Missions. It touches upon almost every kind of interest, human and Divine; and we should have little hope of either the child or the adult who could not read it through with avidity and pleasure.—*Songs of Life.* By William Fulford, M.A., Pembroke College, Oxford. Heylin. 1859. Mr. Fulford excels in the accomplishment of verse; and he is not wanting in the peculiar inspiration of the modern muse. But the element of originality is wholly absent from his book. His verses are the refrain of other songs,—they have all the refinement and tenuity of echoes.—*Τὸ Θηρίον. A Dissertation on the History of the Beast, as derived from the Prophets Daniel and John, and of that Head of the Beast especially, 'whose deadly Wound was healed.'* Rev. xiii. 12. A large and altogether formidable volume; but our acquaintance is limited to one of its 600 pages. By great good chance we stumbled, not on the threshold, but on the author's Postscript, in which more than two-thirds of his whole theory is artlessly retracted in a single sentence. Perhaps the remaining portion of the work may be cancelled in the next edition; and then it will be time enough to praise the author.